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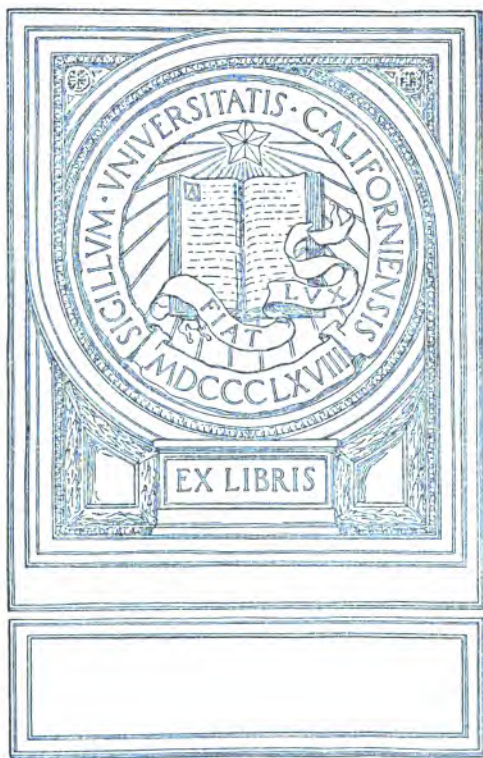
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ESSAYS AND OPINIONS.

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ESSAYS AND OPINIONS;

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM WRITINGS IN THE "MIRROR OF THE TIME,"
FROM AUGUST 7, 1850, TO THE END OF FEBRUARY, 1851.

BY

ALFRED BATE RICHARDS, ESQ.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

Author of "CÆSUS, KING OF LYDIA," a Tragedy; "CROMWELL," a Drama; "VANDYCK," a
Play of Genoa; "DEATH AND THE MAGDALEN," and other Poems; "THE DREAM
OF THE SOUL," and other Poems; "OXFORD UNMASKED;"
and Part II. of "BRITAIN REDEEMED."

"THE IMAGES WE REFLECT WILL BE VARIED AS TIME ITSELF; BUT OUR
OPINION SHALL BE A DAGUERRETYPE ILLUMINED BY THE SUN OF TRUTH
ALONE."

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TO VIRU
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PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

I DID not intend to write a Preface to this volume. Two or three reasons, however, urge me to do so. One is, the necessity of apology for a certain want of unity in a series of papers gathered from a Journal. This could not entirely be avoided, unless I had remodelled the whole, which, as the book professes to be a work of extracts, was perhaps scarcely to be desired. Another charge which I anticipate is one of *ex post facto* prophecy, especially from those who are borne upon the tidal expediency of the hour, who float each his gilded bark "upon the broad Ganges of opinion," as I have elsewhere expressed it, if not with all the devotion of fanatics, yet with the childish enthusiasm of a multitude enjoying a superficial holiday. I allude more particularly to my strictures on the "Great Exhibition." "You see it is there," some will cry. "There has been no hailstorm, no explosion, no outbreak, no accident. The only victim has been Captain Somerset, of the Coldstream Guards, who has rendered

famous the name of **HARDWICK**, hitherto chief dread of the starving Cyprian, and we should like to put Colonel Sibthorp and yourself in a similar predicament. Has not all gone on smoothly? Are not the receipts of money at the door such as would gladden the American soul of Barnum? Have not Keyser, Cobden, and the Duke of Wellington shaken hands beneath the house built by Joseph Paxton, *Esquire*?—and has not a new aristocracy sprouted forth from the same hot-bed which generated the monarchy of Hudson? Look at the enthusiasm of the (fashionable) multitude. Wonderful, beautiful, exciting, splendid, fairy-like!" Yes, I answer, but these are the exclamations of consumers, not producers. Softly; the scene, it is true, has opened magnificently well. Doubtless there are many circumstances on which the mind which grasps only a part can dwell with pleasure. Have I ever expressed a doubt as to the invention, perseverance, and industry of my countrymen? No! on the other hand, I say that it is these qualities falsely acted on of which the Glass-house is a result.

Whose eyes could dwell without admiration on the regal luxury of Sardanapalus? What Assyrian singing or dancing girl but believed in his greatness? What eunuch's soul felt apprehension of Median treachery or Babylonian revolt? The voice of the Greek slave, Myrrha, who alone loved him, whispered stern warnings in vain amidst the clamour of his gorgeous revelry. But what was the *end*? It was a custom amongst the

ancients to heap the funeral pyre of a great warrior with all the favourite paraphernalia of his splendour. I regard this as the funeral pyre of England's industry. Her foes heap, too, their votive offerings. She, in her fanatic generosity, reserves nothing for the future. Her genius is the Sardanapalus of labour, and is content to die!

To quit this broad consideration of facts. What has the Great Exhibition done, even for London, in detail? As yet, it must be owned, but little. Ask the shopkeeper, the hotel proprietor—nay, even the owner of first-floors and front parlours. Business was never so dull. The fact is, our imaginative journalists have doubly erred. They have urged on the speculative to ruin, and warned off the foreigner by fabulous accounts of the dearness of food and shelter in England. Still I believe in the advent of tens of thousands to our shores. Yet I question if even this will be of service to those who have so fondly anticipated making a fortune. I fully expect that many will make a hurried trip of it, and bring even provisions with them. Another question arises, What will become of the goods exposed in the Glass-house, said to be worth £9,000,000? They will be sold here; some at a premium and some at a sacrifice. Will this benefit English manufacture? And what will people learn? As much in proportion, I fancy, as schoolboys might pick up during a week's holiday devoted to a ramble in the Soho Bazaar. After all, save in its general con-

sequences, this international exhibition is not a serious matter. It is a *fête*, a festival, a fancy fair—not a great lesson. We, at any rate, shall learn but little. It is curious to observe that the worst display is made by the greatest rising nation, whose policy has been sound, and whose attitude dignified, in strong contrast to the improvidence and vacillation of England. I need not say that I mean the United States. They want no forcing-frame of labour. They have not attained the perihelion of prosperity. They are Protectionists—ay, and annexationists; and to the aggressive threat of Austria, WEBSTER returned the answer of a patriot confident in his country. Has such been the aim or scope of Lord John Russell? I say, then, that I regard the triumph of England as ephemeral and fragile. The Palace of Crystal rose, in order harmonious as the work of the Miltonic Mammon, rapid as the building of Aladdin; but the Government and Councils of the nation have afforded the most pitiful contrast to all this. They have been sadly backward in improvement and wanting in perfection. With regard to France, our folly, not our generosity, has averted half the consequences of her late wicked revolution. Still, from the amiable monarchist, Jules Janin, to the latest incarnadined descendant of Cain, who clamours for partition and universal suffrage—of which last the intention is, that plunder and confusion may be the short-lived law of the land—jealousy, not emulation, will be the sole feeling entertained by France. This is both natural and

inevitable. The French will seek an *imperial* or royal road to surpass Great Britain. I have thought it necessary to say these few words to show that no smooth inauguration or felicitous commencement has altered my opinions as to the Exhibition, based, as I conceive them to be, upon right reason and sound principle.

With regard to the state of Ireland, I have only to say that, in my opinion, our present boasted triumphs of civilisation are but as a feather in the scale, when weighed against her miseries. Whatever may have been the motives, mechanism, or policy of the successive Governments which have brought her to her present condition, the effect is a National *Sloanism* in cruelty. But who deprecates the fate of these starving millions? Not the public, but one or two individuals. The Rev. J. G. Osborne addresses an audience deaf as a British House of Commons on the eve of the Derby, when the wrongs and sufferings of some wretched colony at the antipodes is brought under its notice. The most generous conclusion to arrive at, is total incapacity of legislation on the part of our rulers, which acquits them of the first count in the indictment, and causes them to be found only guilty of manslaughter.

The next point with regard to which I shall be accused of entertaining *ultra* views, is the Papacy. Let me observe that I am no blind partisan of a sect. I have attacked the errors and schisms of our own

Church. But I look upon the Jesuit and the Papist of Rome and Austria as European Thugs. I have read in the Papal Aggression the double motive of destruction to England and the downfall of her religion. I have treated it as an attack both upon our civil and religious liberties—an invasion directed by foreign intrigue against the safety of the British Crown and the existence of our creed.

I know there are some who will sneer at my non-descript politics, at my apprehensions of invasion, and my apparent leaning towards the aristocracy. The fact is, I see an aristocracy so much worse than that of birth springing up around me, that I am tempted now and then to say a good word for Dukes and Peers, even without the hope of myself dying a knight—a reproach once levelled against one who expressed views similar to mine. As I have said before, I am at heart a republican; but not a republican for England. I do not want to see her in the chaotic confusion of France, where there is political hope for every unprincipled or common-place individual, and where consequently all are eager for a scramble. I do not want to see her a despotic republic, or a republic which would end in despotism. What I would see preserved, is the ancient Constitution of Great Britain, which is now being *ground to pieces* by political economists and the money-ocracy, and I desire, even if ruin must ensue, to leave my humble record against those who, I consider, have been the cause of it.

With regard to my own personal feelings as to the respective merits of family pride and Mammon, they are expressed by a passage accidentally omitted from the trifling *collectanea* in the first volume of this work. It was contained in a paragraph headed "Birth and Riches," and is as follows:—" 'I would rather,' said a lackey to me, 'kiss the foot of a lord than the hand of a merely rich man—supposing,' he added, somewhat slowly and drawing a long breath, 'that the wages were equal.' I thought for a moment and came to the conclusion that the man had some reason—since Pactolus is a muddy stream, and the hand that only rakes in its bed for gold is seldom dipped in the finger-glass of true civility, or wiped on the damask napkin of a delicate forbearance. 'But neither,' said I indignantly, 'should the foot of the high-born nor the hand of the rich meet the lip of a free man for the ransom of Midas!' Feeling a reproach in the tone with which I uttered these words, the poor fellow only touched his hat and said, 'Sir, I have six children.' "

The lackey's instincts and experience combined to give him a taste and a preference which even his necessities could not entirely extinguish. Alas! that which even the lackey detested to serve for bare existence, is now so dominant in this free country of Californian slaves, that it is fast destroying the character, the honesty, and the happiness of Englishmen, whilst it threatens the degradation of England.

I have now but little more to say. I do not arro-

gate for my works the power and the genius to survive contemporary hate. But they possess at least the spirit to which the world will come round.

The truth of a libel on the present times is no justification. Society, like an individual, loves to be flattered. There may be popular satirists; but they have other arts than the pen, and such are found to flatter with judgment and abuse with discretion. Had I the power of dissembling, it is possible that I might be a dissembler. To say otherwise, were to pretend to be more virtuous than my fellows and better than the age I live in. Let me then call myself too dull for falsehood, and assert that I have spoken what I conceive to be truth, simply because I could not help it.

One bold assertion I feel inclined to make—I am too great a believer in the purity of my motives to suffer martyrdom at the hands of critics. Besides, I know too well how these things are sometimes done. A *gentleman*, by courtesy, of the *Britannia* newspaper, has already reviewed my *two* volumes, having caught sight of the first, the second being still in the hands of the printers. He seems to have an attachment to my second name, and says I am the owner of a penny newspaper. How far it is correct to write a sentence containing both a lie and an assertion forbidden by literary *etiquette*, I leave to the readers of the *Britannia*. The same *homunculus*, I believe, wrote some ungentlemanly personal abuse of me,

in a review of "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved," which Redemption and Preservation are now agitating the bosoms of Lord Stanley and Earl Grey, who may, perhaps, recollect the presentation of this work to them some time ago by an official visitor from one of our North American possessions. Now, since the fact of my being obnoxious to some venomous insect, whose name may, for all I know, be either Smith, Judas, or Brown, subjects my writings to such lilliputian defilement, instead of a fair critique, either of approval or condemnation, in a CONSERVATIVE paper,* I

* I should be sorry to depreciate the character of the *Britannia* newspaper, which *has been* deservedly high, and which can now boast one or two writers of distinguished talent. I am rather anxious to point out to the latter into what bad company they have fallen, and the serious injury that is likely to accrue from these monkey-like tricks. Some time ago, Mr. Mitchell, in his work on newspapers, took occasion to laud the *Britannia*, not undeservedly, on the excellence and honesty of its reviews. Such praise was not attained by low-born arts like these. I earnestly recommend to the crew of the *Britannia* to consider, before their vessel be likely to *sink*, whether they have not a *Jonah* on board, and, if so, to cast him without remorse into the jaws of some greedy whale fearless of an emetic, and leave him to be thrown up on the sandbank of farthing contempt somewhere in the regions of Holywell Street—a clime more genial to his talent, sense, wit, courtesy, and conduct.

Lest I should be deemed irritable for abusing my critics, I may observe, that no severity of condemnation, fairly expressed, as to my literary merits, would have drawn from me a retort. I only attack the vulgarity and malice which would debase criticism to the depraved standard of pointless lampooning. I am sure that the *gentlemen* on the staff of the *Britannia* will appreciate my remarks.

think a tolerably correct idea may be formed, both as to the motives and talents which are too frequently brought to bear upon reviewing. However, although it excites my righteous contempt, this sort of thing does not put me in a rage. Let me pause in my pursuit of such unworthy game. Like a literary Cumming, I have aimed at the noblest quarry—the giant abuses of the age; and am now indulging in a flea-hunt. I am sorry to have tilted with this small-beer assassin: it was only for the purpose of illustration.

I now leave my volumes to their fate, which I must confess I anticipate will either be abuse or neglect. The approbation of a few I have already received, and these are such as I would not exchange for an universal but short-lived popularity. I am more content with one or two private testimonies that have already reached me, than I should be to occupy the book-shelves of an universal *Barnum*. I am not going to send my work to the *Times* newspaper, and therefore, should that influential organ of public opinion review me, it will be forced, if it do not borrow the work or criticise without seeing it, to expend five shillings.

During the progress of this second volume through the press a third has been written, and will probably appear shortly. This, I trust, will be received, in some degree, as an excuse for the imperfections, which are the unavoidable result of lack of time for fitting elaboration.

In conclusion, I would observe, that I trust what-

ever errors of judgment or expression may exist in this work, will be attributed to a fallible judgment rather than an unconscientious motive. Those whose political career I have attacked, I believe to work injury to their country; and I can safely assert, that no party feeling—the second curse of the age—has induced me to add, alter, or omit a word in the expression of these “Opinions.”

A. B. R.

May 24, 1851.

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ESSAYS AND OPINIONS.

PART III.

JOHN BULL'S GREEN-HOUSE OF 1851.

A SLING AND A STONE FOR THE GIANT EXHIBITION.

(First published August 24th, 1850.)

MEN of Manchester and Birmingham, Leeds, Bolton, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Leicester, and all the great pulses, arteries, and veins of English manufacturing labour! Men of Glasgow and Paisley, children and women of Staleybridge and Ashton, and all that busy hive of industry whence issues the colossal "prosperity" of Britain—we ask you this week one simple question—What will you gain by the Great Exhibition of 1851?

When you have answered this, we will ask you another question—What will you lose?

With regard to the benefits which are to accrue to our metropolis, we will leave them, if you please, for a brief space, and since there is a show and a pretence that London will derive some immediate advantage from its being the intended locality of this monster meeting of art, science, and

industry, and the future resort of the thousands who will rush there to gratify their eyes, ears, and understandings, we will omit this part of the question till the last, and suffer London to delude itself in the idea that the riches of the earth are about to pour themselves into the lap of its hotel and lodging-house keepers and tradesmen in general.

What do these latter care for the object, purpose, or tendency of the exhibition? So that they gain something, it will suit them as well as a fashionable season, or a great archery meeting, or a fair, or a donkey race for a cosmopolitan vase given by the King of Gondar, or the Emperor of Madagascar—who is said to be a Frenchman.

Let us then leave them to their anticipations, and revert to you, whom we have more particularly addressed on this most important subject. Yes, we call it important! Were a mere failure in it as a great display or festival, the only thing to be apprehended, it would not give us so much concern; but we look to the end of things rather than to immediate expediency or the temporary delusion of the people, and in this point display a great and material difference from the rulers and guiders of the destiny of Great Britain.

What is the object of this exhibition? Does your industry require a fillip? Does your invention want a spur? Is it necessary for you to learn from the Frenchman or the Belgian? If so, you are about speedily to enjoy an opportunity at the expense of the nation—we beg pardon—at your own expense. We understand that you are anticipating your trip to London with great enthusiasm. The poorer amongst you are forming clubs amongst themselves for the purpose of saving enough money to pay the railway fare. The railway fare is to be diminished to meet your enthusiasm. Kind directors! Philanthropical shareholders! They

will derive, however, their little gains from the increase of number—on the same principle that the fares are lowered on the holidays to the crowds that pour down to Gravesend—quantity before quality. Do not encumber yourselves with gratitude. No one will *give* you anything, men of Salford. Do not be deceived, women of Staleybridge. Stick to your club-savings, and you shall come and see London, and fancy that you are at Constantinople, or in China, with a glass kiosk or joss-house stuck in the lungs and breathing-place of London, dedicated to Mr. Cobden—the idol who will teach you to make bricks without straw, and sell your taxed labour cheaper than foreign untaxed productions for the benefit of a few hundred other Cobdens.

In all that flows from our pen we are anxious to avoid the ugly name of “Protection,” and the charming expression of “Free Trade.” Who would write up Tyranny under its own designation, or abuse Liberty by her cognomination? Yet Liberty is a term which the French have made so free with, that it only means the prostitution of all rights to a larger and lazier band of tyrants; and Tyranny, when applied to our English Constitution, is liberty in comparison with the despotism of a cruel, selfish, and sordid mob. Look at the “liberty” enjoyed at Paris now. Is there a free press, or a free expression of opinion? Is there cheaper bread for less labour?—Is there plenty or glory?—Is there even consistency?—Ask the independence of Italy! No; but there is an army that tramples on the neck of the people, subservient to a profligate and characterless debauchee, who parades an used-up name—which Time was fast stripping of all but its splendid and remorseless egotism—as a lackey wears the cast-off garb of our forefathers. There is a Chamber of Deputies paid sufficiently well to fuse, in sordid

selfishness, all regret for a shameless inconsistency, in their simple desire to remain Deputies. It is too good a thing to be given up by men who were never before respectable. Amidst all this, appears the feudal title of the old original driven-out monarchy, threatening to deluge the nation again with blood, that she may shake off the nightmare of "the Liberty" which she has herself invoked.

Thus having seen how terms are abused, we might be pardoned even for venturing to speak in favour of Protection; since by it we mean alone the protection of your interests. In principle we are Free-Traders. We are so, because we consider your industry, your energy, your talent, and your invention the first in the world. Therefore, Great Britain could afford Free-trade, were she free herself. That is to say, she might, were she moderately and properly taxed, dictate to the markets of the world, keeping the balance slightly in her own favour. But we deny that your boasted repeal of Corn-laws is Free-trade. The Free-trade we advocate is no shuffling, partial pretence, that only bears the name; and, with no reciprocity, but with a millstone round its neck, cheats the taxed labour of England by the admission of all that which the lazy foreigners can produce, almost without exertion, and moreover without according you similar benefits. During this, the great Saxon branch, planted by yourselves in the Western world, outstrips you in rapacity and cunning. What is the object of the Free-trade that is accorded you on this side of the channel? A mere transposition of money from one pocket to another, by which you are no gainers; while the money is sweated in its passage, for the benefit of Jews and usurers, capitalists and mill-owners. The moment that your loaf becomes cheaper, do not wages fall? Then who is benefited by the

cheap loaf—you, or Cobden? You are deceived, working men of Manchester! You are imposed upon, Industrials of Birmingham! You are pitted against the agriculturists, and blinded by the fury of the struggle. You fight with your brothers. You ought to have a common interest with them—an interest that is too often forgotten, viz., that of your country. You are like two good-natured fellows set together by the ears that a third party may gain the benefit. It is cant, nonsense, hypocrisy! Excuse us for laughing at your boon of Free-trade. The boons conferred upon the people by Whigs and demagogues are generally fallacious. Men of Manchester and Birmingham, earnest strugglers with the realities of life, you are deluded by terms. Go and purchase land at £3 an acre in the Canterbury Antipodean Wilderness! Thank the sentimental lordlings and Jesuitical priests that *cant* you forth—the well-dressed clowns and pantaloons, who bow you out of the land of your fathers, with a scented grimace in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief—always premising that you can pay for the distinguished privilege of existing at Port *Lyttelton*, in such excellent approximation to that exquisite synonyme of charity, meekness, and humility, a Church of England Bishop of the nineteenth century, transplanted at £1,000 a-year.

Let not our sentiments be mistaken before we re-approach our legitimate subject. It is the false use of names to which we object. Many will now fight for Henry V. in France, who were, nay are, staunch advocates of Freedom. They seek her in the enemy's camp! They have learned how small a chance there is of finding her amongst the degraded interpreters of individual selfishness!

Let us now recur to your savings and your clubs, your subscriptions and your enthusiasm. In London there exists

a modern institution—familiar to the poorer classes—which perhaps now for the first time will become generally known to ears polite. It is called a “goose club.” It may partake either of the nature of a raffle, or a little savings’ bank for a Christmas dinner. We believe that it is more generally the latter. The poor man, who cannot trust to himself to save the parings of his weekly income, gives sixpence a-week, under certain regulations, for a number of weeks antecedent to Christmas, which entitle him to a goose, when that sacred occasion of gluttony and feasting shall have arrived. The working men of Manchester who intend to visit London, are subscribers to a goose club of a different nature! Far better were it for them to stay at home and petition Government to put an end to this monster nuisance. But we have entered into engagements with Europe. Yes, pride must urge us on. We know our mistake, but must take the consequences. Our credit is at stake. Therefore let us sacrifice a limb, an eye—our lives, if necessary. Such are the arguments of unwilling combatants, when they find that they have been matched against each other for the amusement of others, although they would much rather shake hands and drink ale, than fight. Only there might be a slur on their courage. Some non-fighting bystanders might insinuate that they were afraid; besides, they stand pledged to the crowd to afford some fun.

We own the predicament; but at any rate plead that such a demonstration may be made by you as to show to the people of France, Russia, Holland, America, Germany, and Belgium, that the Englishman only joins issue to save a credit which has been falsely backed by a surreptitious stake-holder, that he views the contest with contempt and indifference, that his sinews stand pledged to labour, and

that it is indifferent to him whether the results of that labour adorn the compartments of a green-house, or the stalls of Bartholomew fair; and that he regards the whole matter, from one end to the other, as a stupendous but frivolous humbug,—a ridiculous and mischievous piece of trickery, quackery, and deception.

We propose to show, not only that this Exhibition has not been got up at the desire of England, or for her benefit, but that it will be to her loss.

Let us first examine the manner in which it was got up. If any of you have read the *Mechanic's Magazine* for March, you will there see a slight exposure of the initiatory part of the business. Certain persons representing themselves as deputies or legates of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, or some such locality, went to PRINCE ALBERT, then absent in Scotland—a circumstance, for which they duly waited, according to the most approved fashion of *stalking*—and asked him, as patron of the Society, to assist it in starting this Exhibition. Now, we believe the Prince to be an excellent and amiable personage; but we do deny that he either does or can interpret in his own person, and by his own judgment, either the genius or the inclination of this country. If so, let us dissolve Parliament, and make war and peace, and create exhibitions, and settle this and other kingdoms, at his sole nod and bidding. The Prince is a foreigner. Therefore, although we are assured that the welfare of England is above all other things at his heart, there is a shade of suspicion as to his tendencies towards cosmopolitan sentimentality. Our motto is, we confess, “first take care of Englishmen, and let other nations take care of themselves.” But apart from this, the exhibition has a very pretty sound. It smacks of an industrial millenium. What visions of

peace and plenty, and good will towards men! Unfortunately, the experience of past history does not justify these charming fancies, and we do not see the Tennysonian poetic era approaching. We heard of a revolution even in the case of the happy family exhibited in Trafalgar-square the other day; but we do not believe that the nations of the earth will ever become a "happy family." Things have not of late presented much promise of that desirable consummation. However, the thing wore, very naturally, a pretty and charming aspect in the eyes of the Prince—a harmonious meeting—a delightful emulation—a sort of *ballet* of labour. He felt himself a kind of fairy-extravaganza Prince, for whom one was proposing, on the easiest terms, a garlanded and gilded popularity. In cases like this, a man cherishes, too, an after-dinner enthusiasm. One believes so completely in the paramount importance of "the occasion we have met to celebrate." The eyes of the world are upon us. Philanthropy extends our swelling shirt-frills and white waistcoats. We shed it about in the flourish of our dinner-napkin. How wonderfully this importance decreases when we awake next morning! It is like some achievement in a dream, which the waking moment realises as an absurdity. We have ourselves, in our sleep, written a poem, or made a speech of surprising wit and beauty. We catch the tail-end of it in waking, and find it a nonsense verse, or a meaningless jumble. So probably fared it with the first idea conceived by Prince Albert of the Great Exhibition. However, Mr. Cole, Mr. Dilke (junior), Mr. Drew, Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Matthew Digby Wyatt (the latter name being the only one we recognise, and we cannot tell even the circumstance which occasions that recognition), gained their point—the Prince; and the Prince gained the

Society ; and the combination of the five individuals together with the Prince and the Society, angled for the public, and have hooked, but not caught it. Had the Prince been a little colder, the Society would have disowned its five self-made *representatives*. But the Society could not disown the Prince, who fell into the trap, and so it attempted to give respectability to the five *representatives* by adding Mr. Stephenson, who is somebody, and who has, accordingly, since resigned, and was replaced by a Lieut.-Colonel Reid.

Now, then, you have a pretty good idea how the grand notion was generated, and by what means it acquired that desperate vitality which has carried it so far, amidst the indifference or contempt of all thinking and honest Englishmen. It was suggested, first—even to the *representatives*—by a set of meddling foreigners, ever forward in engendering some paltry novelty or other—men far better employed in the organization of an industrial flea-show, or in cutting out paper likenesses, than in sporting with the dignity and destiny of nations. It next engaged the attention of the five distinguished persons we have been at the pains to name, who rushed forward to place it under the august notice of Prince Albert, with the vulgar haste which deputations sometimes display in the acquirement of notoriety—if not with certain personal ulterior views of gain or employment. That we leave to you to decide. The Prince adopts the idea ; innocent of everything but the best blind intentions in the world. The late worthy Duke of Cambridge would have done the same, provided that he had merely had himself to consult as to its wisdom, and that the proceeding had been ushered in by a dinner. The Society next falls prostrate before the Prince ; after “eating the dirt” of the five active Dilkes, Drewes,

and Coles's. The nation next, sullenly, with here and there a show of morbid enthusiasm, adopts the monster as its own. Simple people fancy it is very fine. Fools cry, "Prosper," and knaves clap their hands. London in vain struggles to pluck the conventional incubus from its own vitals, and finally, in the most offensive manner, it is fixed in our beautiful park with a desecration unparalleled. The most gross intimidation, threats, and corruption are used to procure subscriptions from unwilling tradespeople. In its very details it proves a nuisance and a calamity. An advantage is taken of the designs sent in by eager artists to assist the fanciful plan of building, which is furnished by the ready appointed architect of this one-story shop—Babel! Humbug reigns paramount, and surveys her full-grown offspring from the summit of the equestrian statue of Wellington! Now, then, for the effect of all this. If you have a secret in manufactures left, you will teach it to all nations. You will give hints of every description—direct and indirect information—point out to the foreigner where a supply is wanted, and unveil all that which every nation is wise to keep to itself. If you give prizes to Frenchmen, you will destroy the reputation of all kinds of English goods of the same class. There has existed here for long a morbid desire for foreign articles, which is the result of pampered luxury. To this mischievous eccentricity you will give weight. If you do not give prizes to Frenchmen, you will merely reap the discredit of partiality. Even between manufacturers of the same nation heart-burnings will be innumerable. With regard to France, if she do not triumph, it will act like the remembrance of Waterloo, without the physical chastisement which prevented the immediate recurrence of another rupture. If she triumph, your dilemma is worse. Apart from

rivalry no just appreciation of excellence can be arrived at by the decision of any Committee of Taste that can be appointed. It is impossible. Some, by their position, will be incapable. Others, that possess knowledge, will be biassed. Besides, their examination will be imperfect, their view cursory, and their judgment fallible. In any case, an Exhibition of this kind is worse than useless. The true appreciation of excellence lies continually in the universal market.

We have said, "remove taxes from necessities, and give us a real free-trade—i.e., such a one as will give us the full benefit of our industry—and then open your *Great Exhibition* when you like." We have said so; because then it would be a mere folly, not affecting our interests so deeply. We now withdraw our observation, and maintain, that any such exhibition is injurious.

We have played a part of weakness, hitherto unprecedented in the history of the world. We have given or taught foreigners everything. We take them with pride round our dockyards. The results are at Toulon and Brest. We have furnished them with engineers, railroads, steam-improvements—all that we know in the march of civilization we generously abandon. They have learnt everything from us but water-closets, and that neglect arises from their own prejudice in favour of dirt. It is half a century since Bramah died, an old man! They rival us in machinery, and manufacture many articles cheaper, ay, and better—not than we *can*, but better than we find it convenient to manufacture them. Whilst at our vitals gnaws the debt which encircles us, as the serpent Loke is fabled in the Scandinavian Mythology to encircle the world, till the hour of destruction come.

In the midst of all this—after abandoning all the privileges of our forefathers to foreigners, those privileges to

which, together with her industry and invention the prosperity of England has hitherto been owed, in spite of the dishonest and lavish extravagance of her rulers, mortgaging, not for actual need, but for present abominations, the future wages of posterity, devoted to a Juggernaut of labour—in the midst of this, you are insulted by the competition of foreigners introduced under your very noses in the shape of a frivolous fête ordained at the command of philanthropic absurdity, and carried out against the opinion, the wishes, and approval of the people. You are not only to be stripped of your freeholds and your leases, and your larger personal effects, but your watch and silver is to be carried off from your table or your pocket by an obsequious Jew ; who talks and smiles to you all the time, and says that he is acting for your benefit.

Men of Manchester and Birmingham! we address these words to you, in the full belief that you are returning to your senses, or rather that you are beginning to employ them.

We have not space enough to dilate upon a host of lesser evils. We think that England already sufficiently swarms with the scum of continental life. We agree with Colonel Sibthorpe, that our morality will be by no means improved. It will be a great licentious Fair, a plethoric Saturnalia. Vices, hitherto unknown in England, have budded here, since the disturbances on the Continent, and the cheap and improved travelling have made a *Quartier Latin* of Leicester-square, and turned Regent-street into a *Boulevard des Italiens*. During the Great Exhibition these vices will blossom and bear their fruit of ashes to perfection. Our English wives and daughters will be debauched, and the future breed of Britons be deteriorated by a style of proceeding that foreigners infinitely prefer to spending money upon harlots.

London, in a pecuniary sense, will be a temporary gainer. But, as Great Exhibitions must close and have their ending, this repletion will only finish in debility and repentance. At the swollen advent of George IV. to Brighton, when prosperity was glutted, and a fungus-like Pavilion reared its astonishing front in a respectable God-fearing city, a certain increase of population, wealth, and importance, took place for a time. So, during the existence of the glass and iron temple of universal industry, will the citizens of London flourish. But, when the influence is withdrawn, and the winter garden packed off, instead of Shakespeare's house, to America (where, by the way, an exhibition of the kind *may* benefit the country), the Aldermanic plethora will collapse, and the reaction will bring disgust and despair to many. A false excitement, a false outlay, and a false impetus, will produce corresponding ill effects. The stimulus will neither be healthy nor natural. Epsom does not live upon her races!

We have already touched upon the happy results which will become visible in France, with regard to the creation of harmony and goodwill between the two nations. Such, however, is the rancorous suspicion of *la belle France* towards *la perfide Albion*, that the French are absolutely incapable of gratitude for our generous absurdity. We transcribe part of an article given in one of their journals from the *Church and State Gazette*. After boasting of the prolific invention, and the ingenuity of the Parisians, the following paragraph is in circulation :—

“The same interests that rendered abortive in 1849 the idea of a universal exhibition are now at work in London. According to their account, no one can say how far the artificers of perfidious Albion may go. The jury of the exhibition (they say) is capable of giving a number of medals to the French exhibitors, for the purpose of leading them to

believe that they are equal in industrial productions to England herself; the French public would then, in its credulity, be the dupe of this diabolical scheme, and would at once insist on the abolition of those prohibitive institutions which are so well placed in the code of a free people. Some day, in fact, this spirit would lead to the overthrow of the whole Protectionist scaffolding, and then we should be a ruined people. And is not the proof of this Machiavelian idea to be found in the fact that the committee lately placed amongst the very best plans sent in for the building of the exhibition that of a French architect, M. Horeau? And amongst the designs for the medals, out of a list of four or five prizes, were not two given to Frenchmen? This is evidently the very acmé of treason. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. The perfidious islanders are unveiled—they are embracing us, as Nero did Britannicus, to more easily stifle us. After such decisive proofs, every good Frenchman must consider the matter judged. A patriot cannot send his industrial articles to London. Such, however, are the observations in circulation through Paris. We are only the faithful echo of what is said."

Here is friendly feeling! Here is *la reconnaissance*! Such is the spirit of France and Frenchmen. You cannot please either by giving or withholding prizes. The French will not grant that they were beaten at Waterloo. Are they likely to admit that they are fairly treated in any decision arrived at by Englishmen about the respective merits of the works of either country? These are the first fruits of the Great Exhibition of the products of all nations. Artisans and productive operatives of England, are you not beginning to form a true estimate of your champions—those who advocate your cause, who are apparently anxious that blessings, peace, and plenty, should descend upon you? You ask for bread and work, and they give you a stone—nay, a heap of iron and glass. We can only say, you must have the stomachs and the stupidity of the ostrich to digest it. Come and stare at an edifice erected in England in 1851, to undersell you to the foreigner; or, in other words, to introduce and appreciate his goods to your taxed discomfiture?

Come! before the building raised at such an expense by the job committee of a job, be taken down, and

—— “like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind”——

save of your hopes and prosperity.

No: rather let Europe know, by your protestations, your petitions, and your dissatisfaction, that the soul of England does not animate this plaything. If it be too late to put an end to this national abortion by a demonstration of your disgust that shall prove insuperable, at any rate let the failure and disappointment which must ensue, be traced to its right cause. But you can and will stop it, if you please! The late expression of feeling in France, which we have recorded here, gives you the opportunity. Seize it, and let the bubble burst innocuously.

Let not the following lines receive their illustration by your choice:—

“Banish all notions of British ascendancy,
Let them be wiped from our memory quite;
Modern views have quite an opposite tendency,
As hath been clearly expounded by Bright.

Wages must tumble like leaves in a hurricane,
Under this grand competition for work;
*Britons shall toil for the Jew and American,
Chinaman, Spaniard, Mulatto, and Turk;*
Each village Hannibal, fierce as a cannibal,
Eyeing his neighbour like Bishop or Burk.”*

However, we do not think it probable that either Manchester or the West Riding of Yorkshire will again embody these ideas in their representatives.

With regard to the minor details of the Great “Mistake” of 1851, we will but remark that a great deal of opprobrium

* From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

has been caused by the aristocratical disgust expressed towards the erection of the green-house in Hyde Park. We do not sympathise with the riders in Rotten-row, or the denizens of Belgravia, any more than if it were destined to interrupt the donkey-rides in Greenwich Park, or to debauch the inhabitants of Whitechapel. But we acknowledge the right of complaint in one case just as we would in another; and we think the nuisance to a certain extent comparative. Without transferring it to Galway, or the Isle of Dogs, we think there are many better situations. And we cannot leave this part of the subject without expressing our contempt for the conduct of the Attorney-General of England, who, taking upon himself to prejudge the matter, refused to perform his duty towards the public by signing the information necessary to obtain an injunction to protect our public park, and to rescue it from Dilke, Cole, Fuller, Drew, and Matthew Digby Wyatt, and the intrusion of the bearded foreigner and the ungracious Frenchman.

Having thrown off these observations for the consideration of manufacturing England, we consider that we have performed our duty, and leave the rest to be developed in that chaos which takes shape as the existence of man moves onward, or meets the circling Panorama of Time. If Common Sense be not heard, Prophecy will avail you nothing.

THE DESIGNS OF EUROPE.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

It is not a compliment in essence when the statesman of a great country is much admired by the politicians of a rival state. Sir Robert Peel's death created much sympathy

in France. He was so forbearing—so amiable towards Frenchmen. The French, and Russians, and Americans admire Cobden. He is the disarming genius of England. The Duke of Wellington is considered a bad general in France. He won Waterloo by mistake, and the British exploits of the Peninsular war were rather a series of French misfortunes than English triumphs or successes. According to the above view of things, we should imagine that Admiral Sir Charles Napier did not enjoy a very high share of popularity in St. Petersburg, Rome, or Paris.

What an alarmist the old warrior is! What an enemy to Europe and his species! Every now and then, in spite of one of those speeches delivered by Cobden, which afford so beautiful a mixture of the theoretical and practical, of practical dryness and theoretical impossibility—the crabbed eloquence of the Manchester school and the inelegant sophistry of the cotton antichrist, whose harshness fools take for manliness, and his particular selfishness for universal love—in defiance of the Peace Congress and the non-resistance doctrine, which would recommend John Bull to skulk under the bed-clothes while the world-burglars are ransacking his premises—in opposition to the pert, disgusting, notoriety-mongering apostles of self and cant, who would sell the trophies of England from Waterloo to Cressy for a temporary fall in the price of manufacturing labour—in spite, we say, of all this, Sir Charles Napier *will* persist in drawing our attention to the state of the English and French coast and fleets, as if fleets had anything at all to do with it, and as if our seaport towns were not expressly constructed for the importation of cottons and the reception of sea-sick foreigners in the blessed year 1851! Sir Charles Napier has committed this grievous offence against the manufacturing

Millennium for years past. For years has he warned Government and lifted up his voice, unattended to in the Councils of the nation. When, in 1845, the gallant veteran visited Cherbourg in the *Jeanette* yacht, he warned Peel; but Peel was fast sinking in the slough of the prevailing cant. The last button of his waistcoat scarcely appeared above the sands of egotistic philanthropy. Peel saw Cobden popular, and he had something else to do than listen to the question of defences. Therefore, Sir Charles Napier groaned and prophesied, as he now groans and prophesies, in vain. The question between Sir Charles Napier and his country—between the warning voice and the declining power, is easily solved. There are but two considerations. Are the French means of attack and defence superior to ours; and, if they be, is it a matter of any consequence? Is it a rivalry in fireworks and regattas, or a terrible means of hatred and revenge placed in the hands of the volatile but deadly Frenchman—that mixture of the monkey and the tiger, whose highest exemplar is to be found in Napoleon Buonaparte (whom we consider by courtesy a Frenchman), while their lowest is found in such men as Robespierre, Ledru Rollin, or, as far as dangerous frivolity goes, in the person of the President, Louis Napoleon, whose effigy should descend to posterity as a *garçon cafétier* with a napkin and a champagne bottle?

But the very frivolity and *gamin*-like desperation of Louis Napoleon, is not by any means the least alarming feature which France at present displays. Neither this mock Alexander nor one of his four Generals would hesitate, for a moment's personal advantage, to turn the arms of France against England. How gloriously popular would be the first note of defiance! It is the trump card in the hand of a profligate gambler, dazzled by the Imperial crown, which

lies mud-bespattered in the kennel; whilst the great Generals of France, some of them hardened in the barbarities of African warfare, regard with professional enthusiasm the prospect of revenge upon England. For what are these military demonstrations—idle show? For what is Cherbourg destined—a peaceable contrast to the Plymouth breakwater? Why is the French fleet driven in upon the English coast—from stress of weather? What was the meaning of Louis Napoleon's allusions to the destinies reserved for the Port of Cherbourg?—Was it a kindly wish that it might avail an English fleet in difficulties? No! It would appear that England required a thunderbolt to awaken her. The English spirit sleeps upon the lap of a Dalilah, bribed by her own canting Philistines; and the only satisfaction we have is to think that the first great smash will involve a Cobden, a Bright, and all the race of criminal lethargists and sickly *doctrinaires* who are making us ridiculous in the pages of history. Before we advert to Sir Charles Napier's last letter more particularly, let us turn to the late account of a French review given in the daily journals. Let us, then, observe our naval condition, and cast a glance at the events passing round us in Europe, before we predict the consummation of the humiliating predicament in which England may find herself placed, when the feverish excitement of her great Bartholomew show of overtaxed industry shall have left her prostrate and feeble in the sickly re-action which will be produced by her active fatuity and fatuitous inactivity.

We will shortly proceed to quote a morning journal for a description of the review at Versailles in the beginning of October. There, the Parisians, with their sham President and their ferocious Generals, satiated themselves with all

the panoply of war; and, let us ask, how many bosoms out of that vast multitude glowed with animation at the sight, felt fury for the past, and whispered, in self-congratulation, "They have no such army in England!" With all this force, the French have thought fit to fortify Paris. We, with a scanty body of men, which they could surround with the troops summoned for a holiday review, neglect even our coast defences. Everything conspires to provoke a war with England. It is suggestive on all sides, and *they will have it*, sooner or later, but before long. The whole genius of the French nation tends that way, and every circumstance aids the *dénouement*. Let us observe one thing here, which is this:—We would far rather trust to the forbearance of the Prince de Joinville, were he President, enthusiastic sailor as he is, but brought up under the excellent *surveillance* of his great and peaceful father, than to any feeling of gratitude or kindness that might be supposed to animate the bosom of the faded *debauchée*, Louis Napoleon, when cunning shall prompt animosity towards his *quondam* refuge, England. We think the one to be a gentleman in feeling; the other a dissipated adventurer. We behold one displaying a manly dignity and reserve in misfortune; the other illustrating a brilliant piece of luck, with all the vagaries of a fantastic butler. Yet the latter holds the destinies of Europe between the finger and thumb of a straw-coloured kid glove; and a real host, in the proud array of arms, obeys the ludicrous command of a mock Napoleon. What signifies it, if Troy must be fired, whether it be by Helen or a monkey?

Now for the review:—

"The troops were drawn up in line: many of them had passed the previous night in encampments in the immediate neighbourhood. The

cavalry mustered strong—they consisted of forty-eight squadrons in two divisions. One division was commanded by General Koste, with Brigadiers Waldener and Grouchy. General Prevost, with Brigadiers Reibell and Julien, superintended the movements of the second. Three batteries of artillery, and nine battalions of infantry, were under the orders of General Neumayer, who was assisted by Brigadiers Cornemuse and Cavaignac. The drums beat to arms, and in a few moments Louis Napoleon, followed by his staff, whose varied uniforms added interest to the scene, appeared on the ground and rode along the lines. After this operation, which lasted more than an hour, was over, the cavalry, which had formed into two lines, broke up into columns and executed the most intricate manœuvres with admirable precision. But the charge executed by the heavy cavalry was something magnificent. The regiments formed into one line, nearly a mile in length, and at the word of command charged sword in hand, and rushed thundering along, while at that instant the sun shone forth, and sword-blades, cuirasses, and helmets flashed beneath its beams. In that tremendous charge the ground actually trembled beneath the horses' hoofs; its force seemed irresistible; the imagination refused to believe that that resistless host was not in all the dread magnificence of real battle; the heart throbbed with a delight impossible to describe; a thrill as of an electric shock shot throughout the vast assemblage, who gave vent to the feelings in one tremendous shout of enthusiasm that died away in the distance, and again and again rose in the air as the living mass advanced in all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' "

Such scenes as the above are common in France. Do they speak nothing to our sense of alarm? Now let us turn to the navy. In the Port of Cherbourg—an artificial harbour, such as the world cannot match, and impregnable, as far as we can calculate, even to British daring, when decently defended—was gathered, the other day, a fleet such as in peace-time has seldom been congregated together. Ships of enormous size, guns of superior metal, with such facilities of manœuvring as have not yet been introduced into the British navy; sailors *got up* in the style which we are losing—and let us observe, there is a great deal even in the *prestige* of smartness—full sea-going complements, steamers of enormous power; all these were mustered almost within sight

of our own coast, for the grand purposes of *review* by the Presidential butler. On our side of the Channel is a port without gunpowder, a guard-ship sleeping like her own shadow, crazy and rotten, with a dozen saluting carronades, and a few hundred boys on board, some of whom now and then venture on an experimental trip in the "*Nautilus*;" together with some fourscore dismantled hulks, looking like a multiplication of Noah's arks, stretching up Hamoaze, with an eccentric lieutenant living on board of the most distant seventy-four, growing cucumbers in a quarter-deck garden. There is a worm-eaten brig, from Africa, just paid off, and a coast-guard cutter, with a brass-swivel four-pounder. *The* fleet is bullying in the Mediterranean, and Lord Dundonald cruising off Jamaica.

But the electric telegraph might communicate our unreciprocated sympathies from Dover to Calais, if it were not broken; and Cobden might stretch the ægis of protection—we beg pardon, of a free-trade Medusa—from the roof of Exeter Hall over his English brethren, should he not decide upon transferring himself and capital to the United States, or place himself under the protection of Russia. Let us cease jesting. Such may be the state of things on the morning that war is abruptly declared from the *Elysée*. A French fleet of observation has already appeared at Torquay. We do not believe it was accidental. The Frenchmen wanted to see how they would feel in such a position—just to try the ground over. In the meantime, Sir Charles Napier has done his duty. On the summit of the tomb of his country's greatness he has spoken like the warning shade of Darius to the Persians. He endeavoured to rouse both Peel and Russell. He has cried "*Wolf*" in vain, and shown facts rather than probabilities. The fine old veteran, sole

surviving heir of Blake and Nelson, only elicits a sneer from the effeminate Quakers who would offer the cheek of Britannia to the tender mercy of her enemies. He is assailed with abuse and ridicule. It is so old-fashioned to talk of ships! Let us man a Lord Mayor's barge from Greenwich Hospital, and send to beg everybody's pardon in the peace-parliament of nations!

When we read the admirable letter of Sir Charles Napier in the *Times*, we thought that the nation must have been awakened. Things, however, go on in the same prosy manner. There has been no trumpet-clang to arms. The pear, to borrow the Admiral's figure, gets riper and riper every day, until it will fall rotten to the ground. Our Minister of Marine knows no more about practical navy matters than a bishop. The public is too busy in its hand-to-hand mercantile struggle and moral cannibalism, to mind much what is going on around it. We have scarcely a ship manned or ready. There will not be a fortnight for preparation, or a week, or twenty-four hours. We shall be caught perfectly helpless—vain *then* the curse on imbecility or blindness! The time is fast approaching, the glove is thrown down; though the challenge has not yet found words. It only remains to be spoken. The following will be the question and answer. "Do you mean it?" "Yes, I do!" and the act is accomplished. Such a letter as that of Sir Charles Napier, so significant, so true, and so suggestive, has not been lost upon the ears of France or any other European power, though it has availed nothing to arouse the besotted energies of peace-struck England! The threatened attack upon the liberties of the Germans and the absolutist dictation of three great European powers will leave England no exit but acquiescence, or a protracted

shuffle. We ought never to have suffered the French to occupy Rome and to uphold Papal domination, while we squabbled over Greece until we found ourselves driven up into a corner, and left to the forbearance of our foes. That forbearance has been exercised once and again. Sir Charles Napier most ably describes our position during the time of Louis Philippe. He shows that we were at the mercy of the French. He gives one plan or another by which they might have crushed us, and then remarks with the naïve abruptness of his style and character, "Why this was not done, I do not know." Nor we either; but Louis Philippe was the Monarch of Peace. With that great title has he descended to the grave, discrowned, and left no acknowledged successor. In the meantime, we are in the helpless and defenceless condition described by Sir Charles Napier, throughout the Syrian, the Tahiti, and the Greek affairs. Sir Charles merely suggests simple and patriotic schemes, without the enormous outlay which would offend a Cobden or a Hume—plans literally less expensive in the end than our present inefficient proceedings; and only subversive of the old slipshod routine of our dismantled but most expensive dockyards; and, if nothing be done, the veteran will at least have discharged a mournful duty to his betrayed countrymen. For sloth, ignorance, and supineness, with the blind hobby of besotted philanthropy, amount to a betrayal as great as that which should send a crowded vessel to sea in the face of a lowering tempest, without anchor or cable, boats, sails, rudder, food, or compass, to drift on an enemy's lee-shore, with nothing but the blessing of a Quaker to follow in her wake for present safety, or the aspiration of a fool for her ultimate salvation.

NOVEMBER 9TH, 1850.

IRELAND.

THE MODERN GOLGOTHA.

"WHAT can be done for Ireland?" Alas! the question comes, indeed, too late. The country may be saved—its people cannot. A fresh birth may ensue, and a Phoenix rise out of its ashes; but destruction must be consummated. The work is already three parts done. What must regenerate Ireland? The answer is, Emigration and Death?

There is a process in surgery called Transfusion. It is attempted to inject new blood into the veins of the sinking country. But before this could take place, such a prostration was necessary as is now beheld. Ireland has been bled to death, and her rulers seek to transfuse new blood into her veins to animate the ghastly triumph of the art of Frankenstein.

Slow, sure, and terrible has been the working out of the nation's decay. Betrayal has followed oppression, and starvation accompanied disunion, until resistance was too late. Moral force has long ceased to exist in Ireland. Physical force has now died away in her. The first pangs of a nation's starvation are terrible. Woe to her rulers and her aristocracy—woe to those who *have*, in that hour! Just or unjust, the wealthy must succumb. The first great revolution is that of the belly. But the case of Ireland is an anomaly. She has been starved so gradually that resistance is at an end. Famine has not come in a day, a season, or a twelvemonth. It has been the hideous growth of a century.

There has come forward an apostle of starvation. From his skeleton rounds appears the benevolent shape of, the

Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne. He comes to proclaim to this country what really exists, to give it the sanction of his name; to force it upon our unwilling ears. We did not like to believe these things. We can now no longer help it.

An evil legislation has brought its victim to a crisis. The work is done. The body lies prostrate. Then follows slander, abominable lying slander, and we are told that all this is the effect of the Irish character. Ay, even as the *first* French Revolution was the effect of the character of the French! We learn that the Irishman, in his own country, is a different being from what we know him to be here; to be in India; to be in the colonies. We are told he will not work; yet he reaps our harvests! He is defective in the head; yet his is a country of warriors, orators, and poets! Can England, in her multitudes, claim the superiority of proportion? No! We are told that the Irishman is careless, passionate, vain, and cunning. Alas! his carelessness is the result of necessity; his passion is not equal to his wrongs; his vanity is not that of the rebellious angel; his idleness works well for others, and his cunning has made him the dupe of every description of scoundrel the world can show, from the trading politician to the trading patriot—from the heartless absentee to the agent without a heart!

The feeling that Irishmen must and should perish or disappear from the face of the land which bred them, is one unhappily cherished by *some* Englishmen. Some speculators, bigots, and debased journalists have decided that this is for the benefit of the unhappy *sister* country. Sister? Ay, as degradation is the sister of charity, starvation of plenty, sin of religion, happiness of crime! The *Times*, after a meaningless eulogium, the other day, upon the

despised Celt, which is the greatest insult it could offer to an Irishman, proclaims with exultation the probable failure of the potato crop. *This* is the panacea for Ireland. Take the last morsel of food from the lips of the dying wretch and he will die. So much the better, to relieve the rich and to prepare the way for prosperity. The *Timés* would grow fresh crops; but it is upon the graveyard of Ireland. It is true that Cobbett long since denounced potatoes, not at the eleventh hour, but when there was yet hope. He did not express a desire that they should fail at a moment of distress which would appear fabulous in the records of antiquity. It does appear to us a daring expression of hard-heartedness to desire that the work of death should be more rapidly completed; to make way for purchasers and ploughshares, resident proprietors and model-farming, and the smiling paradise to result from the money of solicitors and capitalists, lent in mortgage to the daring speculator who shall invest in Irish soil, when the aborigines are disposed of.

Do not, then, protract the miseries of starvation, says the stern casuist. Let the peasant die quickly, for the sake of mercy! Hit those bony knuckles hard, that he may let fall that diseased potato. It is not good for him. Let him go on a pilgrimage to the Union-house of Ennistymon—a pauper caravan over the desert between two villages in a civilized land, and abstain from plucking beans on the way. It is charity's sabbath! Have we not given them poor-laws? Yes, when it was too late, for the benefit of Commissioners and scoundrels. Officials glean plenty between tomb-stones and mow "the lean grass of a *Golgotha*."

There were very pretty things going during the days of the Great Plague of London. In Ireland, thousands of

appointments have rewarded every species of artifice and cold-blooded abomination, in the very crisis of her woes. These have been the gifts of sycophancy and the rewards of the worthless. A class, it must be acknowledged, has sprung up in Ireland surpassing everything in infamy—the class of vicious *gentism*, which, at present, assumes a more harmless shape in England. This is not the fault of Ireland. There exist similar seeds of evil in every populous and civilized country, ready to spring up and flourish on receiving such infernal cultivation.

In such language and measures as we have alluded to there is something which, at least in spirit and feeling, smacks strongly of the dealings of the followers of Cortes with the wretched American aborigines. Let one nation perish, that another, and a better, and a richer and more civilized, may occupy its place. It is for the ultimate good of humanity. Let this Canaan starve, that our Israel may occupy it! That is the cry. When Cobbett cursed the potato as the probable means of misery and destruction, he mourned over the fate of Ireland as a prophet. The prophet that actually foretold the horrors of siege and famine in Holy Writ merely pourtrayed what was to come. He did not say, "It is good," or rejoice, when the hour came and the last miserable succedaneum for food was bought for shekels of silver in the street, whilst cannibalism surpassed the then known horrors of the world. The Irish are in no danger of becoming cannibals. They are too thin! The ribs of a pauper there convey no frightful suggestion of food to his brother. They would sicken a hungry New Zealander, or scare away the famished Ghoul. We beg pardon; the living pauper *has* been attacked by a pack of dogs in the sister country, and his integuments interred in their ravening entrails.

Upon whom should this reproach fall? Not upon God; for He is bounteous, and has blessed the land with fertility. He has sent no pestilence; no sudden dearth. The course of nature, a thing duly to be apprehended, sent a partial blight upon a root with which Europe has not been acquainted more than two centuries and a quarter. The blight of the potato crop is no novelty, sent for the express purpose of destroying the Celt and making way for the Saxon. The state of Ireland is no mystery either of Heaven or of Earth. It is not suddenly traced on the wall of the banquet-hall of our rulers. It is written in every line of paltry, hopeless, selfish legislation, that has made up the sum-total of our proceedings, since an Union was framed which might have led to every blessing, but which has resulted in the wholesale illustration of the barbaric judgment of Mezentius—"Let the dead body be chained to the living!"

Away, then, with the lie or the incapacity which endeavours to puzzle us with the fate of Ireland! It is the result of our own fatuity, folly, and crime. We have drained the country of every resource, and absorbed the fat of the land into our own bloated identity. We have sought to govern by party animosity and the sword. We have forced upon a reluctant majority a dominant church. We have fostered and encouraged absenteeism, and libelled the character of the Celt. We have shut our eyes to truths evident as the noon-day, and legislated for a country in our immediate neighbourhood as though she were ten thousand miles away. A hundred years of jobbing and corruption, of Orangeism and Lord-Lieutenantship—do they beget one year of loyalty and affection upon a famine?

The Irish are what we have made them. In our hands, impulse has become desperation, and a generous carelessness

has degenerated into slovenly vice. The head and heart are both failing. If one be ossified and the other softened, it is the work of bitterness and degradation. But the man who can, from this side of the Channel, look on the sufferings of Ireland unmoved, and say that it is just, must possess a brain of soapsuds, and a heart susceptible of no emotion. It is the expression of the basest, if not the blindest, prejudice, and the judgment of the savage or the idiot.

The high-priest of agitation and receiver of copper rent, Daniel O'Connell, possessed, by whatever chicanery he gained them, those affections and that confidence which are now dead throughout the nation, beyond the awakening power of eloquence or promise. Had he been sincere, he would have instigated rebellion; because he must have felt it, as an Irishman, to be just. Had he been courageous, he would have done it; because he would have dared. The derided consistency and devotion of Smith O'Brien, joined to his talent, would have set Ireland free to work out her own destiny, whatever that might have been. As an Englishman, we should have deplored it; for she would have been a foe and a rival. As a philanthropist and a citizen of the world, we should have acknowledged it to be just. Had O'Connell been a Washington, can one reasonable person doubt the result? The sympathies of all Europe and the United States were with Ireland. The world believed in O'Connell until his death; for it always expected something. But he grew old and died in agitation, after living upon the alms of starvation. He beheld the stride of the gaunt misery towards the country that trusted in him, with the prophetic eye of dissolution, and the last spasm of his expiring frame was a shudder at the doom his patriot hand had not averted. Let the Jesuit interpret his last moments

to the world, and the Deity mercifully judge him! If O'Connell loved Ireland, he was one of those with whom self-interest is so woven with duty, that his own conscience could not sift them. O'Connell prated of moral force. Alas! there is no moral force now in a country so oppressed and trampled on. The Irish people believed in O'Connell living. One hand has bestowed a wreath upon his forgotten coffin, pledged in the obscure cemetery of Glasnevin.

To the last, the Irish believed that his policy was but Fabian. They are not now likely to bear his relics in the van of rebellion.

O'Connell in reality played the game of England's cruel policy well. He prevented the outbreak, whilst it was still possible. An European war could alone arm Ireland against us now, and put a sword in the bony grasp of famine. Ireland is prostrate, bloodless, and apathetic. She is physically extinct. Those who have strength forsake her shores. Those who remain perish. She has procrastinated the day of reprisal, until it is too late. An appeal to arms is followed by the murder of a policeman, the manslaughter of a few peasants, and the field-day of an O'Brien.

The demoralization of the peasant is complete. He has no energy, no purpose, no future. Ask him to repair his hovel, he replies—"For whom?" Tell him to sow, his mind cannot embrace reaping. Advise him to fish, he has not perseverance to make a net, energy to embark in a boat, wisdom to bend a hook, or cunning to bait it. He is like a North American savage, without his barbarous faculties. He can endure better than any being; for endurance has grown with privation, and he is born starving. He is in a worse state than some wretched tribes are described by travellers in remote parts of America and Africa—the crab

Hottentot and the seedling Ojibway. They are in their first stage of humanity : he is in his last. There are similar appearances presented by the ape-like Cretin of the Rocky Mountains, that lives on roots and burrows, or the Bosjesman of Africa, and the starving peasantry of Mayo and Conemara. Let our readers study the physical attributes of chronic starvation in the anatomical pages of the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne.

In spite of rick-burnings and murders; in spite of the violent deaths of landlords and middlemen, of bailiffs and process servers; in spite of the murderous midnight attacks upon the cottage; the ambushed assassin, and the deeds of desperate violence that have stained the land, Ireland has shown a virtue and a patience, that would have done honour to the martyred victims of Saguntum. Try famine upon England! Let her legislature force a religious persuasion, hostile to nine-tenths of her population, upon her, at the point of the sword. Let them rule her from afar and ridicule her sorrows. Give her a beggarly representation in another land. Try free-trade without reciprocity upon her. She has the gout—bleed her suddenly, if you dare. Throw her land out of cultivation and evict her rural population. Concentrate half, nay a quarter of the sufferings of Ireland into one little week, and a revolution shall sweep the land from one end to the other, and the bare title of aristocracy be left to furnish an expletive to hatred and contempt. Stop!—something of this is being done. Will not Ireland be amply and quickly avenged? The world will do for us what we have done for her—absorb our manufactures without repayment, whilst our debt has consumed the vitals of the nation and replaced her bowels with rottenness.

For years, there has been one harvest between us and

partial starvation. That harvest, by the sacrifice of our agricultural interests, may soon be wanting. Our Church is fast becoming a furious schism. This will but augment to the confusion. There is no guiding scheme of action. Our interests have fallen into the hands of practical speculators. Let a shock impede the circulation, which now barely reaches our extremities. Place England in a state of siege, with the world, as it will be, against her! But we are told that the country is improving! Where are the symbols? Our artificial means of repressing violent crime have approached perfection. Does burglary, or murder, or highway robbery diminish? Are not monstrous atrocities hidden under the cloak of respectability? It will soon be necessary to hang more frequently. What! in this age of philanthropy and sentimentalism? If not, you must arm your servants to protect your property, to the risk of your children, and endanger Mary housemaid, or Susan cook, threatened by the footman's dangerous jest in the pantry, and let no man approach you in the street; for there is great vicissitude abroad, and Want dips her rags in chloroform to keep pace with the march of science. There has no science or invention yet been found to improve the virtue of the human heart, or bestow substantial blessings on mankind to keep us from want and suffering. If we are staggering on to a millennium, it is no *tableau* that awaits our own dramatical *dénouement*; but the inevitable award of necessity, in the fulness of time, to a generation which is certainly no better than its predecessors.

The aspect which is before us is anything but cheerful. Will England consent to be decimated by starvation, or sink mildly into the skeleton lap of inanition, like Ireland? No; at the first pressure, she will fiercely and angrily struggle.

Her gouty plethora will not even stand a pressure on the little toe. A day of suffering in England would break up the whole political and financial system, and then would come the reign of terror. We know that this has been predicted by a few trifling alarmists, like Cobbett, since the days of Pitt. Accident and providential circumstances have retarded the date; but will make the ruin more complete, when it does come.

To leave the grand march of events, let us recur to the immediate state of Ireland. She presents, at this moment, the aspect of a colony to England for the reception of monied emigration. The sale of the encumbered estates has commenced, and with a partial show of success. We fear that success will indeed be partial. It is possible that the purchase of estates in Ireland will prove the next great bubble, which may reach its climax before 1855. If a momentary but deceptive fillip be given to trade by the Great Exhibition, and our outward politics remain tranquil, that result is more than probable. But there exists one feature in the case which may prevent this,—to wit, the greedy desire of proprietorship in the unjust stewards and middlemen. The Irish solicitor is anxious to spend his sordid thrift in the purchase of acres. These men are doing all they can to buy up; with the phrenzy of harpies or vultures they attack the carcasses of estates. They depreciate, intrigue, borrow, and bid. They are the Jews and brokers of the Auction Mart. A man like this buys an estate of £10,000, and pays down his whole acquisition of £5,000. For the rest, he mortgages the day after purchase. Will such a one beneficially replace the absentee landlord with present tyranny acting on his own account? Will he invest capital or grind poverty, build houses or fill the Union? In

short, will the thing be mended, or consummated, by a last scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth—the apothecary and the lawyer buying up the pawn-tickets of the dying patient?

Amongst all this, there are little green spots, over which a temporary hope flutters, doubtful whether to settle or take flight. Such, for instance, are the possessions which have fallen beneath the broad-brimmed shade of the beneficent Mr. Ellis? There is also promise of a *furor* for Irish landlordism in England. We fear, it will be only the speculation of new Absentees. Few will like to dare a sojourn in that land. Moreover, there is danger of the thing being overdone. The tendency in all over-ripe communities is towards a bubble. However, these few instances are valuable; for they illustrate that the Irish peasant's character is redeemable by kindness and attention, and that the water with which an Irishman mixes his native whisky in Ireland does not necessitate ingratitude and blackguardism. The lethargy of utter desolation is not, it is true, to be wakened by a passing alms, or a chance admonition. The infusion of new life must be gradual. You have to deal with men whose moral want of culture resembles that of children, and whose physical energies have been undeveloped or undermined from the cradle. But no scheme of reform in the proprietorship of lands, no capital, no energy, no charity, no kindness, will strike home to the roots of the disorder which affects this most unhappy country. Reform an unduly predominant Church. Enforce the residence of their aristocracy under penalties and fines too heavy to suffer with indifference. Improve the working of your poor-laws. Abolish your jobbing, and so regulate the laws of property, that the tenant shall share in the improvement of the estate, and not have to dread eviction as the price of his own labour; and

then, it may be, should England herself weather the storm which is approaching, that Ireland may become something more than the half-sister of bondage and starved and ragged hatred which she is at present to the haughty and cruel yoke-fellow by whom her staggering steps of weakness have so long been urged towards the abyss of chaotic suffering and infernal ruin.

A WORD ON THE UNIVERSITIES.

It is a great subject of congratulation to the parents of the coming age, that the Universities are about to undergo a certain investigation, in whatever way it may be conducted. They are beyond doubt the property of the nation, and the nation is discontented with them. Had the visitorial powers been properly applied and kept up since each individual college was founded, there would not now be presented that Augean stable of abuse, defended by a Gordian knot of law, which opposes itself to the slowly but surely advancing reform, threatening these time-hallowed, but somewhat dotting institutions.

With regard to the present Royal Commission of Inquiry, which so modestly repudiates the right of search, but intrudes itself as a polite but most unwelcome guest at the hall-tables and common-rooms of the grim old pensioners, whose ancestors, and not they themselves, fought the battles of education and learning, we will only remark, that we trust it will fulfil its design and intention to the letter, and make the whole English public aware of the manner in which the chosen youth of England are educated. If there be something undignified and ludicrous—something, indeed, of the

Paul Pry begging the question of his own intrusion—in the manner adopted to procure the needed information, still a farce may, perhaps, answer the purpose quite as well as a more solemn and weighty inquisition. For there is something farcical in the notion of this Commission with the white flag of truce entering the enemy's camp at noonday, to be deceived and blinded as much as possible, amid the conflicting murmurs around, and only to derive a certain style of evidence from the whisperings of naughty traitors and voluntary spies. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but that much will be ascertained in spite of opposition and deception, whilst the fact of public attention being directed in such a manner at all to the Universities will do much to check and remodel them.

We trust, amid other things, that such a report will be made from the evidence of tradesmen and undergraduates as may put a stop to the whole system of DEBT and expense which is the curse of Oxford and Cambridge. We do not mean that this should be merely modified, so that the peer and gentleman-commoner may still spend thousands, or run in debt for more, whilst the curate's son is prevented from ruining an affectionate father, upon whose savings he is sent to receive the *advantages* of an University education. The habit of debt will be found as fatal to great fortunes as to small, and expense even in a nobleman does not contribute to that information of the mind necessary to form a legislator, or to give tone to the surrounding inhabitants of twenty square miles. Let the same discipline be observed that the sons of Louis Philippe underwent at such a college as that of Henri IV. A rich and noble youth will have then the advantage of being *blasé* a little later in life, and the blessing which Tacitus ascribes to the ancient Germans, "*eoque in-*

exhausta pubertas," a fresh and unvitiated youth, will be thus in some degree secured to our country.

It is nonsense for the University authorities to affirm, that they have not the power to put an end to these abuses. We assert that they are fostered by them. They can send any tradésmen giving credit at Oxford out of the city in twenty-four hours, or expel any young man receiving it; and there is no reason why they should not do so, due notice being given.

With regard to the system of education, we can only say, that a separate College for the education of clergymen would be an excellent institution, if it only required a little decent apparent morality as the essence of its being. Those intended for the Church are too apt to drain pleasure to the dregs in their noviciate, knowing that they must rein in and pull up on the brink of going into orders. But we are not quite sure that these deliberate leopards possess the power of changing their spots, or that the Æthiop becomes white at will under the reversed process of what is technically called "japanning."

A great deal has been said in the House of Commons about the value of College Tutors and Fellows, whilst the fact that a late lamented Statesman was educated there is made a subject of boast amid the opposers of reform. Had Sir ROBERT PEEL lived a little longer, we believe fully that he would have advocated the necessity of a Commission, and proved the most unanswerable opponent of the disturbed Epicureans and retrograde Cynics of our universities. As to his being educated at Oxford, we can only say that he was not spoilt there. Whatever may be our opinion of him as a legislator, his character was early formed in prudence, self-control, and propriety.

As to the Tutors, let us relate one fact, which speaks volumes as to Oxford, her education, her teachers, and her morality. In our own time, there was an individual of great talents and corresponding profligacy, who, we were given to understand, had been expelled during his own youthful career from the bosom of Alma Mater. He still, however, clung to her precincts with an irreligious irreverence, and revenged himself, as well as earned a handsome living, by assisting the duller of her children to pass her most unmeaning examinations. At last he got the reputation of being "so safe a coach," that the most Bæotian, and—to use an expression of our own scout—the most beer-drinkingest youth who employed his services was certain to succeed in passing "little-go," or achieving his degree. How, then, was so successful a plan of education pursued? Why, by an artificial system of memory, founded on the peculiar and favourite weakness of the individual. To a jockey, he identified somehow the Bible with *Bell's Life*. An aquatic hero received his instruction in a phraseology corresponding to his taste. We have ourselves seen the marker of a billiard-room with the Holy Scriptures in his hand as referee, whilst two youthful cigar-smokers, with the surrounding circumstances of pots of porter and lookers-on, were being crammed with the New Testament! We may add that this enlightened individual, viz., the tutor, not the marker, who knew every stale subject that would be asked, and who had common-place books filled with question and answer, whilst, to use his own language, "he was down upon every dodge of the Schools," was paid by the job. Fifty guineas or nothing! the amount rising according to the importance and ignorance of his pupil, and a "pluck" being a forfeit of all claim to remuneration.

AUGUST, 1850.

THE WAR OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.*

THE history of the late war of independence in Italy is a painful record of the past, from which the mind shrinks in the contemplation of the sad imbecility, the useless heroism, the splendid desperation, and the abominable cruelty, which by turns elevated and debased it. The perusal of these volumes has filled us with melancholy. Yet we recommend their study to all interested in the development of liberty and civilisation in the nineteenth century. The story of brave men is told therein, and those who have derived their notion of Italian rights, Italian wrongs, and Italian bravery and cowardice from the hireling journals of absolutists, will discover how different an estimation Truth and Heaven have already made in regarding the convulsions and throes of bleeding Italy under the yoke of the oppressors, traitors, and, worse than all, the miserable interpreters of inconsistency, who have wrought her ruin. Let it not be imagined for an instant that we are Red Republicans, or indeed Republicans, here, at all. We enjoy the blessings of freedom under an enlightened monarchy. A gradual reform, if it do not herald, at least follows, with equal step, the march of Time. General Pepe himself remarks to this effect:—

“Do you wonder at my sympathy with Carlo Alberto—the sympathy of a king-hater and a republican? Do you wonder that, when I could have proclaimed a republic to the trembling despot at Naples, I preferred a constitution? Well, then, in the cause of liberty I acted thus. I wished for moderation. I saw Carlo Alberto fighting for freedom and a constitution—I saw in him a liberal monarch. I saw at Naples the necessity of a gradual change. I feared there what has since happened in France.”

* Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy, from 1847 to 1849, including the Siege of Venice. By Lieutenant-General Pepe. In two volumes. London: Henry Colburn.

It is in this manner that we also *modify* our sentiments. We see a people trampled upon every side demanding only a part of that which we enjoy; and whilst to the last we abhor those who would wantonly stain a free kingdom with blood, in the prostituted name of liberty, with chimerical and social ideas or for base purposes, yet we recognise the justice embodied in the memorable lines of Schiller :—

“No; even tyranny has its limits. When the oppressed no longer find justice on the earth, when their yoke is become insupportable, let them, full of faith, stretch their hands towards heaven, and draw down from thence those eternal rights which there remain inalienable, indestructible as the stars! Let them return to that primitive state of nature in which man encounters man; when no other means avail, that supreme resource remains, and the sword becomes lawful.”

Such are the sentiments which inspired the bosoms of the defenders of Brescia and Venice and the wretched people of Sicily, whom the nations delivered into the hands of her implacable foe—Sicily, misled by dastardly hints and promises—promises that might have been fulfilled had she herself conquered, or the star of Charles Albert not been dimmed by misfortune and folly.

What excuse had the French for their first revolution? Much! What for their last? None! When they drove forth, in his old age, the Napoleon of Peace, the hero of vicissitude, Louis Philippe, to die as he has done, secluded in exile amongst us, surrounded by the virtues of his family, for what did they make way? A dismal anarchy, terminating in the ovation of a charlatan! A liberty stained by their interference at Rome cursed by God and man—that diseased and morbid act—the unnatural craving of a liberty pregnant by atheism and fratricide to devour her own offspring; no, rather to destroy, as if inspired by the frenzy of envy, the progeny of true freedom, which France can only recognise

in the turgid declamation of her theatres or the youthful orators of her barricades.

General Gulielmo Pepe, whose memoirs we have just read and closed with the melancholy exhaustion produced by the recitals of what we have indeed long partly known but not suffered ourselves to think of, is an ardent admirer of his country, and has devoted a life to her freedom and service. Banished at the age of sixteen years, he has passed a long life in alternate chains and camps. In his thirty-eighth year, at the head of 50,000 men, he gave liberty to his country. In his old age he defended Venice, and was the life of that glorious struggle. Consistent from first to last, beloved and respected by all, youthful in his aspirations, and only aged in prudence and counsel, had such a man as this been chosen by the unhappy monarch of Sardinia to conduct his armies, Italy would now be free, and the name of Charles Albert, first monarch of her independence, might have gone down to posterity as the founder of a dynasty splendid and powerful as that of Charlemagne—at once dignified by ancient association and renowned for modern talent.

Had England, with a wiser policy than that of mean expediency, backed such a struggle, Italy and Hungary would have secured an ally bound to her for ever, and a centre to repress Russia and check France, and preserve to us the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. But we who demolished the Turks at Navarino, possessed only such an amount of sympathy for Italy and Hungary as to create false hopes and to betray them to greater destruction—the sympathy of idle sentiment—the promises of individuals—the shuffling diplomacy of a government—the bribed apostacy of the press. France, too, had an opportunity, but she lost it, of creating a sister—not of the barricades, but of a worthy

independence ; but France—we sicken at the word. She is the very farce of honour and glory. “Frangunt *ridendo* fidem,” says Salviati of the French.

In the nineteenth century a struggle has taken place for the merest rights of man—for exemption from mediæval tyranny and brutality—for liberty of speech and thought—for liberty of writing. The struggle commenced with every prestige of success. Kings fled from their thrones or drew their swords in the cause of the people. They were seized by an epidemic of cowardice and abdication, or became friends of constitutional freedom. Even the anomaly of a liberal Papacy was attempted during this reign of moral terror—to end in bitterness and ashes. Who forgets already the period when the name of Pio Nono was chalked in white letters over all Rome and the towns of Italy? If it be now written, it is in letters of blood. The despot of Naples, seeing all go against him, used the arts of dissimulation until the reaction commenced, and then struck ruthlessly as a modern Herod. He has since embraced, and assisted to replace, the foolish fond old man, who well nigh betrayed Absolutism, and whom Freedom, it must be confessed, treated somewhat after the manner of Lear. But the Pope is infallible ; and, in spite of his youthful indiscretion (we speak only of his Pontifical age), he was led back as a piece of reclaimed furniture by the hypocritical King of Naples, the sympathizing Spaniard, the dark and cunning Antonelli who bided his time at Gaeta, and the theatrical step-daughter France. Perhaps the President, Louis Napoleon, thought, as there remained no Pope to be dragged from the seat of St. Peter, he might as well assist in reconducting one back, and thus play Napoleon *à l'envers*. However, it is difficult to unweave the jumble of events or motives. At

the moment that the world had undergone a comparatively bloodless revolution and the true cause of the people triumphed—when Italy reared her classic head amid the ashes of priestly degradation—when the noble sons of Hungary threw their scabbards on the ground and *came, like the Barons of England, to demand a Magna Charta at the hands of a craven John*, who disgracefully fled in very dismay and fright at the appeal—the whole fabric of the enchantress, Liberty, fell to the ground, leaving her children to perish in ruin and anguish. Then the King of Naples fired by the hands of Swiss mercenaries upon his people, and let loose the bribed bands of Lazzaroni upon the city. Then Haynau butchered infants and destroyed women, adding, whenever he could, insults to atrocity, and joining malice to ferocity. Then France, who had set the example to all, betrayed Europe and humanity by a freak that will be registered as a world's disgrace and wonder. Nay, the gold of the despot purchased even the moral influence of the press that was at first the joyful advocate of the triumphs of independence. In a moment not only all that was gained was lost; but a century of evil was added to the yoke of tyrannical ignorance. Kossuth, Mazzini, Pepe, and Klapka, ay, and the gallant freebooter Garibaldi, were dispersed to the four winds of heaven. But the seeds of the liberty they have sown still lie beneath the dust and ashes of fate, and the result still remains to be seen. Let the French withdraw from Rome. Where then is the Papal sway? Who would guarantee the life of Pio Nono or Antonelli for a day? There is a wide-spreading conspiracy generated in the hearts of the Russian people. It peeped forth some time ago, although the *Times* was very silent upon it. This winter will see Germany convulsed from one end to the other. The fortune

of war will not always be balanced in the brave but weak hands of a Charles Albert. He wanted only the art of war to be a hero. He had a cause, a sword, and a people. A mere knowledge of strategy equal to that of the least distinguished marshal of the empire in the days of Napoleon had won the freedom of Italy. Let England stand apart from these struggles, if she please. The paltry diplomacy which she displayed has left her neither the respect of tyrants nor the belief of martyrs. No Poland, no Hungary, no Sicily, will again expect her aid or trust to her sympathy. In future, let England remain tranquil. How often has she lost the opportunity of doing so with dignity and advantage ! However, there was a consistency in her merchants attacking Napoleon and subsidizing half Europe with borrowed money, which was glorious, although ruinous to posterity. The very *prestige* of our name acquired at such a fatal outlay is now fast melting away before our vacillation, semi-interference, and paltering indecision. Since we ourselves are free, let Liberty fight her own battles ; but do not assist to crush her by mean intrigues or shabby and underhand diplomacy. Nations, in the present state of Europe, cannot act with regard to each other upon broad principles ; therefore, non-interference should be the rule where no deep interest is immediately concerned. Expediency and policy are bad excuses for deviation from principle, which is always to be avoided if possible. We have endeavoured to gratify Austria. She almost threatens us at present, because England, unbiassed by her Ministers, has vomited forth her bloody scourge, HAYNAU. We possess the friendship of the King of Prussia ; but not the sympathies of his people. We are hated by the jealousy both of Russia and America. France is our sworn foe ; and no electric shock, conveyed in

an India rubber or gutta percha tube, will unite us at the beck of the good angel of *Punch's* philanthropy. Italy, Sicily, and Hungary look upon us as humbugs. Turkey has long since been spurned, and awaits the grasp of Russia with the equanimity of fatalism. Portugal and Greece are ungrateful bantlings. Neither Mazzini nor the Pope respect England or Englishmen.

England is fast losing her national character. Her *shopkeepers* are no longer honest, and her word is no longer as good as her bond, even if that be honoured.

The remarks, we have already made above, are singularly borne out by the *Daily News* of to-day, Monday the 23rd. The contrast of the Papal display on the 8th September, 1846, with that of the 8th September of 1850, is strikingly pictured. The ironical loyalty of the wife of CICEROACCHIO, the jealousy between the French and Roman soldiers, the armed and mute display of Papal benignity and the desire of his holiness for more soldiers in the shape of *chasseurs de Vincennes*, all these things speak volumes. Next we have an insult offered to a British subject at Ancona on the part of an Austrian general, who is represented to be generally odious there. The British subject was threatened with fifty lashes at the drum-head! They are not yet inflicted! Upon this Lord Palmerston will doubtless receive a communication. Then comes the King of Naples grimly riding through his streets, like a dumb Moloch. In 1848 he was a constitutional sovereign, whose feet were kissed by a grateful people in the street. Now, how many of these grateful subjects are in prison, in exile, or a grave? The work of police persecution continues in its most hideous form.

We are precluded by the length of the remarks into which we have been betrayed from quoting much from the

simple and stern pages of our author. The corroboration of the ferocity of HAYNAU, which is offered by this recital of the sufferings of struggling Italy presents at this moment the greatest amount of interest. The facts are narrated by an old man, who has lived in honour beyond the fervency of youth and its indignant aspirations. They are therefore presented naked—almost without comment.

Shall we give some of the horrifying details of the atrocities committed by him at Brescia? "Brescians!" said Haynau, raging like a tiger at their gates, "you know me—I shall keep my word." He did keep it fearfully.

"The sight of the horrible deeds committed by the Imperialists, whether in drunkenness, or by command, or in consequence of their stupidly ferocious natures, was such as to overwhelm the mind and freeze the blood in men's veins: they were beyond the limits of imagination or belief. Not only were they ferocious towards women, children, and the sick, but the tortures they inflicted were refined in such a manner as to show how much the cruelty of man exceeds that of the most ferocious animals. Limbs torn from their victims, were flung from the windows and the barricades as food for the dogs. The heads of young children cut from their bodies, women's arms, and fragments of human flesh, were thrown into the midst of the Brescian troops, to whom bombs then seemed merciful. Above all, the Imperial cannibals delighted in the horrible convulsions of those whom they burnt to death; therefore they covered the prisoners with pitch, then set them on fire, and often compelled the woman to assist at their husband's martyrdom. Sometimes, to make game of the noble blood of the Brescians, which boiled with magnanimous wrath, they tightly bound the men, and then, before their eyes, they dishonoured and cut the throats of their wives and children; and sometimes (God forgive us if we remember such a horrid fact) they forced them to swallow the mangled entrails of their nearest friends. Many died of anguish, and many fell fainting with horror."

Again,—

"Let the reader imagine the murders, the burnings, the pillage, the violence of those frantic soldiers. Neither generals nor officers showed themselves anxious for their honour and humanity. Colonel Jellachich,

brother of the celebrated Ban, was an exception. Seeing the Church of St. Affra menaced, where many women had taken refuge, he hastened to guard the entrance, and remained there till his men had departed. Some few officers who had lodged in Brescia endeavoured to preserve the houses of their hosts from pillage. But the ferocious Haynau clearly showed that his mind was turned to vengeance rather than to the government of a brave and unfortunate people. It is believed that more than a hundred among the best and most intrepid of the citizens were in a few hours dragged to the castle, bastinadoed, tortured, and finally shot. A fine of 7,000,000 of livres was imposed on the provinces, and on the city a special charge of 300,000 livres, as a reward for his officers."

We are told a little after that, "slaughter was now organized." "Women and children, the aged and the helpless, were first horribly lacerated." In the midst of this, HAYNAU ordered executions from the castle, where he sat grimly watching the progress of butchery, torture, and fire.

Amidst this, deeds of heroism and bravery were acted by these unfortunate citizens, worthy of the brightest days of Greece or ancient Rome.

Can we wonder, then, at the following being elicited from the aged lips of the heroic Pepe, with whom we cordially agree:—

"One smiles bitterly at the pompons title of *civilised*, with which this nineteenth century is qualified by many."

"Religion and civilisation were unknown to the barbarians who formerly devastated Europe. These sacred names now serve to cover such wickedness, that posterity will weep over our memory."

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

AN EXPOSURE OF BETTING OFFICES.

DURING the last few months the attention of the public must have been frequently arrested by seeing various showy-looking places, whereon are inscribed in conspicuous characters the words "BETTING OFFICES!" At the doors of these self-advertised shop for dissipation, low-cunning, folly, and gambling, may be seen groups of men, attired chiefly in a style between the Jew and the horse-jockey. Sometimes a youthful shop-boy may be observed there in the evening, tapping his boot with a riding-whip unconscious of a horse's back. Sometimes a dashing-looking female adorns the place. Sometimes a heavy, real betting individual of a more solid description, with a real diamond set in the ring, which he bears on his coarse hand; or a steeple-chase rider,—a somewhat-gentlemanly-looking fellow of the Mason and Oliver class—stands near the door with a cigar or a tooth-pick. There are, in short, a variety of customers, *touts*, victims, and speculators, about these places, which sometimes combine the cigar-shop with their other advantages, so as to mingle with greater facility the smell of tobacco with the atmosphere of slang. The number and appearance of these resorts, which are rapidly increasing over the metropolis, give it quite a debauched appearance. BETTING OFFICE!—there is something quite repulsive in the name and sound.

We wish particularly to draw the attention of the Government to this new system; because we think it more likely to prove injurious than the licensing or permitting gaming-houses.

The passion for play—*i.e.*, for cards, dice, roulette, *et hoc genus omne*—merely extends to a select few.

Men, too, are ashamed of gambling, who have no moral scruples as to the propriety of a bet. The latter is a vice less stigmatised by public opinion. It is, however, quite as fatal. What are these places but open, public, staring, gambling-houses? What is betting but gambling? A short time ago, the system of Derby Sweeps was most properly interfered with. The evil was immense amid the lower classes. The petty tradesman neglected his business, or ventured his money in a desperate and disreputable pursuit. What is this but the disease peeping out in another form? The system of these Betting Offices is to establish a bank against the public, and bet the odds against all horses. It is a kind of horse-racing *roulette*. The evil geniuses of sharpers and gamblers are always providing something new to evade the law and our social institutions, which latter must be, on their part, constantly on the *qui vive* to follow up and put an end to these nuisances, as they appear. One cannot anticipate them. The "pea and the thimble" receives a wholesome check. Straightway it comes out as "pricking-in-the-garter." Derby Sweeps are annihilated. Forthwith appear the Betting Shops. Indeed, with regard to vice, it *will* appear in some shape or other.

"Still it is the same!

And, where you dent it, doth but straight bulge out
In other part."

Nevertheless, it is the duty of the Government to prevent any one abomination from ever flourishing to excess. It was an argument in favour of these "amusements" at the Derby, that nature's rogues must live, and that, if you stopped thimble-riggers, they would appear as house-breakers. Be it so. The law will remedy *that*. This is certain—that the law must chase the swindler, and the swindler fly from the

law. Grant these clever fellows impunity, and in six months they would so demoralise England that no floating property would be secure, and every commercial transaction would partake of the nature of a "sweep." There is much of the gambling character of the ancient Germans extant in our sober and thinking natures. It is outweighed by many virtues, and repressed by many wise institutions. But we require much guarding. The very daring and industry of our nature lead us to speculate. Speculation is sister of extravagance and mother of gambling. We hope, in a short time, to see the Betting Shops closed, and this disfigurement removed from our metropolis.

Let us, in conclusion, warn those amid our countrymen, who are playing on the brink of the abyss of ruin, by whatever flowers of fancy, or gilded net of cunning it may be covered, that there is no royal road to affluence and comfort. The lives of the most experienced rogues themselves are desperate in their fluctuations and generally end in misery, suicide, starvation, or the penal settlements. What chance can an honest man have with such depraved beings as these? If chance befriend him—and let it be ever remembered what a ridiculous minority chance *can* befriend, where all stake alike—the gain is generally prevented by collusion, fraud, and cunning. Gambling is the parent of *all* vice. The very animal instincts yield to its entrancing sway. It will beget parricide or sacrifice a daughter. It has no love, no friendship—we had well-nigh said, no self—in its selfishness; and Betting is almost synonymous with Gambling!

BRUTALITY OF THE POLICE.

THE police force of London is undoubtedly a wonderful body of men. Its organization as to its effective power is nearly perfect. On occasions of riot and disorder, we look with a complete reverence and an unshaken confidence at that dark and silent mass of men moving to the scene of action. At a race or a festival this force is invaluable. When we hear of disturbances in Paris, we fancy it is because they have not our police. These blue-coated heroes, without romance or trappings, whom *Punch* has reduced to so certain a type of stiffness and whiskers, red noses, stuffed breasts, and the clothes-lottery-fitting trowsers of men arrayed by contract! What a system it is! How admirably are offenders detected! Certainly we are far beyond the French in this characteristic of civilization. Without it, what were overgrown London? Swindling would come out beyond all bounds of decorum, and no longer confine itself to respectability and prospectuses. Poor ruffianism would abound, like rich and cloaked injustice. Instead of moral debauchery, physical confusion would ensue. Indeed, we are much better off confined to the loose ethics of the parlour, the heartlessness of the drawing-room, the roguery dignified by the name of trade and business, and in short, all respectable vice, than if we were abandoned to the mercy of the garret, or the cellar, and Jack Cade reigned triumphant, without mask, purse, or hypocrisy, in the market-place of the nation. So far for man's opinion and enjoyment. We beg leave to reserve a point for the judgment of Heaven.

The life of a policeman is by no means enviable. It is not a gracious pursuit. He has many enemies. There is danger and difficulty and exposure to weather. There is

liability to exceed duty, or to neglect it. There is punishment and censure for both. Decidedly we should prefer the existence of a common soldier to that of a policeman—although the latter is better paid and ranks higher in the social scale; whilst his position admits of domestic solace. The eye and hand of a policeman must be true, and his memory good and firm. He must possess many instincts, as well as much discretion and knowledge. He must have locality well developed, and be endowed with courage, determination, and patience. We are drawing the *beau idéal* of a policeman.

As a body, we admire and respect the police. We would aid them in a difficulty, like an honest and loyal subject; but we cannot shut our eyes to their peculiar faults and individual vices—sometimes too widely spread for the safety of the public. A policeman has great power. The magistrate prefers his oath. He is backed by his brethren. His office gives him weight. The person opposed to him is prejudged. He is resisting the law. A bad, wicked, and violent policeman is a fearful scourge to the lower classes. He both creates and encourages crime, instead of repressing it. He precludes the bad from improvement, and drives the vicious frantic. It behoves, then, the law to look narrowly after its *sbirri*, or its ministers; for a great many such individuals exist. We ourselves have witnessed many painful instances. The amount of injustice committed upon the outcasts of society, the penniless, the friendless, the characterless, is enormous. Let Prostitution, pale and degraded, drunken and reviled, speak from that spectral tenement of clay, where the woman still lurks, and reveal the barbarities of policemen!

“But in a country like this there is always interference.”
No! It is dangerous to interfere with the police. An out-

ward character is so necessary now, that no man will play Quixote, at the risk of appearing in the newspapers. Men shrink naturally from connecting themselves with the low and vile in any shape. Besides, the police "take up" interferers as well as loiterers and lookers-on, who may be dangerous witnesses. Moreover, a magistrate may make an ill-natured remark, or a reporter be guilty of a slip of the pen. Men cannot sometimes conveniently account for their presence, though motives bright as Heaven may have led them forth. It is a censorious world. People sometimes glance over articles, lay them down, and take up a wrong impression. "Oh! Tomkinson,—was not that the man in that police case? I forget—something about being drunk, was it not? Oh! ah! a queer character." Therefore a prudent public seldom interferes when a policeman steps forth in the lamp-light.

Our space does not allow us to enter upon any details or instances to exemplify that to which we have alluded. We may possibly recur to the subject. We shall in future keep a sharp eye upon police offenders. Criminals require as much defence, if not more, than honest men, when not actually committing crime. Let us remind Mr. ———, to whom we particularly inscribe these remarks, that even a prostitute has social rights, and that a cabman or waterman, or frequenter of a night-house for the luxury of the rich whom he serves at the fag-end of the social chain, is not necessarily outlawed, and beyond the protection of justice. Without the breath of an imputation on the character of this magistrate, let us remind him of the Lord Angelo in *Measure for Measure*. Let us ask him to place less confidence in the *professional* oath of a policeman; and, last of all, let us tell him, if ever he should be inclined to forget it, that the sword of justice never more needed the tempering finger

of mercy, than in this age of selfishness and decorum, when poverty, and misery, and degradation, with God alone to appeal to, are dragged, by the iron clutches of the hardened myrmidons of the night, into the presence of well-shirted judicial propriety, in the police-courts of London.

ENGLAND'S STABILITY AND JEWISH LEGISLATION.

BARON ROTHSCHILD is gradually driving the liberality of England's Ministers up into a corner. In a year or two more, we can see nothing to prevent him from taking his seat in the House. The present Government stands pledged to him and to his people by the two resolutions which Lord John Russell laid on the table the other night, and a miracle must ensue to prevent the first step to what Mr. Disraeli would probably call the solution of the great Asiatic mystery.

Monmouth-street is to be transported, not to St. Stephen's, but to the New Houses of Parliament, whose cumbrous but frail architecture, beautiful as it is, illustrates in some respects the epoch in English history in which it has arisen "like an exhalation" by the antique side of the muddy but majestic Thames. For the appearance which it presents is both fanciful and ornate, fragile and cumbrous, whilst its almost unbounded limits cause its perambulation to be as puzzling as the heaped-up edifice of present legal knowledge and the sky-capt and many-chambered tenement of modern opinion. It unites both the flimsy and the ponderous, to encumber a free soil no longer the sole appanage of Britons. Heaven guide its councils aright! for we are more under the sway of Money now, than when Milton described the archi-

ture of the council-chamber of Pandemonium itself, and ascribed its gorgeous fabric to the mighty design and mastership of the rebellious spirit Mammon!

With regard to what we cannot consider to be other than an evil feature of modern reform, certainly in league with the genius of contradiction, we shall not refrain from expressing a very decided opinion. Leaving out the consideration of religion, and confining ourselves to the trifling matters of policy, consistency, and safety, and regarding it merely as a question affecting the stability of the empire, already tottering from internal decay—we lift up our voices against the admission of Jews into the Christian Parliament of the British nation.

We are armed with prejudice. Be it so. We own to the wicked fancy that we should like to see the Saxon ghost of Wamba opposing the Jewish entrance under the gallery of the House of Commons with the gammon of Prince Albert's own prize-pig, or defending with a shield of brawn, since there be no other and better defence, that, which was formerly considered the palladium of British and Christian, if not of Protestant, rights. In the apt story to which we refer, when the jester drives old Isaac of York from the reserved seats of the lists of Ashby, who was it, be it remembered, that procured the admission of the discomfited usurer to the spot where the chivalry and beauty of England should have sat alone? The usurper John—the selfish, sensual trifler with the rights of his country—he, whose name was odious alike to serf and noble, and to all but the corrupt and depraved flatterers of his unjust sway, the imitators of his greedy avarice, and the sharers of the spoils of his rapacity—he who borrowed and stole alike—the favourer of money-lenders and extortioners, who flippantly insulted, on the occasion referred

to, the feelings and scruples of his subjects, for the price of an exaction and with the prospect of a loan.

We are thus caustic, because we consider this no triumph of true liberality, which can alone be founded upon extended opinions and the triumph of truth; but an enormous sacrifice at the shrine of Plutus. It is money, money, money! First, the wealth buys up the supporters outside; it next descends in a golden shower upon the Danaë of our immaculate legislation. We are not talking of actual bribes, as a man buys his way into the Opera or St. Paul's, or a booth at Greenwich Fair—the first for the large sum, which ensures gentility, and the second two, for about an equal price—we know nothing of that; but, we assert that, in the present age, there is divinity in gold before which men tremble and show a real respect, as the hysterical French soldiery welcomed the Pope to Rome, with the same genuine tears, from a false source, that flowed at the feet of Napoleon as he alighted from Elba, or at any other peculiarly exciting moment of his grand but theatrical career.

It is our intention to consider this Jewish intrusion from all points—not only as we really look at it *ab imo pectore*,—from the bottom of our hearts—but as others may look at it. The Scriptural predestination of the Jews, as a nation, or rather a denationalised people, has been hitherto singularly fulfilled in the annals of the world. The nature, the habit, the character of the Jews are still as distinct as ever. They are spread over the face of the earth. They are cosmopolitans in the strictest sense. Everywhere they are the high-priests of Mammon. Everywhere they become rich. They are seldom political, or have seldom been allowed to be so; and it is only in a mercantile country, which is governed by gold in all its relations, both politically and other-

wise, that the Jew at length claims to exercise sway through her legislative body.*

In a superstitious point of view—and there are few men above superstition, especially when based on that history and those revelations to which unbelievers allow so much, and on which the Christian Faith is founded—in a superstitious point of view there is much to be thought of in this ministerial display of liberality. Does not this giving the Jew a *status* in the first of nations, which he has ever been denied since the tribes were scattered to the four corners of the earth, portend that England's hour is well nigh accomplished? We speak, be it remembered, as believers—some will say, bigots. But natural causes tend to develop the agency of the supernatural, and casting our robe of superstition to the winds, we read the lesson still. The Jew has “eyes, and ears, and feelings;” but he has no country. He may have a large stake in the country he resides in; but it is a sordid and selfish one. Let him, then, be protected by the laws; but not make them. What is England to a Jew? The best market for a bone-grubbing Mammon—the fairest field for a model Dives—the great industrial mart for foreigners. He comes provided with that start in meanness which is his birthright. His fingers are webbed for gold-washing in a civilized California.

Some breeds of dogs have peculiar scents and gifts of nature. There is the fox-hound and the truffle-hunter. A Jew has the gift of accumulation. In former years, barba-

* *Note.*—When Poland fell a victim to Russia, the Jews almost universally betrayed, in one shape or other, the country that nurtured them. In Holland the Jews possess considerable importance; but Holland is a peculiar nation and heavily indebted. The Jews have political rights in France, witness M. Crémieux; but France does not afford a bright example of stability.

rian cunning was so sensible of its own inferiority in money-getting, that it placed the Jews under the cruellest restrictions, subjected them to tortures, fines, imprisonments, and death;—and yet the race throve. They were like a persecuted religion blessed with nine-fold vitality, a camomile-bed, or a lopped hydra.

As we observed just now, we do not take this as a question of Religion. We trust that there are many other organs of the Press, better fitted than we are, to consider it in such a light. We regard it as a question of common-sense, wholesome expediency, and decent consistency. We do not take it as a question of party. We do not care one fig who are the panderers to this mock liberality. We see the danger arising from an influence which destroys the health and vitals of the country—which betrays us to foreigners for a selfish per centage on the profits of goods, or the gain of a fraction on a transaction in the funds—which drives labour till it drops exhausted, and the blood-vessel bursts on the heart or on the brain—which professes a morbid sentimentality on the behalf of foreigners—which looks with telescopic indifference on home sufferings and difficulties, but magnifies the disasters of aliens and barbarians—which praises with canting words the panting horses of industry, and pats them on the neck while adding an additional burden—which endangers by its desperate international speculations the peace, nay, the very existence of England,—and which is finally striving with its remorseless engine, Capital—the Bank of the universal “green gambling cloth” that extends over once “merrie England”—to destroy, with the assistance of its hireling band of sharpers, the inveigled representatives of the ruined John Bull.

Is there not already enough of this? Must we have

further extradition of the fettered industrials who work in field or cotton-mill into the hands of their enemies? Yes, while the blood and bone and sinew of England leave her ancestral shores amid the drawling of bitter cant over the scented mockery of a farewell breakfast, let us forge new chains and exactions for the wretches, who have not money to purchase leave from lords and bishops to be absent, while the Jew rides triumphant over the liberties of England into what was formerly the Parliament of the nation.

In our own breasts, we do not care so much for the Jew part of the business, as the fact that it is not letting in Jews alone, but the money-changers, into the Temple. Show us a Moslem, who is English in feeling and has a fit stake in the country, and we will consider—only consider, be it observed—his claims to legislate. “Vote for Sidi ben Mahomet, electors of Westminster!” But we have never seen Jew or Foreigner yet, whom we could consider in this light for a moment. And for such as these are not only parts of oaths to be omitted for a purpose—(if the oath be an improper one, let the Parliament solemnly revise its own password of admission and make it Freethinking, or Moslem, or Pusei-Jesuitical)—but more than this, the very meaning of words is to be altered with a degree of casuistry which will make truth a thing intangible, and afford a lie in future a Protean entity of existence—confounding all reason, and disarming all power, either of judgment or apprehension. In vain does the *Times* stalk around the question, arrayed in pompous casuistry, dragging forth from the lumber-room of Time things grown musty in their original worthlessness—such as the correspondence and writing of James, or the intrigues of Bellarmine—to decide a question which common-sense and common honesty can decide in five minutes. Is an oath an

oath? Is that oath a solemn part of the constitution by a decree of Parliament? Can a part of it be left out at will to suit it to the convenience of every one whose wealth renders him eligible? A knowledge of history, on a par with this ponderous Jesuitical trifling, and elaborate nothingness of demonstration, informs us that the Restoration removed Jewish liabilities. We have always understood that it was the toleration of Cromwell, which *suffered* Jews, but did not place them in the Barebones, or the long, or short, or any other Parliament. Charles the Second, it is true, would have given the Jews anything but his mistresses, and ceded colonial possessions, seats in Parliament, honour, faith, or religion, for Israelitish cash, offered with the tempting baits supplied by Israelitish cunning. We cannot help alluding here, though it be a little beside the question, to the servile manner in which posterity has attributed to the modern COMUS other acts of CROMWELL which men have thought fit to honour. The navigation laws have been ascribed to Charles with similar injustice.

However, all this is not to the point. The question is a new one. It is one deeply affecting our utter denationalization. This is not reform. It is a dead lock occasioned by a fusion of all principle, a breaking up of all consistency, a delivery of all faith, a yielding of all opinion, and even prejudice, to the one dominant principle carried out in the practice of a diseased circulation. We cannot leave this subject without reprehending those characterless members of the House, whose sole desire is to embody in their own persons any great question whatsoever, be it what it may, with the view of notoriety, or to represent some large constituency. Such men as these change their early line of conduct in accordance with the passing

nod of recognition from a great man, or an invitation to a *réunion* from his wife. They receive an artful compliment on a speech, and are tamely led over to be shelved by either ministers or opposition, until some future opportunity afford itself for once more becoming turncoats at a premium. These are the fitting advocates for Jewish legislation!

In our remarks, we intend to offer no personal insult to the Baron Rothschild. He may be, and probably is, a good and generous man—nay, a kind of *Cheeryble* brother in public life, for all we know. He may be a most Christian Jew, which is far preferable to a Jewish Christian. We use the word *Christian*, be it remembered, in its primitive, and consequently, in the present age, almost figurative meaning.

Since, then, a contradiction to all that England has hitherto been during her era of greatness—mingled with impiety, and tossed by an ocean of casuistry upon the barren rock of a time-serving expediency—is to be henceforward the condition by which a member of Parliament takes his seat, let the test of admission, we say, have no reference whatsoever to God or the Country, Religion or our Queen! Spare us this needless hypocrisy! Swear a member of Parliament on the *Bible*? Swear him on his Banking-book! Or if that savour a little too much of a reality—for we do not like to confess the slavery we delight in—swear him on a defunct Hudsonian railway-ledger, or on the full blown prospectus of a Canterbury Episcopal Emigration!

AUGUST, 1850.

FURTHER EXPOSURE OF BETTING OFFICES.

THE excitement and perturbation caused amongst some of our more ingenious countrymen and fellow-citizens, as well

as the general interest created by the article in our 3rd Number on the subject of Betting Offices, prove at once how wide-spreading and odious the calamity has become. We have been thanked and abused to our hearts' content. We know not which has proved most gratifying. As some delighted urchin leaves the more remunerative task of gathering apples to witness with noisy acclamation the storming of a wasp's nest, so perhaps we, in spite of the gravity and seriousness with which we approached the task, have hitherto felt greater glee in the consternation of the evil, than in the praises of the good. The same instinct of destructiveness holds good in the pen as in the sword. Would that it were always blessed with as good a motive as the one which now actuates us!

It has been remarked to us by several persons, that although it be true that these Betting Offices disfigure the streets, and present a bold front of vice, yet that it is impossible to put an end to gambling in one way or another, and that the evil must be left to check itself. They say also—Why should not the poor man have the same liberty as the rich? Why do you run down the vice merely when it appears in a paltry shape? These Betting Office gangs are but petty after all. Let them have their swing. Attack private play, the clubs, and the wealthier gambling-houses. Let these poor devils have their day. They have spread the fascinations of their spider webs for a few common flies. It is the proper fate of flies; besides, they like it. You have no right to interfere with their liberty to be caught.

Now, with regard to the first part of these arguments, we have to observe, as we did briefly before, that there must be a constant struggle between vice and the law. The combat resembles that between the two genii in the Arabian

nights. The lesser and evil genie takes every shape to avoid destruction, but the good spirit follows him up in his own style, and comes off the winner of each successive event. Rogues are undoubtedly cleverer than honest men in a worldly point of view, although we must condemn their wisdom, and good men would stand no chance but for the continual persecution and suppression of rogues. Society is like a county or a city which requires continual embankments to keep out the waters of evil. The labour must be constant. It is the weakest argument to say, that because sin must exist, it is to be abandoned to its own devices. "You put an end to Derby Sweeps," say these people, "and look you now, you have Betting Offices." "Yes, but there was an interregnum of mischief." It is no argument against seeking to combat successfully with the small-pox, that another disease, say cholera, may ensue.

As to the question of non-interference with the vices of the humbler classes, we say boldly that in this respect we think the legislature does well to protect them more absolutely than the rich. It does not signify so much, if a rich fool now and then sacrifice himself, in spite of education and the superior knowledge which he has enjoyed opportunities of acquiring. If gambling or gout be in his blood, he must suffer in one shape or other for the vices of his ancestry. At any rate, he has counterbalancing advantages, and whatever reason he may possess is fostered by tuition. But we think that a great deal has been done to put an end to the vice of gambling amongst the higher orders. The liability of being pulled up before a police-magistrate and crucified in the morning papers, with his elegant name associated with Jews and swindlers, deters many a careless young profligate from the use of dice and cards loaded or

unloaded, marked or simple. The contradiction exists now rather in favour, or, in our opinion, in disfavour, of the middle and lower classes. If it be urged that secret high-play is still practised, and that it is connived at by our executive justice, we reply, that, at any rate, there exists a difficulty in finding it. It does not stare one in the face, or suggest itself vividly to the idle, the imaginative, or the desperate. The victim must be led to the resort of gamblers with a certain ceremony and difficulty which may startle and save. The man, who has the unconquerable itch for play, must seek it in its lurking places. A gambler must voluntarily go out of his way to dive into the abyss of folly, and pluck out ruin and remorse by desperate clutches. How few men that shoot would go through the difficulties and dangers of poaching!

In this case, the evil presents itself in an enticing shape in the great thoroughfares of the metropolis. A LOUNGE—seductive word for the idle—a cigar, coffee, the papers, the racing-odds (and with how many Englishmen is racing an instinct which is harmless, nay, beneficial to the country?)—these are the nets for the unwary. Then, too, the idea of being considered a “fast” man lures the unhappy “gent” to ruin. The poor “gent!” Must we not save him from destruction? Must we suffer his shining face to be converted into the debauched and dissipated index of imbecile recklessness, because he likes to be seen arm-in-arm with a steeple-chase rider or a turfite, and to sport a long groomy waistcoat, and carry horseshoe studs? No, rather let us break up his lounge, upset his coffee, take the cigar out of his hand, and dismiss him to apply his time to more remunerative calculation, or spend it in the pursuit of more legitimate pleasure.

The evil of Betting Offices is too serious to be treated with raillery. Let us recur to a more sober strain. These ulcers are spread widely over our metropolis. We are afraid that they also disfigure our country towns. They are a libel and an insult upon the manners of the nation. Let it not be supposed that we speak as rigid puritans, or canting moralists. We delight in horses and horse-racing, and, although innocent of betting ourselves, do not wish to oppose a certain amount of speculation upon fair events. No one can interfere with private bets. The excitement on a Derby-day is to some extent legitimate. The evil attending it is in a great measure counterbalanced by the good. It is a national amusement, and promotes the excellent breeding of horses. Besides, traders speculate. Hop-merchants speculate. The whole system of the Stock-Exchange is a kind of, not always respectable, gambling. But we object to the organization of betting. We object to the sign-post of temptation. We condemn this banking system against the small fortunes of our poorer countrymen. We call a second time upon the Government to protect those who require protection against the open allurements of profligacy. "What! you agree," cries one, "that private betting may exist. Then why not give the thing a local habitation and a name?" Simply because the circumstances forbid it. Beer-drinking is allowed, and allowable. The Government cannot prevent a man getting privately drunk. There are, it is true, certain penalties imposed upon drunkenness. But great caution is not the less necessary in the licensing of beer-shops and public-houses. Otherwise the result would soon manifest itself in disorder and low debauchery, and in the degradation and ruin of the lower classes.

In sternly addressing ourselves to the Government and

the Public, we wish to avoid personality. Much private information has been voluntarily afforded us. We are anxious to avoid availing ourselves of it. We shall only do so at a future period, if it be necessary to advise individuals of their danger, by telling them who are their deluders. But we hope for no such necessity in the general condemnation which will probably ensue.

The establishment of Betting Offices derives its origin from some of the lowest hangers-on of the Stock Exchange, and from the broken and dispersed "staggism" of Capel-court. We understand that the very first which started as a racing-office, whose prizes (?) were drawn in the New Strand Theatre, was first kept by a man who had acquired about £4,000 in getting up a bubble railway (the Direct Bombay and Madras). A most worthy origin! In a race-lottery at Boulogne, under apprehension of conviction here, not a single prize was drawn. The real owners and proprietors of these places never appear. They are generally "independent gentlemen," living a little way out of town. No man is safe, even should he win; since the betting-office which is unlucky can so easily abscond. There is no one responsible—no one ostensible. Rogues keep their counsel better than honest men. The "flat" remains, either in good or evil fortune; but the "sharps" in both cases are apt to disappear, and the places that knew them once know them no more. Let us give a hint to those now venturing their little savings, or, more probably, that which they have not saved, in such transactions, not to be surprised at any closing scene after the occurrence of the St. Leger!

AUGUST, 1850.

**A PILLORY FOR HAYNAU :
OR, ENGLISH BREWERS AND AUSTRIAN
BUTCHERY.**

OUR readers are familiar with the circumstances of an attack made the other day upon *General*, or as he is pleased now to be called *Baron HAYNAU*, by the brewers of Messrs. Barclay's establishment; during his visit to honour those gentlemen's premises with an inspection. The sanguinary old man, so near about to render his account at a tribunal which considers neither monarchs nor expediency, was somewhat roughly handled by a mob of what the *Times* calls "five hundred infuriated savages." We regret the circumstance, because it affords a plea both for sentimental and hypocritical sophistry, and because it manifests only a partial demonstration of what ought to be an universal expression of detestation over the land of Englishmen.

But if HAYNAU had otherwise successfully played the part of the illustrious foreigner, visiting our "industrial establishments," as the phrase is; if he had been fêted during his stay, and stared at by vulgarity in high life; if he had been suffered to depart from these shores without the shout of execration which is now likely to ring in his ears whilst he continues to pollute our soil, then we rejoice that the sturdy brewers pelted and buffeted him, ay, in spite of his white hairs—whitened like sugar by the refining process of blood that flowed from the best and noblest veins in Hungary.

And this man finds advocates in the writers of English journals! Yes! in this monied age "there exists such a diversity of opinion that if Nero lived or Judas, there would be found supporters and admirers of Judas and Nero."

Such was the remark we made a week since. It could scarcely meet with a more apt and immediate illustration. So it is. Posterity will alone stamp the brand of universal execration on the forehead of a monster in the nineteenth century, or dare loyally to award the crown of true virtue to the hero or the patriot.

The deeds of General HAYNAU were slurred over, denied, or defended, in the very midst of his bloody saturnalia. In the hurry of venality, things were said in defence of bloodshed and deeds of violence as atrocious as ever stained the annals of the civilized or uncivilized world. Let us draw a parallel between the educated men who defended the acts of HAYNAU when they took place, and the uneducated men who in their rude manner have shown aversion to their memory. Yet the latter had no motive in their act, save one of justice. They were not paid—only indignant “savages!”

Who will be the champion of Jefferies? Who mourns over the last moments of Robespierre? Yet Jefferies, when old and ill, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by an English mob; and Robespierre, half dead by his own hand, found no Parisian softness in the pitiless crowd that haled him to his fate. But these men are pilloried in history, and their defence neither affects our partizanship nor our pockets. After all, what did HAYNAU suffer at the hands of these “brutal ruffians,” these “cowardly assailants,” who would not respect hospitality, but who had read on Sunday afternoons amongst their shuddering families, of atrocities they could scarcely believe, until the blear-eyed incarnation of the chief actor in them presented itself in the semblance of a gaunt old man at their gates—what did he suffer from them? The old English punishment of the pillory, unsanc-

tioned it is true by law, but never more fitly administered. "*Hospitality!*" For such as he there should have been no landing-place in England. It is an insult to the country to use such a term. That which he claims is not of necessity our gift. Six feet of English ground to an enemy in arms, a welcome to an unarmed foe, an asylum even for a rebel and a traitor, are what England freely accords; because she boasts of being free; but her freedom cannot break bread with the dastard who flogged high-born ladies in the market-place of Pesth, or with the cruel assassin of the high-souled Bathyany. The very bones of HAYNAU should not rest in England! Did he not sanction the murders of Herod? Is not the story of the Countess of Madersbach true? Was she not flogged almost unto death, when stripped naked before battalions of bearded men under the inspection of HAYNAU, because she lampooned the Austrian soldiery? Did not her husband commit suicide when he heard of the fiendish atrocity? Was not Bathyany, one of a name familiar to us here, horribly executed without ever having struck a blow against Absolutism, and taken forth from his prison in cold blood by this old Moloch, after the cessation of hostilities? Was he not dragged with bleeding throat to the gallows—he, a soldier and a gentleman, whose only desire was to reconcile his unhappy country to her merciless oppressor, but who did not even rebel whilst he refused to persecute? He acted merely as envoy, and strove to make terms between two bodies of his distracted countrymen. He came in all trustingness to Windisgrätz, was thrown into prison, where he remained throughout the war, and then sentenced by HAYNAU to the death of a dog to gratify a thirst for blood and strike terror, if possible, into the brave hearts of the Hungarians. What was the fate

of the unhappy prisoners of war who surrendered themselves to the Russian Paskiewitch, some of whom had even been treated by him with the consideration of guests? Destroyed by HAYNAU. Were there any limits to the cruelties practised under him? Were not children and women crucified, mutilated, ripped open? Were not high-born ladies lashed like dogs, from meaner motives than the word revenge can express? It is well for the *Times* to say "these are arguments which it is wholly unnecessary to reproduce." It is well for them and for HAYNAU not to reproduce them. But they are registered on earth and in Heaven.

Who dared to accord "*hospitality*" to HAYNAU here? Who put English "savages" in the predicament of suffering this monster in their streets or in their houses? Perhaps he was deceived by the articles in the *Times*, as to the sentiments of Englishmen. Thank God, these are not identical. HAYNAU is the guest of the *Times* newspaper. Perhaps the affability of Cobden, or the cheering (did they cheer him?) of the Peace Congress misled him. Besides, he had a *letter of credit* from Rothschild the city member, who styles himself the friend of HAYNAU. Citizens of London, one of your city members bespeaks kindness and attention for his friend HAYNAU! Pity that it was not accorded him. He might have visited our institutions, and workhouses, our Exeter Hall, and Chelsea Hospital. He might have spent the shooting season with a lord, or a banker. He might have become popular and subscribed to charities. Pity that these brewers, "these degraded, ruffianly English savages," could not let him alone!

The *officers* of this man cast lots for the garments of the murdered Hungarian ladies. Respect his white hairs, and treat him with consideration! When a woman of birth

implored mercy, he made her kneel at his feet in derision. He is a visitor and a gentleman! He has wallowed in the blood of Hungarian and Italian women and children, whose only crime was that their husbands, and brothers, and fathers, and lovers, fought for a freedom something like that which they had heard that Englishmen enjoy. He is very old and is "come to lay his bones among ye." Suffer him! He is the friend of bankers, and the guest of newspapers! The *Morning Chronicle*, through its foreign correspondent, who was, however, immediately afterwards discharged, defended the flogging of ten ladies at the drumhead of HAYNAU. They had been so very provoking, these Hungarian ladies! They had cried "shame and murder." They had been satirical on the Austrian "soldiery." Is HAYNAU much worse than the cold-blooded correspondent of the *Chronicle*, writing from the scene of action? That is the only defence we feel inclined to accord to him.

The terror-stricken, filth-bespattered old man, flying with tottering step, took refuge with a WOMAN. A woman gave him refuge! Did she know the history of her blood-stained guest? If she had, she would have loathed but still harboured him; for she was a woman, and merciful. But HAYNAU flogged women! He executed women! He lacerated women! He forgot the instincts of his sex and blood. He forgot that a woman had borne him, or that he had felt a tender passion, even in its most degraded form. But he sought refuge, and found it at the hands of a being in the shape he had so well known how to outrage. What a picture!—what a lesson was conveyed last Wednesday! The head of armies ignominiously tripping it before a motley mob, pelted with grains and ordure, seeking a refuge under a bedstead in an obscure house! A man who,

in command of an imperial force, had decimated a nation only a year since, taking to his heels like a mountebank pickpocket, glad if he could have hidden his defiled head in a dry sewer or a cesspool. The fate of more than one Roman Emperor was so terminated; yet none pitied them, save the imaginary "hand unseen" that strewed flowers over the grave of Nero!

The long article in the *Times* of Saturday needs no comment. It is in large type, of course, and clothed in most respectable English. "The aged officer—the old man in a strange land—the visitor—the cowardly atrocity,"—Bah! These are the independent opinions of the "leading journal." Was the flogging of delicate women in public a "cowardly atrocity?" Oh, we are to forget all this, and give our "kindness and attention" to a distinguished stranger. There is a pompous insinuation, that "the five hundred infuriated savages" or body of operatives (you hear how you are styled, Englishmen!) could not have been animated by one instinctive impulse at the name of HAYNAU. They were then set on. Perhaps the operatives had not read the *Times*, or they might have cheered the hero of the *abattoir*, on his visit to the brewery. But it appears pretty evidently that it is not so "preposterous" to believe "that a body of operatives so constituted could, each and all, have imbibed, from independent observation, such strong convictions on the subject of the Hungarian war as to have been animated by one instinctive impulse at the name of HAYNAU," &c. As this sentence is Johnsonian in all but sentiment and felicity, we wish Johnson were alive to reply to it. Is all this meant as a shaft against Barclay or against Perkins? Let us leave this diluted pomposity, which endeavours to create a reaction in favour of the *Times'* opinions at the expense of the "five hundred infuriate

savages," to recur to a letter which bore the signature of "*An Old Officer*!" We must quote some of this, putting a few words in italics for the benefit of Englishmen who are so complimented. What is the grade, or the regiment, or the *club* of this officer? We should like merely from curiosity to know. The following is part of a letter addressed by him to the *Times*—the letter of an Englishman and an officer impeaching his countrymen with cowardice, and sympathising with HAYNAU.

"And now, Sir, a word to the General in the possible event of his again coming into collision with an English mob. *I have been in such collision myself, alone, with more than 200 English savages yelling around me, and I can therefore assure the General from experience, that if he had planted himself and his aides-de-camp against the wall of Messrs. Barclay's brewery, and shown a determined front, and taunted his cowardly assailants with their numbers, and singled out any three opponents (one a-piece), he would in all likelihood have been met with a cheer, and been speedily released by the respectable proprietors of the establishment, and he would at least have escaped his ignominious flight, and might have saved the blush with which, as an Englishman, I pen this note, in the hope that it may tend, through your powerful means, to show the transaction in its true light. I enclose my card, and am,*

"Sir, your obedient servant,

"AN OLD OFFICER.""

The absurd contradiction of this is only equalled by its desperate impertinence. "Had he" (Haynau), says the *English* officer of, or to, his companion, "taunted his cowardly assailants with their numbers, and singled out any three opponents (one a-piece), he would have been met with a cheer." Fancy HAYNAU fighting with a drayman! The assertion of the fact, coupled with the imputation of cowardice, is mere imbecility of reasoning. But the officer blushes!

* I have no hesitation in stating my belief that no such letter was ever written by any English "Officer."

We should think, if he be a real personage, that his nose must blush for his very foolish, unpatriotic old face.

To conclude, the stout draymen of Barclay and Perkins have probably saved England from a stain and a disgrace. The world will not now believe that we have welcomed HAYNAU to our shore. History will receive a hint that the butcher of a noble nation was at least not received by us with unanimous approbation. Neither supineness, nor falsehood can now triumph. The act of Barclay's brewers has brought *home* to us the deeds of Austria executed by the "scourge of Hungary."

The sense and feeling of Englishmen must now be made manifest, and a decision quickly arrived at. We have no doubt as to the result. Let HAYNAU go elsewhere. Let him try the sympathies of America. No! The sentence which banished him from Austria was indeed severe from an Emperor, for the semblance of whose unworthy sake his crimes were perpetrated. Let a disguise and an alias cover his retreat to the grave, and no stone mark his ending place. Otherwise there is no land that will bear him. He has outraged humanity, and the world denies him shelter!

THE CHANCERY REFORM ASSOCIATION.

CHANCERY INFAMY AND CHANCERY REFORM.*

THERE is a body silently growing, if not within the very precincts, still upon the very skirts of our legal strongholds

* Chancery Infamy; or, a Plea for an Anti-Chancery League. By H. W. Weston. Second Edition. London: Effingham Wilson.

Chancery Reform. A Lecture. By William Carpenter. Effingham Wilson.

in the Temple, Chancery Lane, and Lincoln's Inn, called the Chancery Reform Association. We bid it good speed. It is only wonderful that such an Association has not been organized long since; for surely, in the known annals of the world, there never existed so useless, so wanton, and so cruel a monster as the Dragon of Chancery. Folded in its Lethean cave, this scaly artifice has preyed upon the lives of generations, and still makes its bed in musty horror upon the skulls and bones of thousands of successive victims. Men are grown so used to Chancery, that it is considered as inevitable as death or pestilence. The only thing is to escape from it. None have hitherto thought of entirely destroying the monster in its den. It was much threatened some time ago by an eccentric knight, Lord Brougham; but he was found far too inconsistent an adversary for such a time-honoured iniquity, and, indeed, he only flourished his lance in its face, and proved at once a mock St. George and a real Don Quixote. Whilst in office, certainly, he did and said a few spirited things; but their recollection only serves now to quote at the head of chapters on Law Reform, or as a semi-facetious authority for complaints and sarcasms. The evil is now threatened in a less brilliant, but in a more promising manner.

All we can at present say is, that we hope that the Association will be successful. Chancery is a huge disease. It wants no paltry remedies, no interminable contradictory acts of Parliament to cut off its most trifling accessories, leaving all that is really important still weighing us down—the common trick of our modern legislators. It wants the knife at its roots, which we hope ere long to see applied by the nation. Those will merit well of their country, who have first struck a blow and loosened one fibre which upholds the Upas tree of Chancery.

TWO OR THREE WORDS ON "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A TAILOR'S APPRENTICE."

THE journals of the week give the above heading to a narrative which would freeze the life-blood of a cucumber. One Robert Mindon, a tailor's apprentice, aged 18, dies of over-work and under-feeding. His employer was an oilman and master tailor. His name is Triggs. The deceased worked from six o'clock in the morning, till eleven at night! On *Saturday* night he worked much later—the night before the Sabbath of the master tailor. His dinner was cut off for him, and so sparingly that they cut him off too. He complained, before dying, of his mistress, who, he said—this poor, meek, patient tailor's apprentice said—"treated him unkindly." Does Mrs. Triggs go to church in her finery? His bed had not been washed for *three years*. He was "almost eaten up with vermin." "He slept alone in the house, and was very timid." Imagine the desolation of that poor human being "in the little room at the top of the oilman's house." "Gruel," said Mrs. Triggs,—when the agonized mother called on her to implore mercy and better feeding for her child—"Gruel, indeed! What next?" The deceased went out on Sundays from three o'clock until six. Sarah Pedgrift, a servant, advised him to tell his master. He replied, "Never mind!" Before dying he said, "God has heard my prayer." He prayed, then, to God in that dark garret. God *has* heard his prayer, and more than that, He has looked down upon the oilman's wife addressing him in church, on the master tailor's Sabbath.

The jury returned a verdict of "Died of typhus fever." They also considered that the deceased had been "unkindly treated."

There are thousands of such instances as this in London.

"But somehow," says the *Arch-paper*, recently, "the people are enjoying a great deal of vulgar prosperity." If they be, it is the vulgar prosperity of the oilman, not of the apprentice. Labour—that labour which arrays the rich in Rotten Row and at Almacks—is within the atmosphere of typhus, and only one degree removed from starving. It will be worse before 1851 has closed. "Industry," adds the *Times*, "already gives proof of its *emancipation*." How? By Death, or Banishment—New Zealand, or Starvation?

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

THE United States of America present the appearance of a country that is rotten before it is ripe. We do not mean to say that this is actually the case; but circumstances, for which history affords no parallel, have forced the Americans to an undue maturity, which is a mere throwing-off of a vigorous system, rather than the index of premature decay or the precursor of an early decrepitude. Youthful bankruptcy and a trading exaggeration, an unbounded national vanity without national honour, a fierce and restless energy mingled with desperate calculation, wildness without romance, and a morbid jealousy of the old country, which exhibits the petty spitefulness of green-room rivalry, rather than the grand and sober emulation leading to a majestic triumph,—such are among the characteristics of this extraordinary people.

The reception given to JENNY LIND, the other day, at New York, displays many of the peculiarities of the Americans, in a light at once harmless and ridiculous. They do

not care so much for singing—no, not they. They wish merely to surpass JOHN BULL in musical folly, and amply have they succeeded. They had heard of the prices he had given, and the bouquets he had heaped at the feet of the Idol of Song. They determined to give more and larger bouquets and still higher prices, not to hear JENNY LIND, but to illustrate themselves through her name; to deify America with her presence, or, rather, her presence with America; to appear as greater patrons, and—must we say it?—greater asses. Amply have they succeeded. It is no use now for Europe to talk about singers. JENNY LIND is the first singer. As such, she has visited America, and, although she has come to it last to be approved, and with the stamped qualifications which spare the discernment of Jonathan any trial, she was nothing until the man BARNUM hired her for his show—her fame was in embryo till her landing at New York. So think the Americans; and, indeed, where can she be *be-Linded* with such utter nonsense, such a vast caricature of enthusiasm again? It is impossible. The Americans have taken the shine out of all future praise, and rendered the homage of reason a mere cold dull tribute for ever.

As the petty adulation and attention of an absurd lover disgust his mistress, so must the gross eccentricities of Jonathan have sickened JENNY LIND, if she be a sensible woman. She has a simple air and face, and possibly her whole mind having been devoted to the perfection of her voice, she has been brought up in child-like ignorance of other things. We can imagine her an earthly and rather plain UNDINE. If so, she doubtless takes everything for granted, says what she is told by BARNUM, is sometimes tired and frightened, and looks with wonder and awe, mixed with a kind of female instinct of pleasure, upon the prancings and

curvettings of Jonathan, the musical boa-constrictor, who has condescended to open his mouth to receive her in the land of expectoration and Bunker's Hill. But if she be a woman of mind, what contempt must she not feel for her foolish young lover! How ridiculous in her ears must sound the fulsome expression of his unmeaning adulation. The vagaries of senile sensualism are bounded by a certain prudence and outward decorum: although disgusting, they occur but rarely; but this boyish enthusiasm, this mixture of tears and barley-sugar, of leap-frog and emotion, cannot fail to sicken the soul, if there be one, of any object so nonsensically worshipped and so violently adored.

All this would have been applicable had the thing been entirely genuine; but there was a sublime mercantile vulgarity in the reception of JENNY LIND in America, which affords, indeed, a painful contrast to the magnificence of Nature of which the Americans are so justly proud, but which they belie so meanly. Yes, in the very recommendation of his scenery, the American gives you the idea of the sordid importance of the Panoramic scene-painter, who thrusts himself upon your notice, with brush in hand, to identify himself, Brown, Snooks, or Stiggins, with the bay of Naples by moonlight, the silvery falls of Terni, the majestic ruins of Palmyra, or the grandeur of snow-clad Chamouni. He could not show you the desolation of Carthage without a Yankee Marius, and in his prayers and thanksgivings he would congratulate the Deity Himself—be it spoken without blasphemy—upon the creation of a free people to enjoy the sublimity of his landscape! He is a Pharisee *au naturel*; but his fault is that of vanity rather than pride, and he is guided by cunning rather than mantled by hypocrisy. Such is, in part, the American character,

which has been lately set off, with added lustre, in the astonished eyes of Europe, by the advent of JENNY LIND to his exaggerated shores.

We could the easier pardon Jonathan were his ecstasy more genuine and his devotion less a quackery of his nature. When the German students made a drinking cup of the worn-out slipper of MALIBRAN or TAGLIONI, it was an act purely German, and a mere efflorescence of *Burschenschaft*. It was a worship wreathed with tobacco-smoke and reflected in spilt beer, a votive offering of the tea-garden, an effigy crowned by maudlin enthusiasm with faded China roses. It was ecstatic slip-slop and foolish sentiment. But it was a deed partly redeemed and excused by its miserable earnestness. There was a sort of homœopathic approximation, in the dreamy Teutonic brain, to the person of her who was worshipped, by such a proceeding. The German's wine was flavoured with the dance and the song. A *pas seul* revelled in his imagination, and a *cavatina* echoed in his soul. His mind was a strange mixture of material philosophy and cloudy sentiment, and he went home to bed confused, excited, and satisfied. When CERITO was *fêted* and crowned with a golden coronet at Rome, her sleep disturbed by serenaders, and her person endangered in the street, it was the result of real enthusiasm for her bound across the stage and for the exquisite precision of her many-twinkling feet. She was received at *soirées* with *cantatas* in her honour, and the ardour of the Roman character breathed vows on her behalf. But there was grace and truth in the demonstration, which emanated from a poetical people. If it displayed a triflingness of character, it was still the offspring of the talent, energy, and ardour of temperament, which had no other outlet, under a debased government, than to exhibit itself in the

admiration of dancers and the approval of song. The Italian cuts his paper figures with a pair of gold scissors—the American consummates the same littleness with a tailor's hulking shears. There is heart and soul in the one, and blazing vulgarity in the other. It is the German's predestination; and the Italian has had nothing better to do for centuries. Both nations acquit themselves well in their way. The heavy enthusiasm of the one is as natural as the operatic sensibility of the other. We can fancy the German "Fox," or the Roman "Noble Guard," each in his element. Effeminacy and beer, philosophy and passion, may deify a LIND and transform TAGLIONI into an Egeria. But when Jonathan brays forth his praises across the Atlantic, we are too sensibly reminded of the fable of the donkey at the fair.

After all, what is this monster enthusiasm worth? Is it rightly estimated by the "Swedish nightingale?" "I have served," she may say, "for the self-glorification of that which is pleased to call itself a free and enlightened people. I have been so fortunate as to illustrate America, and to eternize a BARNUM. A hatter has advertised through the means of my European reputation. The faculties of bathos have been extended, and language has been out-Oasianized to extol Jonathan and me. My glove has been kissed, not with the greedy fervour of lovers; but on the principle which leads crowds to an execution, or buys toothpicks made out of the hedge through which a murderer was dragged. I enjoyed a divided empire with Professor Webster, and the last thing really thought of were the convolutions of my voice, lost to the ears of a people deafened by the Niagara of their own self-praise." But if a soprano voice came down from Heaven to New York, lodged in the bosom of an angel, at a merely nominal price, with a double chorus of seraphim in the

streets, it would fall unheeded on the musical tympanum of Jonathan, unless proffered by the recommendation of an American BARNUM and heralded by the reputation of an European JENNY LIND.

We should have been less severe upon the harmless extravagance of a really practical people, had it not been for the petty spirit of contemptible rivalry which they take no pains to conceal. It is not that they love JENNY LIND the more, but JOHN BULL less. We cannot tell why their sense should wish to outstrip our folly; but Liverpool afforded the cue to the absurdities of New York. We are not wanting in admiration for the talent of Mademoiselle LIND. We could be rapturous about her unseen vocalization, as we esteem her tangible benevolence. We do not think her a beauty, or canonize her in our remembrance as a saint, although her conduct be good and virtuous as her voice is heavenly. We would merely have things in their places. This sort of *furor* for musical excellence is rather a sign of the decadence of a nation, and the over-ripeness of its so-called civilization, than the usual concomitant of youthful vigour and commercial energy. It is a pampered indulgence, a vitiated virtue, a corruption of talent, and a false tribute to art.

The ovation of vocal triumph should be confined to the concert-room and the theatre. We censure the Americans, not for a display of musical taste, of which indeed they have little or none; but for receiving a singer, however charming, with the honours due to a warrior and a patriot on his return home—yes, for devoting to JENNY LIND the garlands of enthusiasm, which would now misbecome Patriotism and fall withered at the feet of the statue of the heroic WASHINGTON.

ARISTOCRATICAL EMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND.

It is mentioned in the public journals, that Lords Mandeville and R. Montague, two sons of the Duke of Manchester, are about to quit their native shores for New Zealand. Against the mere fact of the departure of these gentlemen, or that of any other sprigs of nobility, who conscientiously feel themselves *de trop* here, we have nought to urge. It is a manly expatriation and a relief to the sinecurism which abounds in an over-taxed country. We rejoice to see these twin Curtii take a voluntary hop, step, and jump towards the gloomy gulf of distant emigration. It is a satisfaction to us, abstractedly, to know that the sons of Dukes are about to live in the bush, with the soles of their feet turned towards the soles of ours. Why not a lord as well as a bishop? Better far; since we do not understand that the lord's absence must be purchased for £1,000 a-year, either by the emigrants or the community. *Ergo*, we will wave our white cambric handkerchiefs at their departure; nay, we would subscribe to a breakfast which should celebrate thinning the House of Peers of its paupers. But we *do* regret one thing extremely, which is the singular and unfortunate choice these aristocratical *gemi*ni have made. Why go to New Zealand? What can they become there? *There*, exists neither ambition nor sporting. When Curtius leapt into his gulf, it was not that there might be a man less in Italy or Rome; but for the salvation and the good of his country. Good young lords, before you depart for New Zealand, think of Canada! There, you will not be lost to us entirely, nor we to you. Thence may arise benefits innu-

merable and incalculable. You will find bishops ready made, both Protestant and Romanist. You may form the nucleus of an Aristocracy, and be the first great or little means, no matter which, of preserving Canada to England. *There*, is a country presenting honourable excitement, noble field sports, an arena for patriotism, with a future which may be realized within the next century, nay, the next lustrum. Sons of Dukes, go to Canada! We estimate you highly for going at all; but let a full-blown satisfaction crown your departure. If you wish to be remote, to think amid solemn woods and by the side of great lakes, and to reflect upon the blunders, and miseries, and follies of your fatherland, seek the great western wilderness. Lord Selkirk left a historic name. Wherefore should not you? Will you not lose your very identity in a country associated with cannibals and convicts, whose virgin soil is tinctured with vulgarity and full-flavoured with unproductiveness? You are rashly anticipating a cycle by departing to New Zealand; unless, indeed, you think the time is fast approaching when the safest refuge for an Englishman will be at the greatest distance from his own land. Have you seen the Panorama of New Zealand, containing the Canterbury settlement? It is in Leicester-square. Go and spend there a shilling and a half-hour. We do not know how long the title of Manchester has existed. Probably not very long. We believe, also, that the family is not very wealthy, or perhaps we should not lose you thus.

However, there have been worthy representatives of the family name of Montague. Why waste your nobility on kangaroos? The greatest heritage of a true nobleman is, in our opinion, the chivalry which is expected from him in respect of his ancestry. Do not believe the *Times* when

it assures you, in all the pomp of mysterious language, prating of Anglo-Saxon destinies in the Caucasian jargon of D'Israeli, that the mere fact of thus honourably absconding from your native shores, is the great heroism of the nineteenth century. We look upon it rather as a cowardice, save when the naked man prowls reluctantly forth from a land which refuses his honest labour subsistence. This is part of the great cant system. It is the desertion of a leaking vessel.

Were we born an English lord, we would never consent to depart to New South Wales or New Zealand. The newest country to contain us should be America. It has a title as far back, at any rate, as that of Manchester. There is greatness both to be maintained and achieved in Canada. It is a duty incumbent upon you, my lords, to make a return to England for your birth and ancestry. You will degenerate into *platypi* in New Zealand—a hybrid production, or, rather, an anomaly of nature, presenting the attributes of fish, flesh, and fowl, in a sufficient degree to puzzle naturalists and astonish humanity; but without offering either food or ornament to justify a creation whose purport remains a mystery. Lords Platypus, Bradypus, and Kangaroo, pause before you wander! Go somewhere, in Heaven's name; but, before you go, ask the social, geographical, and practical question, with a slight alteration, which Milton puts into the mouth of the rebellious angel—

“Is *this* the region, *this* the soil, the clime,
That we must change for *England*?”

Let us ask a final question. What think you of Ireland! That country is not so distant as New Zealand; but it is a land of savages, who are fast disappearing before civilization armed with starvation, in place of the rum-bottle and

the small-pox. Wait a little longer, noble young emigrants ! Ireland will soon display a very pretty arena for speculative emigration, and will present to your industrial capacities the virgin soil of Death ! The Americans are colonizing Africa with negroes. Emigration shall fertilise the deserted waste of Ireland. Wait and buy an encumbered estate in Galway or Connemara, when the ruin of the middleman purchaser shall have followed that of the victims of his persecution. Nay, have you not already large estates in Ireland ? Then why desert them for the Antipodes ? Is this *cowardice* or *heroism* ?

OCTOBER, 1850.

THE GREAT GOD, BAAL ;

HIS TOLERATORS AND WORSHIPPERS.

IN spite of *Punch*, and in defiance of truth, honesty, and conviction, the constellation of HUDSON is slowly rising, like a gilt sun from beneath the dead sea of pollution, or a Turk's head out of a quagmire. The *Morning Post* begins to notice the *outgoings* and *incomings* of the late railway king ; his wife's stay in Germany is converted into a paragraph ; an actual defence has been made for him in the brazen type of more than one journal ; his face is beginning to be whitened ; the splendour of a blazing reaction is about to embellish his life ! A Railway Company, we learn, cannot do without him. God help it ! A capital story was told the other day. It is this :—When Hudson was at the lowest ebb, not morally, that is nothing, but in the way of actual credit ; when the idol had just been shattered and blackened

for the nonce by the fulminations of the *Times*, he met a quondam aristocratical acquaintance in the House of Commons, who intimated that he should be obliged, however painful it might be to his feelings, to withdraw his acquaintance, under the circumstances, &c. &c. Hudson replied, "You are mistaken; things are not what you suppose. I shall be found to be worth £200,000 still." The virtuous acquaintance drew back, silent and abashed. He felt he had been too precipitate.

The Eastern Counties Railway Company wanted a finishing touch to consummate their reputation. They have ingeniously hit upon the means.

We cannot forbear from quoting a passage in the Preface of "Britain Redeemed," on this subject, written at the very period when it could least be expected that such a circumstance as either the worship or the toleration of a man so stigmatized as Hudson could possibly occur again. "Let," says the writer, "King Hudson produce a balance-sheet of £200,000 in his favour *now*, and leave us to swallow the outcry of a nation, and redeck the abandoned trull of honesty, from the ready-made linen warehouse of humbug, hypocrisy, and deception." Does or does not this remark savour of prophecy? £200,000 is the precise sum stated now at which the reaction can be furnished. It is done at £200,000. Cheap, at the price, we think, very cheap!

OCTOBER, 1850.

THE CURSE OF CHANCERY.

It is impossible to define in one sentence so frightful and pernicious an anomaly as the practice of the Court of Chancery. It is equally impossible to imagine how such a creation should have been formed, and still be permitted to exist, eating, like a cruel disease, into the heart and soul of the country. Were we to attempt a definition of Chancery, it would be, "The Inquisition of Property in a civilized country, attacking the lives and liberties of the people." To call Chancery, Equity, is to name a thing according to qualities exactly the reverse of those which it possesses. Equity, in this manner, means the reverse of itself. Its signification is the height of injustice! The pen of a Dante alone could describe the various infernal compartments of the Chancery Limbo, with all their respective horrors and nightmares. Carlyle might to a certain extent succeed; but he would leave you in the end doubtful whether he spoke of a reality at all. It would appear like impossibility illustrated by a madman. Virgil's description of hell *has* been applied to Chancery by a Lord Chancellor of England. Indeed, we doubt whether the sarcasms and observations of the greatest interpreters of the law can be surpassed in severity by any one.

Yet, amidst the decrees of equity judges and all the lingering cruelties which they have administered, the man cannot help sometimes peering forth from the woolsack, in a grim jest, and more frequently in the remorseful expression of a gouty twinge. What can be more powerful than the language of Lord Brougham, who sought to improve Chancery by hurrying its judgments; but found himself inadequate to the task, and his remedy as nothing compared to the disease? It was but to put a few sufferers earlier out of

pain ; but the monster remained unchoked, gaping for fresh aliment. Can anything be stronger than the following conversation in Court, quoted on the authority of Mr. à Beckett, in the work of Mr. Carpenter, as having taken place between a Vice-Chancellor and a Counsel ?

Counsel. "Your honour will be pleased, in the suit of ——— *v.* ———, an administration suit, to order the usual reference to the Master."

Vice-Chancellor. "Yes, Mr. ———, *let the usual decree go for destroying the estate in due course of law.*"

The counsel endorsed his brief, and handed it to the solicitor in silence.

The tyranny over life, exercised in despotic countries, seems partial and trifling when compared to that which affects the lives, liberties, and property of so many here, and from whose dangers no one is secure, either in the command of fortune, the enjoyment of health, the exercise of integrity, or the abhorrence of legal strife. No one is safe from Chancery, but a beggar, who neither has, nor owes, nor has had, nor possesses an expectation. Over the heads of all others hangs the sword of Damocles. The Queen's Bench prison looms in the distance. None is safe. Malignity and a solicitor may destroy you at any time. They have only to invoke to their aid the Dragon of ages to ingulph you in its maw. Your property is seized on suspicion. Like the officers of the Holy (?) Inquisition, the myrmidons of Chancery put a seal on your effects. You are doomed, as if the plague spot had broken out. You are told you must contest, but your means of contesting are taken away. The law pays itself for its own plunder. It ransacks your valuables, sits down in your drawing-room, unlocks your desk, eats, drinks, and gives away to its troop of *banditti*. You

are consigned to a cellar—your identity is destroyed in relation to your own property, except so far as your name is flagitiously used as a passport to your own spoliation by the cool, grave, and sarcastic robbers. Such is the stern facetiousness of Equity. If we might be permitted, we would suggest to the Chancery Reform Association the following device:—A catacomb guarded by a Sphinx, with the corpses of age and infancy between its paws. In the background might be distributed a ruin, a workhouse, and a gaol, and over it written—*Equity, the curse of man, the delay of justice, the food of harpies! Equity, the Lie of Time! Equity, the Destroyer!* The inscription of Dante over his imaginary hell need not be wanting to this real one. A broken and tangled skein might not inaptly hang from its brazen gates to show the security with which one enters amid the heap of skeletons beheld indistinctly in the recesses beyond. Let the Association take for its own motto—*Against this I combat.*

It is impossible, in our limited space, to follow Mr. Carpenter through all the striking details of his lecture.* He quotes several cases passing even the imagination of those to whom Chancery has become a "household word" for infamy. He comments on the fees and the imprisonments, and illustrates the consequences. He finishes with expressing his wonder, with which that of the reader must be blended, at the apathy of Englishmen in suffering so long from such a prodigy without general complaint and rebellion. He divides, however, the nation into two classes, viz., those

* Chancery Reform. A Lecture. By William Carpenter, delivered on the 10th September, 1850, by desire of the Chancery Reform Association. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

who have been victims and those who have not. Those who have not suffered he thinks are not so deeply impressed with the enormities of Chancery as they should be. Those who have suffered he considers as *hors de combat*. They are too poor, "too wretched, and spiritless to bestir themselves." They have undergone the hug of the monster and have no power left. It is to the former that the Association would unveil all these mysteries; whilst over the latter it would extend protection and yield relief. It is necessary first to develop the evil, and then to show the possibility of overthrowing the whole system. Agitate! agitate! agitate! Chancery has grown up with John Bull like a disease in infancy. He has borne with it. A skilful surgeon pronounces removal necessary. He shakes his head doubtfully. You show him what he suffers—of what he is deprived. Then you manifest the possibility of cure. The operation is performed, and the recovered patient, in the exercise of his new faculties, blesses you.

Let not our sons and daughters be heirs to Chancery! If a new form of cholera appear, the ingenuity of medical science is immediately taxed to anticipate, to combat, and to cure it. With this great scrofula, engendered by license, neglect, and error, we are content, as if it were a condition of our existence. Chancery is grown into a proverb. A just appreciation of it reigns in our language. A ruined demesne is said, as a matter of course, to look as if it were in Chancery. The slang of prize-fighters denominates the position of a man delivered into the power of his adversary as Chancery. It is understood to mean a suspension of social existence, under the domination of greedy regulations for plunder. Still it has gone on. It has been frequently denounced. Acts of Parliament have been prepared, revised, and approved

of; but its remedies have hitherto appeared as mere offshoots of itself in point of delay. There seems to be a spell over all connected with it.

The Reform of Chancery should not be intrusted solely to lawyers. Generally, they are an active part of the system; particularly, there may be brilliant exceptions; but the legal mind sees things by mere force of habit in too circumscribed a point of view. Besides, you want lawyers to *amend* Chancery, and Chancery cannot be amended. The whole system must crumble to the earth, and a simple edifice be reared in its stead. So far from this causing a shock to the community, it will impart a fillip to enterprise, and distribute as many blessings as Pitt's celebrated bill for decreasing the value of gold by the circulation of country notes. But with this special difference, that one blessing was temporary, while the other will be lasting; one a panacea, the other a return to a broad principle of justice; one a necessary expedient, the other a fundamental necessity. The amount of property which will be unlocked will give a vast stimulus to the country, and may be considered as one of the greatest practical reforms needed in this country. The reform of Chancery is the work of a politician, not of a lawyer. We do not mean to say that the mere name or education of a lawyer is hostile; but the mind, which has been narrowed in the practice of the Chancery Courts, though at times rebellious to the evil it has seen around it, and giving expression to the disgust engendered by finding itself the tool of villany and extortion, must still have undergone some narrowing and cramping, and be rendered unfit, to a certain extent, to deal with generalities. The legal mind says, this is bad, and that is bad, and the other must be done away with: it is fertile in clauses, and amendments, and sugges-

tions; but the result is a mere puny alteration or an indefinite postponement. Lawyers will no more alter Chancery, with all their promises, than the Universities would have re-modelled themselves from internal conviction, although many first-rate University men have, from time to time, expressed themselves strongly on the subject of abuses. An Act of Parliament, framed by a lawyer, for the amendment of Chancery, is about equal to a new statute at Oxford, made under the fear of an approaching Commission.

It is the object of the Chancery Reform Association and its apostles thoroughly to awaken the public in the first place, then to uproot the evil; and finally to suggest the remedies. We now turn to the history of Mr. Weston, in accordance with our promise. His suit began in 1833. Let us hear a little about *Weston v. Filer*. The bill was originally filed to obtain an account of an estate from executors. It has only been seventeen years before the Courts, and the property was lately advertized for sale to pay expenses.

First of all come answers and amended answers. Then a child is born and made a party to the suit. This is two years after. Then the child dies. In 1836 came another child, who also died. Then in 1833 and 1840 two more children; these latter are now plaintiffs to the suit. Then in 1841 an executor died. Then a party to the suit became bankrupt. Let it be observed, that at each of these births and deaths of children, the suit went through various processes, which were equivalent to a total abandonment and recommencement. Ditto, at the death of the one executor. Ditto, at the bankruptcy of a party to the suit. At last the suit is heard before the Lord Chancellor, and *twelve learned* counsel appear. It is then referred to the Master in the *usual way*, viz., the common shuttlecock

process. Twelve months pass in drawing up the Chancellor's decree for this purpose. The Master in Chancery with all his band wade through the accounts, comprising 500 items, and regarding £3,000, in five years! In 1846 it re-appears before a Vice-Chancellor. The Court confirms the Master's report, and decrees a sale of the estate to pay costs, the balance, IF ANY, to be paid into the bank—for the plaintiff? No!—for the defendant? No!—*but to await the further directions of the Court.* After this the counsel squabbled two years over the minutes of the decree. Do you think the suit is ended, reader? In 1849 another party became bankrupt, the suit was again abated, and the assignees were made parties. Then comes the preparation for sale. The title-deeds are in Court; the plaintiff has to pay seven shillings an hour to inspect them. The sale is still pending, whilst we write. There will be nothing left—not a stiver.

We have given this case, as it may interest even a reader totally ignorant of the forms of Chancery. It will remain in his or her mind, as the *Pap-spoon* case. For such it was facetiously denominated. There are many worse cases. The property has hitherto, we believe, paid its own expenses, and Mr. Weston is not in prison—nor has he been thrust out of the world by these harassing cruelties; but lives to assist in the great work of Chancery Reform, or rather Chancery Destruction.

There is a case in the journals of Friday last to which we direct attention.

FANNY STEVENT DUNSTON was brought up the other day before Mr. Commissioner Phillips, sitting in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, on an application to be discharged. She was one of three sisters, who had inherited some property.

Her insolvency was attributed to a suit in Chancery, which had locked up her means, and which was expected long ago to be decided. Who expected it? Weak mortal! She had not read, previous to her incarceration, the story of Mr. Weston, or the lecture of Mr. Carpenter.

She was brought up on a medical certificate. The prison was killing her. There was more than sufficient property to pay all her debts—only it was in Chancery! Mr. Phillips said her debts were not such as they ought to have been; but he discharged her, because a Chancery suit was the cause of her insolvency. She owed something to a wine-merchant and a milliner. Poor lady! she had inherited property, and it deluded her into anticipation. She did not know, possibly, that Chancery would open its huge jaws to snatch from her her little patrimony, and thus, robbing her creditors, consign her to a dungeon. Poor lady! What may she not have suffered in mind and person!

Let us, then, arm ourselves in a cause which is at once just and necessary, humane and chivalrous. On to this Bastille! Rescue the victims of years, condemned, without crime or hearing, on the *lettres de cachet* issued by the cruelty of an English Inquisition!

There are some weak-minded persons who are alarmed at the thought of anything being destroyed, which time and custom have sanctioned—people who would die of small-pox rather than be vaccinated. Besides, they say, "What can you supply in its place? There are abuses, great and monstrous abuses; but, remember, that no human institution is perfect. Shall there be no protection for real property, no Court of Appeal, no Equity?" Better, we say, none, than that which exists. However, a Court of Equity is necessary to interpret that casuistry in human affairs which mere

framed and glazed laws cannot effect. A new system must be built up.

We will now give the hasty sketch of a plan, which we recommend to the after consideration of Chancery Reformers. Let the Lord Chancellor's Court alone remain, separated from his political functions. Let him, together with two Vice-Chancellors, hear appeals as to judgments only, and let their decisions be final. Let *vivâ voce* evidence be admitted. Let the Court of Bankruptcy be called the Court of Equity, and have jurisdiction in all branches of equity. Its district courts are at Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Exeter, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Let the official assignees be called trustees, or let them be both. Let all equity accounts be taken as in bankruptcy. Let the books and accounts of all estates be filed with the official trustee, for reference by all parties and making up the accounts. Let them be filed, as in bankruptcy, in six weeks, under penalties, with a power reserved to the Court to grant any reasonable time in particular cases. Let the Court summon juries to try issues, and examine both plaintiff and defendant. Let all the present business of Chancery be transferred into the Court of Bankruptcy in London to be wound up. Let the County Courts have jurisdiction in all matters where the property does not exceed £500. (There is now properly no equity for a poor man.)

We throw out these hints, suggested to us in part by a Chancery Reformer. "The immediate effect would be to throw open the gates of an earthly hell and to unlock £200,000,000 of landed and funded property. It would save the country a vast annual expense. The cruel nets of solicitors to obtain possession of property and sweat the inheritance of the unfortunate would be staked and cut

for ever. Malignity would no longer have a terrible resource, and dishonesty seek evasion by delay. The property, life, and liberty of an Englishman would cease to be endangered by his own monstrous institutions, and *Astræa* might again venture, perchance, to set her foot within the cruel precincts of our present Courts of so-called Equity!"

LAMARTINE, LEDRU ROLLIN, AND MAZZINI.

LAMARTINE and Ledru Rollin, two apostles of the late French Revolution—that revolution which merely drove Louis Philippe into exile in his last years, as if to manifest the ingratitude of a nation—these two men have published their sentiments, almost contemporaneously, upon the state and prospects of England. We have called them both apostles, but apostles more different cannot be conceived, except we should refer to Judas and Peter, or the disciple whom Jesus loved and Judas. Their opinions, accordingly, differ. We conceive each in his way to be equally wrong. The sentimental enthusiast and the bitter anarchist are both mistaken and both utter many foolish words. No Frenchman has hitherto written well and soundly upon England. The truth is, Frenchmen do not in general know us, except as an enemy or a caricature. With regard to one of these two men, Lamartine comes here this time sickened by the aspect of the revolutionary fury. His mind has long vibrated. It now points steadily back to *traditions*, favourite word of his countrymen; but traditions illustrated by order and tranquillity. Lamartine is a poet, but not a philosopher. He is romantic, but not practical. No man has given a truer character of Lamartine than Mazzini—"Lamartine, a

man of impulse and of noble instincts, but unstable in belief, without energy for a final purpose, and without real knowledge of men and things"—So says Mazzini, the hero, the practical regenerator—a man of poetical mind, working out facts nobly.

Lamartine is one who might die a Jesuit, or a Turk, a republican, or an absolutist, a Jew or a Mormonite—but always a good and earnest man. This is he who has come to tell us what we are. He has overdone his praise as Ledru Rollin has over-dosed his poison. But the observations of Lamartine, are in one sense, far more calculated to do harm. His opinion will satisfy the blind, and serve as the excuse and triumph of expediency. It has flattered us and we adopt it. The Free-trader in the glories of England quotes him with triumph wreathed upon his lip. Lamartine says we are prosperous—he, a stranger, a republican, a Frenchman, but a patriot and a poet. Let Lamartine go and live in Turkey, say we, and whiten the face of the Sultan! He states that we have no paupers, no riots, no symptoms of decay. He comes with a salute, a smile, and a bow, to assure us that we are well, very well, exceedingly well indeed.

What is the truth of the matter? A man just escaped from an earthquake, finds any terra firma an elysium. He throws himself on his knees, and kisses the free soil, without a question of future convulsions. Lamartine comes hither disgusted by the Drama of Liberty, followed by the farce of Louis Napoleon. We do not blame him—for he was sincere. He has seen bloodshed and changes without end, and beheld inconsistency doubt even itself, and turn all things into a jumble. The cries of Hungary and Italy ring in his ears. He finds things, by comparison, steady here. We have not had a Revolution. Why did not Lamartine go to Ireland?

Did he visit the factory districts? Did he see anything but the best streets in London? Is he acquainted with the statistics of English crime for the last two years? Has he not viewed everything like a gentleman just escaped from behind the scenes of a theatre, into a street of comfortable quakers?

The "poet orator" states in a letter, which would seem to be expressly written for, not to, the *Times*, that, when he visited Ireland in 1830, she was in a state of misery and starvation. He implies then, that Ireland is now flourishing. His description of the felicity of England is most poetical. According to him, it is a golden age of labour. His account of happy little children returning home from the toil of industry, sweetened by pleasure, guarded by angelic females, is worthy of a Frenchman describing the Millennium. So also, of the troops of girls issuing forth from our retail establishments, guarded by fathers and brothers. There is not a beggar to be seen, or a complaint to be heard!

Lamartine tells us that he regrets having sold his patrimony here. We can imagine that he reads stability on the solemn physiognomy of England. He sees wealth and clubhouses, steamers and London bridge, and shopkeepers in the metropolis on a Sunday smiling at the approaching Exhibition. The *Times* and the free-trade journals tell him that we are flourishing. He goes to a concert and an emigration breakfast. *Bon!* He sits down and writes a panegyric upon England.

M. Lamartine is right in one thing. We are not easily moved. A desire of change will not cause the bombardment of the Tower or raise barricades in our streets. But misery and famine combined with outward pressure may do both. *Then* should M. Lamartine fly from Turkey with an oriental Bayadère, fished out of the Bosphorus, to live in peace in

Leicester-square,* he may find a state of things to which the effervescence of his countrymen would be as mere *limonade*, and he would no longer regret the loss of his little *pied à terre* in Albion. When he was over here before, it was each time during the access of one of those popular panics and ferments which have been gradually preceding the grand eruption—ever since a diseased currency and a debt was at work in the vitals of England. Our *ancien régime* is now broken up. We are recurring to first principles in a state of disease; beginning to play fair for the first time, with no cards; commencing cash payments with everybody, with a grand insolvency beneath, which would even otherwise require almost a miracle to stop it. A third phase awaits the gentle creed of Lamartine.

When America and France have declared war, and our fleet is in ordinary or cruising in the Mediterranean; when Ireland has not a recruit left and the Brazilians insult and threaten us; when Canada revolts and the Pope plays the antics of anathema from the Vatican—let Lamartine write a third opinion upon the prosperity of England!

OCTOBER, 1850.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PEEL.

PEEL is a fine subject for after-dinner enthusiasm. Now that he is departed, he is, to a certain extent, a safe subject, whilst the melancholy manner of his death adds grace to the lavish encomiums with which friend and foe appear alike to overwhelm his memory. We confess that his untimely end

* We beg M. Lamartine's pardon. We have since remembered that he is married to an Englishwoman.

prevents our expressing ourselves completely upon the political character and conduct of this modern statesman. Still justice must finally be done ; and as Peel has become, since his death, a British monomania, that which we say must pass muster with his relatives and admirers, just as their ridiculous encomiums are endured by us with an indifferent nod or benevolent shrug of good-humoured scepticism. Prince Albert has just put the finishing stroke on this political or social absurdity at York. He has so gilded the splendid mediocrity of Peel, that the finest barley-sugar edifice, tipsy cake, or flummery upon the groaning civic board, must have felt mean in comparison with the Saxe-Gotha panegyric. In Heaven's name, we exclaim, what has this benefactor of his species done ? The English worship him. The French adore him—*ce cher Sir Peel*. Even Russia loved him. Do Mazzini *and* the Pope lament him together ? Does Garibaldi put up prayers for him through his fat Friar Tuck chaplain ? Where, in the name of superficiality, defunct one-pound notes, and decorum, does the popularity of Peel find a limit ? What did he do ? What did he say ? Was it kind in him to exist—cruel in him to die ? What was he to have done ? The latter problem is answered by his removal ; for no one can tell what additional blessing was to have been expected from Peel, except his walking through the Great Exhibition in a yellow waistcoat, or expressing a gentlemanly forbearance on the subject of the new Roman Catholic Primate. Was Peel to have paid the national debt, or stopped the Irish famine ? For our own part, we are infinitely more inclined to lament the late Lord George Bentinck ; because he felt as an Englishman and sympathized with Ireland ; because he possessed a sound head and a talent for calculation, and seemed to fill up a gap,

and might have been a clog in the wheel of destiny, which hurries on at a railroad pace the ruin of England.

What did Peel do?—He followed nobly in the wake of conviction, when he could not help it, and was continually in a state of political transition. Was he a genuine Reformer?—Certainly not. Was he a liberal?—Of a very bastard nature. As for Catholic Emancipation, we think England will lament the day when one single act was granted or voted to set free an enemy within her Palladium, whose avowed principles are hostility, and who takes everything; but never concedes a single point to those who are not with it and of it. The effect of Peel's return to the metallic standard was to destroy thousands, and shake our institutions to the centre. He has yielded to the cheap loaf and betrayed the agricultural interest. The consequences are still on the cards. Things have lasted his time. Finesse in him supplied every great quality. A flow of words and a pleasant manner made him an orator. Is there *one* grand sentence, *one* great truth, *one* mighty apophthegm to which Peel has ever given utterance? Did he ever approach the eloquence of Burke, or Sheridan? Had he a spark of genius? Was he consistent, we will not say, honourable? For, whilst we hold it to be in accordance with honour to yield to conviction, at the expense of party, previous education, or prior assertion, and conceive the reverse of such conduct to be dishonourable towards a country; yet a pledge holds good so far as this—that a man has no right practically to desert one party, and leave it in the lurch, in order to tender his services to another. The only virtue left him is to retire. To trim the sails of popularity, for a man's own sake, is one thing; to yield to conviction, at the sacrifice of public office and action, is another. None

better understood how to enhance the value of what he effected during his lifetime than Peel, or set a greater price upon his own measures: and lately the country has followed his example. No man ever furnished a more complete illustration of the Scripture parable than Peel. He was the labourer in the vineyard of Reform at the eleventh hour, and came in, not for an equal, but a double share of wages. His were the merits of political intrigue, and he admitted no man to his confidence. Peel was merely considered as a great Reformer, for lending the splendour of his name to other men's ideas, and for changing his own principles. He was pompous, rhetorical, and vain; consummately skilled in the art of thrusting his self-importance upon others; a great and polished Bottom the weaver in political life; the smooth and discreet, we will not say hypocritical, manager of party.

It does appear to us that the nation is in its dotage, when it transcends the adoration which the Spartans might have felt for Leonidas, the Romans for Curtius, or the Americans for Washington, to waste its hero-worship on the smirk, self-satisfied ghost of the banquet-haunting Peel. Posterity will in vain inquire the reason. It may be answered that England had none better. Peel was the sober light of a declining age. But the future does not recognise the mere attributes of a plausible superficiality. Posterity demands a man with lights and shadows on his features, whereby his character may be written in men's minds—a statue of bronze, not an image of gutta percha. Peel will glide into oblivion, even as he has rolled forth conventionally into notice. The glories of England are identified not with minutiae, but principles; not with tergiversation, but facts; not with the self-preservation of a petty egotist rowing with

dexterity in the wake of self-generated reforms, but with the glorious instincts of a patriot blended with the experience of a statesman, who points down the vale of ages with his sword, and whose battle-cry is "Forward! On!"

THE TILT OF GLEN TILT.

HENCEFORWARD let the adage run, "Give a Duke a bad name and hang him!" We suppose that there never was an individual more plentifully abused on all sides for an affair which is ludicrous, and capable at any rate of a two-sided explanation, than his Grace the Duke of Athol. We know not whether to call this very English or un-English. It savours much both of the one and the other,—i. e., according to the fashion of the day, it is exceedingly English, and, according to old notions of English justice, it is most unmanly and unfair. The Cambridge Students, the Lord Provost of Perth (some modern Nicoll Jarvie, without his good humour); and the Briareus of the Press, have hitherto had it all their own way; and we believe that the Duke would meet with a reception not much more flattering than that accorded to Haynau, were he to show himself in London, merely because at the worst he has been ill-tempered and unsociable, and has played the Highland Laird in the nineteenth century to the disgust of single-shirted tourists, and knapsack-bearing, prying, inquisitive, pert, forward Collegians, who, knowing that the act was odious to him, chose rather to intrude upon a nobleman's premises, on the strength of a parish or sessions' decision, than pen a note to ask permission, or display that courtesy which prefers gracefully

acknowledging a privilege, to vulgarly parading a right under the nose of him, who, in one sense or other, affords the gratification. We do not entirely defend the Duke's conduct ; but, knowing nothing of him beyond this affair, we think that he has been most unmercifully treated, and as everything has been assumed against him, we, who take his part, chiefly because he is hit hard by everybody else, shall commence by assuming a little on our side of the question. In the first place, these Cambridge "*gents*"—for *gents*, if not utter and complete snobs, they appear to be by their own confession, as we shall shortly show—went for the express purpose of bearding the lion in his den, and to assert the rights of the public. These two *gents* from Cambridge made themselves the local champions of the quarter-sessions decision. *We* cannot understand gentlemen going so far out of their way, as it is from Trinity-hall, or whatever Hall they may honour with their residence, to Glen Tilt, in order to put themselves in an embarrassing position. If they knew, which they did know, that it was a sore point with the Duke, why could they not have requested the permission, which, we have reason to believe, he would have at once accorded ? Why must *they* go so far to insult a nobleman's weakness ?

Their subsequent small triumph when they had achieved their purpose, *and passed close by the Duke's drawing-room windows*—(mark their exultation at this point !)—together with their tame submission to the Highland flunkies, when they *had* got into the scrape they invited, and the mean way in which they pocketed the injury, and only crept gradually forth into heroism, holding on to the skirts of that big bully the *Times*—all this incontestibly proves to us, that the Duke's vindictiveness was only exercised upon two very

contemptible individuals, who were playing the peripatetic Paul Pry at the expense of their own shoe-leather; to the disgust of village innkeepers, whose infinitesimal charges they probably pared down with the shabbiness of genteel trampers, and to the infinite loss of the fine scenery they visited, wherever two awkward, black-gaitered, rickety individuals chose to place themselves like badly-executed figures in the foreground of the landscape. Hold! this is not fair abuse. We are drawing on our imagination. So have most unsparingly the enemies of the Duke, who have accused him of wearing a washed-out kilt, given him a black eye, and insinuated that the language he used, which we utterly discredit, was something between that of a cabman in the neck of Chancery-lane, and an incensed Amazon at Billingsgate. We daresay that the Duke *did* swear a little, and so should we, had our sport been spoiled by such an intrusion; after waiting all the morning for the deer, with a telescope, a rifle, and two ladies, curious to behold the amusement. Were these two *gents* in the track when they were stopped? Will they swear *that*? Did they accost the Duke with decent politeness; since they flipantly observe they took him for a domestic? He must have taken them for servants out of place, by this sad specimen of Cambridge manners. The Duke forgot himself when he laid hold of them. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* It was, perhaps, in the fury of a disappointed sportsman. Even an English clergyman may have been guilty of firing in a passion, at a stray dog, for putting up the birds which he was *stalking*, in that most uncomfortable locality a field of full-grown Swedish turnips. As these two *gents* magnanimously observe, or as it is observed for them, they do not wish to judge Scotch nobility by this one Duke. Neither do we desire to pro-

nounce an opinion on University gentlemen, on account of these two *gents*.

Of all canting virtues, save us from that which is used as a blind to illiberal principles on every other occasion. The same journal which has most stigmatized Athol has been the brilliant and candid defender of Haynau, and has kissed the unkilted—*foot* of the Emperor of Austria. What a blaze of morality, and freedom, and enlightenment at the expense of a private individual! What a sordid appreciation of the qualities and conduct of an autocrat! We remember some years ago, how the same mighty abuse was levelled at poor Lord Frankfort, who was stereotyped in public odium, ay, as much as if he had flogged women, for the mere sin of a low intrigue, which happened to be fished up through the instrumentality of a designing Cyprian, who afterwards figured, to the public disgrace and her own filthy benefit, at a minor theatre. What a fuss is made, when a certain portion of the press gets hold of an individual to worry! But how discreetly it allows the grim abuse to stalk by and escape unnoticed. A short time ago the game was tried on an estimable and fine-minded individual, after he had just acquired a public dignity. But malignity outstripped prudence and he escaped scot-free. Not so the unfortunate Duke of Athol!

We except from our censure upon this mob-like immolation of an individual, our quaint contemporary *Punch*. Such events are his legitimate food, nor are we inclined to quarrel with the way in which he treats them, however severe it may be. Had the whole affair been confined to *Punch*, we should not have said a word. Our sympathies, like his, are generally on the side of the people, and we would rather err on behalf of a peasant than a nobleman, a student than a Prince.

The Duke has created an outcry. So has Mr. Gordon Roualeyn Cumming, who has run the gauntlet of the most cruel insinuations; because what he saw in the centre of Africa exceeded the experience and surpassed the imaginative powers of sundry literary gentlemen, whose valuable lives are passed under the protection of fire-engines and policemen in London. We were glad to see the other day, with reference to Mr. Cumming, a complete corroboration of his testimony by a fellow-traveller, Mr. Cospatrick Baillie Hamilton. There are men in the present day found base enough, for party purposes, to abuse and malign a philanthropist like the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne!

To return to the Duke. We do not approve of his setting the law at defiance, or exhibiting a churlish feeling towards the public. But, if we look nearer home, we shall find some curious instances connected with the management of Parks far more obnoxious to the prescriptive rights of Englishmen, and of far more consequence to the public, as a matter of enjoyment, than the pass of Glen Tilt or the hereditaments of Athol. In one, you may not take a lap-dog; in another, you cannot stray from the path. Some are encroached upon; others closed to poverty. In one is a path-way dug to bury the passer by, and destroy at any rate all the pleasure of a thoroughfare. In another a Prime Minister has been stopped for making a short cut to a palace. We have known, on the other hand, the decisions as to roads and pathways to be frequently most unjust and flagitious on the part of local authorities. The subject may naturally have been a sore one with the Duke. At any rate, his conduct does *not* justify the unsparing attack made upon him. The gilly who stopped the *gents* probably exceeded his orders.

They were glad of the excuse to satisfy their *gentism* by intruding on the Duke. He insulted them : they peeped in at his parlour windows. He put his hand on their collars, and they can and do boast of a personal collision with a nobleman.

In our spirit of fairness, we have espoused a side opposed to our liberal views in the eyes of people who cannot understand us ; but the *Times*, which excites itself to such a pitch against the nobleman, who "locks up his breeches," is in its other and graver character the upholder of foreign tyrants and the chief interpreter of absolutism. We care not a rush if there were no Duke from one end of the land to the other, were the rights and liberties founded on the constitution of our country only secured, and defended from Parisian antics, and French imitation. But while Dukes *are* tolerated, pray let us accord them the hearing we should grant to any British gentleman, whose character has been so rabidly assailed, even if his privacy *may* be legally invaded, and concede a fair trial even to a nobleman with mustachios and no trousers, before joining in the vulgar hue and cry of a general detestation.

NOVEMBER 2ND, 1850.

SHALL WE DANCE FOR POLAND?

No! Dine for Poland? No! Institute a fancy bazaar for Poland? No! Is there any other rose-water plan you can suggest to benefit her questionable remains? We think not. The skeleton of Ireland would sit at the banquet ; her spectres mingle with the throng. Besides, nor levity, nor folly, nor gluttony, is the sister of charity.

Vitellius is not the good duke of alms-giving, or Terpsichore the daughter of beneficence! Have we, then, no sympathy for the fate of that unhappy country which bled in the centre of Europe unpitied and unaided? Much! Therefore it is we would not mock her distracted memory with turtle and venison, a polka, a pin-cushion, or a song. Besides, even supposing the method to be a right one, we cannot do it in justice. The living horrors of Ireland interpose. Would you ridicule *them* with such frivolous and cruel mockeries? No! The blood-stained ashes of Poland are forgotten. She is purged of horror, and becomes fashionable and interesting. "Those dear, delightful Poles," was the cry in the days of Miss Porter. We ourselves have wept over Thaddeus of Warsaw. The thing is now slowly burning out under the auspices of a nobleman who has earned notoriety solely in this manner. He may be a very good man; but let him go over to Ireland, if he would become a charitable reality, and not be like a scented shadow with a *bon-bon* in its hand, picking his steps through the bloody relics of the fight to rescue a butterfly or a poodle the day after. These morbid antics are the shame of England; since she did not step in to the rescue of a heroic country when it was yet time. We do not think the charity extended to Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, has injured the pocket of England more than the chance alms of an individual to a Hindoo sweeper in the street is likely to affect his income or destroy the means wherewith he purchases cigars. On principle it is wrong, whilst our own poor starve. But the noble poor of England do not themselves grudge the charity extended to the strangers within her gates. The shame is that England, who battled with Napoleon over half the world, and sowed Europe with

her blood and treasure for ingrate nations that now threaten her, should have suffered that to take place which a fancy ball now deprecates.

We have lately suffered Rome to fall. A gross insult is our reward. Ay, and we dare not repel that insult, which the bayonets of France and Austria, and the whole Roman Catholic world, are ready to force upon us; whilst it is the policy of Russia to back the Papacy. The Pope would not venture upon this step, had he not been assured of support from France. He may be an obstinate fool, but his advisers are not fools. England, on principle, should have defended to the last drop of her blood, Poland, Hungary, and Italian independence. She has not. France, in any phase, is her foe; and absolutism triumphant will never cease to plan the destruction of England.

SHALL WISEMAN BE THE ANTICHRIST OF ENGLAND'S GLORY?

WE look upon this affair as either very serious or very trifling. In a religious sense we are prepared to ridicule it; because we are convinced that England is *not* sown broadcast with Popery, and that the doctrines of the Scarlet Woman have gained very little numeric head here. A love of notoriety, and a kind of clerical vanity or conceit, have led over many of our failing Churchmen. The artful concoctions of Jesuits at Oxford have betrayed a few feeble-minded youths into a mediæval saint-like bigotry. Hence the pale and juvenile brotherhood of the Oratorians, for whom one only feels pity as one beholds them kneel in

imbecile fervency to the tinkling of little bells, under the auspices of their wolf-like pastor, the astute and cunning Newman. But in a *political* sense, we regard the coming event with apprehension. It is an insult, a deliberate insult, to England and her temporal power, as personified by Queen Victoria—offered in the sight of the world, and backed by the sympathies of the Catholic nations of Europe. It is a gauntlet thrown down by France, by means of her automaton, the Pope. As a matter of religion, would the Pope, or rather Antonelli—would Wiseman have sanctioned such apparent absurdity? The French mind, which planned the bombardment of Rome, has conceived this notion of kindling Europe at the expense of England. What will be the consequence of refusing Wiseman permission to land, or of pelting him with cabbage-stalks? If he be permitted we shall have endured one insult. Another will be forthcoming. A Papal Bull will next be launched direct at the head of the Queen—the revenues of our clergy will be claimed. Where is this to end? A main feature of the Papal religion is continual encroachment. That is the reason why no Protestant English statesman should ever have yielded one single step to a Church which cannot be honestly dealt with; which assumes all means to an end; which is, in a word, essentially *intolerant*.

By this act of the Pope, every enactment which has extended the liberties of the Papal subject since the days of William of Orange, recoils upon the head of very good natured Protestant and somewhat stupid England. The proper answer of Parliament would be to repeal the Catholic Emancipation Act, revive the Test and Corporation Acts, increase the Army, and double the Navy. A great struggle is at hand. England has been regardless of the liberties of the world,

and her own are about to be assailed. May she not temporise until it be too late?

We take the question in the broadest possible view. We care not to fight the points of the question either legally or theologically. We trust that a popular demonstration will morally force the small cleverness of our vacillating Government into action.

England, as we said before, is Protestant. She has numerous sects, and a divided church; but she is the daughter of Religious Freedom, as France is the step-daughter of Atheistic Bigotry. Yes; France has no religion, although her priesthood be meritorious; but for political motives she assumes a God, and patronises His vicegerent in the shape of the renegade old woman who holds the keys of St. Peter, and is governed by the sallow and ambitious Antonelli. Spain, who will not pay us a just debt, increases her navy, and interests herself in the restoration and councils of the Pope. Austria is with him likewise, and so is Naples, hating us for our muddling and meddling interference in Sicily. Russia is not Papistical, but she is absolute and greedy, and, in the event of a general disturbance, will quietly pocket Constantinople. We repeat that this Papal Bull is a challenge on the part of France. With America to back us, we need not fear the world; but we have reason to apprehend that foolish prejudices and old jealousy, with a thirst for our Canadian possessions, would leave us in the lurch with our transatlantic children.

What can we expect from Ireland? Recruits for another Waterloo?—They are gone to the Arkansas, or dead, or starved in the Unions. Hatred and disaffection are all we shall reap there.

We look with intense anxiety for the result of this matter,

which no Peace Congress can arbitrate. France and her mighty powers are in the hands of desperate sharpers. We repeat that this is a great political dash, which follows up a series of small provocations. We are become a tame bully and a weak giant. All the world is treading on our toes, while we have got peace, philanthropy, and maudlin perfection in our head, and are awaiting the storm with the bland trustingness of some great playful monster who will not believe that the hunters are in earnest until he lies levelled and bleeding on the plain amidst his crafty assailants.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

A SOLEMN CONVICTION OF THE PRESENT INAPPLICABILITY OF FREE TRADE.

THE late Lord Ranelagh, a man of considerable ability, was, during all his life, an ultra-Whig, or, more properly, a strong Radical. He sat in Parliament for some time, supported every liberal measure, and joined in the "cheap bread" cry. But, a little time ago, he admitted to his most intimate friends that he had become a Protectionist, from practical observation of the fatal working of his own cherished ideas. He saw the downfall of the agricultural class, *without* relief to the operative, and a principle set in motion utterly inapplicable to the internal state of England; burdened as she is with dishonest taxes, a rapacious clergy, a mass of idle consumers in the shape of fundholders and stock-jobbers, and, lastly, an overwhelming population, who ought always, from their insular position, to hold the means of existence in their own hands. In fact, he saw in it, in practice, the reverse of all legislative scope and aim, which

is to make agriculture the first desideratum, internal commerce the second, and external trade the third; without which a country must decline with a rapidity in proportion to her delusive wealth, false credit, and undermined prosperity.

ARE WE STUPIDLY UNGRATEFUL TO CAPTAIN WARNER?

WE are quite at a loss as to the real claims and merits of this gentleman, with regard to his invention. That is to say, we have no idea whether it be a real thing or a delusion. As to the Captain's own belief in it, at any rate we give him the credit due to an enthusiast. But we defy the public to judge from the trials, or pretended trials, which have been accorded to him, of the nature, scope, and reality of his invention or discovery.

Knowing, as we do, the cruel humbug to which an inventor may be subjected, by all the jealous officials whose interest it is to keep him down, and to steal, borrow, or extinguish his secret, we should not be in the least surprised to hear of Captain Warner turning up in France or Russia, with his invention duly recognised; and certainly we should be inclined to modify our resentment at so unpatriotic a termination on his side, considering the treatment he has experienced. Not amongst the least trials to which inventors are exposed, are the sneers and derision with which they are assailed by matter-of-fact people—a class which, at the end, meanly accepts the benefits of genius and perseverance, when those who possess them have died unrewarded.

Whatever be the success of the invention, and we repeat of that we know nothing, except that Captain Warner has been in the hands of a Committee or Commission, or some such farce for occupying the public time, let us come to a few facts in the career of this gallant officer which, in our opinion, entitle him to something more than leniency on the part of the English public.

Captain Warner, during the war, undertook the command of a most dangerous service, viz.; conveying dispatches to and fro between the French and English coasts. In this, 3,800 men were killed and he himself was wounded six times. He received for this £50,000, *all of which was expended* in his patriotic invention. At the instance of William the Fourth he remained in England, when his interest demanded him elsewhere. He states that he has large claims for services on our splendid ally, Portugal—no less than £100,000! His debts now amount to £7,000. All we wish to do, is to remind the public of his existence—to ask that a fair trial be accorded to his invention; and, whilst recommending him to public interest and sympathy, to urge strongly upon the authorities of the Court, where he is shortly again to be brought up, that every possible latitude and indulgence ought to be granted to a man who finds himself in so sad a position, not owing to any vice, expense, selfishness, or criminal folly, but for enthusiastically following out that which, at any rate, he believes to be a grand scientific discovery for the benefit of England. This, too, not the mere dream of boyhood or untried manhood; but the continued struggle of one who has fought and bled for his country under circumstances of no ordinary danger, and expended a splendid fortune himself in prosecuting his researches and experiments *with-*

out assistance. Could Captain Warner's history find a parallel in France, or elsewhere throughout the world, save England



ENGLAND AT THE MERCY OF EUROPE.

IF the memory of Waterloo be cherished, like that of a great and sanguinary tournament, where England gained a desperate advantage at the cost of her best and bravest blood, it is well—if we look upon the Duke of Wellington with pride and reverence and take off our hats in the street to the iron warrior, while the city is encumbered with the stone caricatures our clumsy gratitude has raised, it is still well—if we make pilgrimages to Quatre-bras there is no harm, and proud may the veteran be who carries a medal at his button, telling he survived that day as well as all the years of peace and fancied security that have since rolled by. But, if Waterloo be the vain and empty boast that lulls us into foolish apathy, whilst it secretly inspires the rancour of our foes, if it be used as a false *prestige* of the future, instead of a splendid reminiscence of the past, if we neglect our defences, because we won Waterloo, if we despise our mighty foes, because the tide of battle turned in our favour there, if the soldier be sacrificed to his own valour and the British nation betrayed by her own triumph, THEN we curse the day when so great a misfortune happened to England as to have had her head turned by that dear success, and the soul of victory gorged with so pernicious an achievement.

Since our last observations on the unprotected state of England, and the dangers that environ us on every

side, the admirable work of Sir Francis Head, entitled the "Defenceless State of England," has been placed in our hands. Did the price of that work allow of its universal diffusion, our task would be needless, save and except that the voice of every Englishman should be raised to arouse the sluggish councils of the nation. If that work have no effect, if the defence of our hearths be unattended to longer, then we assert that the man who shall first rise in his place in the approaching Parliament to impeach the Ministers of England for passive but not less fatal treason, will deserve well of his country, and justly claim the place of second patriot of his day, allowing, as we are inclined to do, the precedence to him who has first awakened us.

We say this, because Sir Francis Head has come upon us with a trumpet clang. His is no passing comment—no imperfect lamentation. It is a deliberate and careful survey. Every point is considered—every possibility framed. It is a technical exposition. It is eloquent in fact and detail. It is alike startling and unanswerable. We have not, it is true, had time to peruse the whole; but we have seen enough to venture upon these remarks. We find our own unprofessional observations, made at home and abroad for the last few years, practically illustrated by a man who has studied the subject. We at once pronounce this to be one of the most important works, if not the most important, ever published in England.

Hitherto the nation has slept in spite of warning. The Duke of Wellington has uttered memorable words. He has said—"Let me die ere this great thing happen." Sir Charles Napier has from time to time made appeals, pathetic in their roughness, to the tutelary gods, if there be any, of Great Britain. Alison and other writers, who are not

warriors, have warned us. The tocsin *has* sounded a half-note lately. Still we sleep on the brink of the volcano. We amuse ourselves with an Exhibition. Unheard-of fatuity erects a glass pagoda, a Chinese folly, a joss house—to make destruction more memorable. We grudge money in the midst of ruinous expenses, for the shabby necessities of a fleet or an army. We would subscribe for anything but our defences—erect a testimonial to Mammon, Hudson, *The Times*, Tom Thumb—anything; but let one speak of Dover, Plymouth, a line-of-battle ship, a fort, or a tower, and we fancy we are about to be robbed by our bravest generals, our greatest authorities. The hero of a hundred fights wants to pick our pockets! Sir Charles Napier is deceiving us! England can dispense with soldiers or sailors! She can conquer by the mere recital of the past, moral influence, a banker's account, a Peace Congress, or the memory of Nelson.

There are some persons who babble of "Alarmists." We ask them whether the caution of Fabius was cowardly in comparison with the rash but useless conduct of Rupert? These men are like ostriches. They hide their heads in the sand; because they do not like to hear or see approaching danger. In the hour of panic, they will be the first to cry, "Who would have thought it?" These advocates of peace, because they do not love war, call "Alarmists" foolish. Be this folly granted. The cackling of geese once saved the Capitol of Rome by a timely warning; and the braying of asses may, on another occasion, serve to conceal the tramp of approaching foemen. We repeat that we sleep on the brink of Vesuvius, and, like the inhabitants of the buried cities, amuse ourselves with a great festival at the hour of impending danger. They were in an open circus. We shall be in a

palace of crystal. Once and again we repeat that the designs of France are obvious. In the silent *ballet* of events, what means the appearance, for a moment, of the French fleet on our coasts? It is the stealthy peep on the proscenium of the theatre of war. The blow is meant to follow.

We are half inclined, every week, to repeat these words in our journal:—*England is at the mercy of France, her ancient enemy. She has no means of repelling the foe from her coast; and London, with all her treasures, invites the foreigner to something more in accordance with his tastes than a boastful display of rival manufactures. England is doomed, if she do not exert and arm herself! There never fell a nation so easy a victim!*

In the year 1808, both Captain Birch and Lord Selkirk wrote able works on our National Defences. Both these writers painted the unprotected state of England in strong colours. But there was no *steam-navy* then, and England was still mistress of the sea. It is now a question of mechanical agency, and above all of numbers and *practice*, even more than courage and daring. The element, which Buona-*parte* could not conquer, defends us no longer. Since then, what have the French not done, and what have we not neglected? Imagine the mere fact of an invasion. Grant that the 50,000 or 100,000 Frenchmen who may land when it please them on our coast, should lie in Highgate Cemetery, still what irremediable damage would be done to our trade, credit, and prosperity! What loss of life, honour, and property! But we do not see that they either must or would fail. How could we meet them? A merchant panic would ensue. Then a general one. This is no country for *guerilla* warfare. We have not the desperate resource even of Moscow. We have no spot where even 10,000 men

could make a stand, until volunteers were enrolled, around our Queen, our archives, and our regalia. Besides, we should have to deal with practised troops. We repeat, there is nothing to prevent a landing, and when they are once landed the thing is accomplished. There is not a man in England can deny this statement, if he once give it his attention. Away with your "Rule Britannias" and your "Battles of the Nile!" Nations are not awed either by songs or traditions. Every day proves, on the Continent, that Materialism now dictates to the world as much as in the days of Alexander.

A Frenchman, Carnot, has written a work on "Hedge-Fighting in England." He has actually laid down the manner in which the thing is to be done. In our opinion, gathered from all the symptoms we have seen, nothing is wanting but the hint or command of Louis Napoleon or Changarnier to declare war and invasion. It will be done by a *coup-de-main*. May we be idle prophets!

At this moment, even in trifles, every evil augury surrounds us. We have dismissed our man in armour from the Lord Mayor's Show, and added a peaceful compliment of maudlin philanthropy towards the whole world which is now in arms. Peace, Happiness, and Britannia, are represented in tawdry combination. But France, separated from us by a moving bridge bearing the awful implements of war, literally bristles with bayonets, and a challenge lies at our feet in the shape of unheard-of Papal aggression. Derision is not always a farce. We have burnt our effigies of Guy Fawkes, and the French journals darkly sneer and vituperate. They speak of a fitting pendant to the glories of Nelson. "Take care lest London itself be set on fire," they say. Such is the crisis.

We shall recur to the work of Sir Francis Head. In the meantime, we select one passage as bearing upon our late remarks upon the treatment of Captain Warner :—

“We must here relate a curious anecdote. In October, 1817, Sir Howard Douglas, an old artillery officer, submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty, in manuscript, his treatise on Naval Gunnery, published in 1819, in which the mode of simultaneous loading was recommended ; and as the treatise was translated into the French, Russian, Dutch, and Swedish languages, and used as their manual, as it is also by the Americans, *le feu simultané* was adopted by regulation in the French navy, and became known to our service as ‘the FRENCH system of loading!’ As such, it attracted the observation of the Admiralty, who have recently ordered this *French* invention to be tried on board the *Excellent*, where it has been found to succeed so well that it is now again, as the ‘*French* invention,’ under trial by our Squadron of Evolution by sea ; on which element it has long ago been found by the French to answer admirably. The moral of our little story is as follows :—

“Had any conflict taken place between the French and British fleets in 1840, or in 1844, the French would, to our cost, have used against us the invention of an English Officer ; which, though printed and published to the whole world, it has taken the British people upwards of *thirty* years to adopt—indeed, which is not *yet* adopted. We, however, deem it just to observe, that this reflects upon no particular administration ; Sir Howard Douglas’s recommendation having, for nearly a quarter of a century, been equally overlooked by all.”

Since writing the above, within the last day or two, we have seen an article in the *Daily News*, expressing surprise at the “hyper-insolence” of the Courts of Vienna and Petersburg. But the question is not asked *why* they are insolent. Prussia is in the gap. She alone resists Absolutism and the Cossack. Shall she be treated like Poland and Hungary ? and, if so, what will be the fate of England ?—To be conquered and perish, as she will deserve, for her inexpressible folly.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

A TRIBUTE TO MAZZINI.

WE were glad to see, the other day, that the *Daily News*, in a review of his work on Italy, did ample honour to the character, conduct, and genius of Mazzini. But we lament the time, when the tardy tribute of a rising newspaper is the only satisfaction which awaits such a man, mourning in a foreign land over the wreck of his country. Still we cry—"Courage! The hour may yet arrive when those fervent aspirations shall be realized, and true eloquence of heart, as well as head, prevail. Courage—Mazzini!"

We intended, some time past, ourselves to review the noble work which encircles the brow of the patriot with splendid literary honours; but we shall now probably content ourselves with some selections. From amongst crowds of political self-seekers and shuffling inconsistent legislators—from amongst dishonoured monarchs, lying diplomatists, traitor generals, and false mediators—the name of Mazzini, with those of a Kossuth, a Pepé, and a Klapka, stands out in glorious relief. He is a man of genius in action, a practical Lamartine, a true and earnest son of liberty.



THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF ENGLAND.

THERE are many persons living who remember a cruel experiment made with a Lion, who had for a long period occupied a den in a wild-beast show or exhibition. Twelve trained bull-dogs, if we recollect rightly, were matched against him. It was generally expected that he would crush them without difficulty. But he had for years lived

a life of unnatural ease: his courage was a tradition long left behind him in the far-off African forest. Not an assailant did he strike or lacerate! At first he was good-humoured, then astonished, then nerveless. His fierce enemies bit through his lip, fastened where they pleased, mangled and tore him. He did not even lash his tail in anger. With stupid and reproachful glances he looked at his canine and human torturers, until cruelty was satiated with his wounds, and large tears rolled down his hairy face and mingled with his blood. The only courage that remained to him was negative. He uttered no complaint. After the dogs were called off, the poor fellow merely died—a reproach to his race, a disgraced old lion, unpitied by gambler, keeper, butcher, or nobleman.

“Why did he not show fight?” they said. The answer is, “Because his nature was changed and enfeebled by habit.”

In the condition of that lion is the British nation at present. Its courage and practice are matter of past history. The foes, it might so easily crush but for long enervation, will rush upon it in a body. The *prestige* of lionhood will not defend it. It has forgotten the use of claws and teeth, save to mumble over the bone of commerce. The showman is the peace-monger; the gamblers and betting-men are the fund-holders and mill-owners; the believers in its abstract powers mere confident lion-worshippers; the disgust of the assembled multitude the derision of Europe!

Since our article last week, we have seen the comments in the public journals upon the work of Sir Francis Head. They are in general precisely what we expected. There is free-trade cant and philanthropy *usque ad nauseam*. The clever wickedness and ponderous facetiousness of the *Times*

have been brought to bear upon the author of a book who has dared to analyse the unprotected state of England, and to enunciate the words of truth and patriotism. Those, accordingly, who are accustomed to let the *Times* think for them will be satisfied, as they lie down each night in their beds, after securing the shutters and arming the footmen against burglars—careless of the 500,000 bayonets separated only by a moving bridge (more formidable than if the Channel were really bridged over) from the coveted treasures of London. Let us do the French justice—it is not our treasure they covet so much as revenge. The vanity, so deeply wounded within the last fifty years, has hugged a dear retribution in its breast, and will some day cry aloud for satisfaction. Ever since the time when we prevailed against them and sent Napoleon to a cruel imprisonment at St. Helena, the French have made silent preparations. The genius of the nation has been to arm; and, amidst all her troubles, disturbances, and changes, this has silently progressed. As they have gone on, we have gone back. Steam aids their designs. We refuse to call out the militia! Let it be remembered that it is not long since the remains of Napoleon were carried back to rest in the *Invalides*, and that a nephew of Napoleon is now the first man in France. Are these signs or not? If we have a superstition, it is this—that the Duke of Wellington will be spared the hour of our humiliation, and that his death and the death of England's glory will be concurrent events.

With regard to the *Times* and its article on Sir Francis Head, we shall not wade through the column of flippant bad taste which glances over facts so glibly; mingled as it is with an acrid not an Attic wit, and a portion of that heavy vulgar abuse which is bestowed upon all that it

opposes, from whatever motive. The *Times* says, however, that it is impossible for the French to land 150,000 men in England. May we ask whether the visit of the French fleet was expected the other day,* and whether we had a gun within thirty miles to return the salute which they proposed? May we inquire whether the *Times* is aware of the existence of certain French steamers of *observation*, as they are called, in the Mediterranean, of enormous power, of the distance across the Channel, of the difference occasioned by steam since the days of Napoleon, of the ease with which France could gather together on any point she might desire 200,000 men already in arms and equipped for marching, by means of railways and steamers? Why, it would be little more than a review for them! Can the *Times* inform us what should prevent a French fleet, of (say) twelve sail of the line, twelve steamers, and small craft in proportion, from dictating to us to-morrow? Let her place that force between the Thames and our vessels on their return from the Mediterranean and West Indies. Is it a fact that we could not furnish seamen, save by press-gangs, and that we could no longer dare to press sailors? Have we trained sailors and gunners, and is not the whole system of warfare changed, no longer depending upon the daring of the British Tar, but upon gunnery and superior metal? Are not yard-arm to yard-arm conflicts ended? Would not our merely attempting resistance at this moment be a ruthless sacrifice of helpless bravery? Why is this? Are we poor? No! not in one sense. Are the French? Yes! Is it not the position between

* A French fleet appeared a short time ago quite unexpectedly on the English coast in Devonshire. It was alleged that they were driven by stress of weather; but the elements appeared perfectly calm at the time.

a rich burglar and a highwayman armed to the teeth, and, if so, must not the money change pockets?

Let us escape the ribald foolery of the *Times*, to come to its last notable paragraph in reviewing Sir Francis Head on the defenceless state of England:—

“We don’t expect to be invaded, and we are prepared to stand the risk of ruin rather than certainly ruin ourselves by overdoing our national defences.”

“*We don’t expect to be invaded!*”

Thus, in opposition to the solemn warning of all practical men, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, a hackneyed journalist is ordered to interpret a present interest by the enunciation of this bitter indifference. This is the *morale* of England guided. But listen! The *Times* declares, even if it be so, welcome the horrors of invasion, plunder, violation—all the disgrace, the annihilation of the English name—welcome bloodshed, death, anything rather than another tax! But, mark the art of this. The taxes are the sore—the *popular* point. The great LIE expressly shuffles over the fact, that it is the proper application of the vast sums now squandered which is chiefly demanded by Sir Francis Head for the salvation of England. Mark!—this “grumbling valetudinarian” quotes great authorities, gives figures—the work is not poetry, or romance, any more than the *Times*. Would that a single page of it were one tithe as false as the vicious degraded journalism, which, in the guise of cleverness, is allowed to “bull and bear” the world at the expense of England! Would that “the fascinating alarmist” were but one-tenth as sickly in his ideas as the *external* philanthropists and canting *doctrinaires* who are busy in our destruction, and causing the words of our great poet to be on the point of accomplishment—

"That England that was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself!"

There is one thing we must mention whilst on the subject of the *Times*, which is this. It is there asserted, in order to throw doubt and ridicule on Sir Francis Head, that he speaks lightly of the manner of the invasion of England—"a few hundred fishing boats," &c.; whereas he demonstrates the practical and complex manner in which it might, it is true, very easily be accomplished. It is the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, quoted by him, which speaks thus lightly of the invasion of England.

"It is known to all the *world*, and particularly to those foreign Governments which perhaps hope to profit by the circumstances, that England is neither protected by a standing army, nor by a popular militia force.

"Immeasurable sacrifices, especially as regards the military force of the nation, have been made to the spirit of saving which since the peace of 1815 has tied the hands of every English administration.

"Throughout the whole of Scotland and England it would hardly be possible to collect 10,000 men; the garrison troops of Ireland are, it is true, more numerous, but entirely absorbed by the necessities of that distracted country.

"The people of England are, of all European nations, the most unused to bearing arms, and the most averse to military service; and it is therefore necessary with the English to subject them to the longest course of training in order to make soldiers of them.

"One consequence of this state of things is, an essential decline of British influence abroad; as the military power of the country forms a ridiculous contrast to the tone which Lord Palmerston loves to assume in diplomatic negotiations; and secondly, a real danger of invasion from the side of France, to which the country can no longer look with indifference.

"A few hundred fishing-boats, towed across the Channel by steamers in the course of a calm and cloudy night, might easily transport a considerable French force to the shores of Albion."

When we regard the spirit of some of our public journals, we are almost inclined to imagine that they look upon the

fate of England as inevitable, and, therefore, assist to push her over the precipice. We cannot help thinking, in one or two cases, of the passage in Scripture, which says—"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." We should think that any invading army taking possession of London, as the French certainly will do ere long, if England remain peace-stricken, would receive imperative orders to respect the office of the *Times* newspaper.

But while that journal ought to be printed at St. Petersburg or Vienna, it is plain that, for the honour, and credit, and safety of England, there are many other editorial voices that might well be silent, or heard in far different strain, at this instant. In the face of facts and figures—in defiance of the solemn and pathetic warnings, uttered by the great and good of England, by her experienced warriors of the last half century—in the teeth of the sneering defiance of her foes—Great Britain remains at the mercy, ay, absolutely at the mercy of France, until the latter choose, or find leisure, to strike the blow, as much as if a French General were now issuing a proclamation to London from the Horse Guards, whilst an English Editor—intimidated, of course, not traitorous—uttered in the shape of a recommendation to submission, a fitting *pendant* in his "leader" to the thrice-accursed fatuity which inspires him at this moment.

Happy will it be for any Englishman who has aught to lose save life, and to whom one spark of patriotism or honour has remained amid the cosmopolitan frenzy which has seized us, if he die ere that day! For if he live, it will be his fate to fight without chance of success; to witness outrage in despair; to suffer insult with burning shame; to inherit a dishonour proportionate to all the triumph that has gone before.

"I AM BORDERING," said the Duke of Wellington in his letter to Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, K.C.B., dated Strathfieldsaye, 9th January, 1847, "ON SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE, PASSED IN HONOUR. I HOPE THAT THE ALMIGHTY MAY PROTECT ME FROM BEING THE WITNESS OF THE TRAGEDY WHICH I CANNOT PERSUADE MY CONTEMPORARIES TO TAKE MEASURES TO AVERT."

Can it be believed by a foreigner biding his time and watching with greedy eyes the self-preparation of the mighty victim, that, in contradiction to this, an eloquent liberal speaker lately used the following language at a moment when the French Ambassador had demanded his passport, and the French were absolutely preparing their navy?

"If," said this distinguished orator, "if we talk of terror and alarm and bullying, only let us look around this European world of ours, and I ask where is the people, save England, who could safely go to war? Could France go to war? Could Austria go to war? Where would Italy and Hungary be? (Hear, hear.) Could Russia go to war? The fact is, we are forbearing *because we are so powerful*. THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. It is the *weak* people, as everybody well knows who knows aught of human nature—it is the *weak* that are always the most sensitive!"

Again, on the 21st of July last, a Minister of the British Crown thus expresses himself:—

"Anxious as the people of this country are—and, to their honour be it spoken, I believe no people in the world are more anxious than they are—to preserve peace and avoid war with any country whatsoever, yet, believe me, there is no other country that is not as disinclined, and that for the best of all reasons, to go to war with England, as England can be to go to war with them. (Cheers.) *This consciousness of strength*—this feeling of the *national power*—ought not to TEMPT the Government of the people of England to commit anything that is unjust or wrong; but it ought at least to bear us up in pursuing the cause of justice and honour, and induce us not lightly to give way to apprehensions *founded on no real grounds*. (Loud cheers.) I feel that we may be *proud*, and reasonably proud, of the country in which we have the

good fortune to be born. (The noble Lord resumed his seat amidst enthusiastic cheering.)”

Is this possible? **THIS**—at a moment when we are absolutely despised abroad—when the grand tone assumed by Lord Palmerston and our diplomatists is universally laughed at? (See the *Allgemeine Zeitung* quoted above, the French newspapers *passim*, the gloomy threats of Russia, the conduct of the Pope; let any continental Englishman, who has made two journeys on the Continent with a “wide-awake” hat on, as Sir Francis Head says, and Murray’s hand-book, with an interval of seven years between his visits, speak.) Is this really possible? Is it not inflated bluster? Is it not a falsehood, a great puffed out, bloated lie, to deceive the country? *Why, at this moment England is really, at bottom, taken as she is, without six months’ quiet preparation, a third-rate power!* Let us ask one question. Were Prussia at present in the military condition of England, what would be her position? Had she 48,000 instead of 480,000 men, what resistance could she offer? What forbearance would be shown to her by Austria and Russia? If Prussia now should fight, she may be crushed; but with *honour*. She will cost her foes dear. But England, menaced by the Continent, as she has in turn menaced each continental nation, could neither display moral nor physical force. She would flounder in an absolute panic. The only resistance she could offer would afford an excuse for savage atrocities and wanton insult. When a man is threatened, one blow is a petty desperation better avoided. A half struggle is the act of a boy or a woman. Were England invaded, in her present condition, it would be better to own the mistake, and say, “I am an old fool, caught slumbering to the murmur of big words. Do what you please with

me!" She would thus escape some of the penalties entailed upon the vanquished.

As to the words of men who can thus eloquently and advisedly recommend their country to ruin in dulcet language—who can feign or feel the heat of argument on such premises, and dare to utter these phrases in their unmerited places in the British House of Commons, we dare not, must not, characterise them as we feel. Fools! thrice-besotted idiots! let us call them: and leave to some future Marius, who shall sit amongst the ruins of this modern Carthage, to ponder over their motives, their imbecility, and their wanton insults to the understanding that still flickers in the marketplace of the city.

The scale of moral reckoning is in the hands of God alone. Let Him award the meed to error, mistake, and selfishness, and judge amidst those counsels which demoralize this once noblest nation of the world and hand her over, bound in the face of day, to legions of foes, where guilt is fused with folly, and fatuity mingles its turbid waters with crime. On the day of wrath and panic, when Englishmen for the first time shall stare with lack-lustre eyes, and every resource be wanting; when such a scene shall occur as shall make the capture of Troy and Jerusalem appear weak inventions of the poet and historian, when compared to fact—for such a breaking up as that of the British Empire, and such a capture as that of London was never known—then every man left who has one moment to think, shall feel engraved on his heart that the gallows erected for Haman was not high enough in the sight of God and nations for those men; and generations to come of the great Saxon empire we have founded in our old age in the west, shall teach posterity to pronounce with contempt the name of every canting, selfish

peacemonger who has disarmed us, and call him the Judas of Great Britain.

Upon what does the whole question of National Defence hinge?—Upon economy. Upon what does the question of security depend, granting that we have the resources at our disposal, if *obliged* to resist?—Upon time. It would take, in our opinion, less than a year to make England impregnable, and at a cost ridiculously small, when we consider the object. It would take a week to place us at the mercy of the foe. Can any one prove the contrary mathematically, with the aid of probabilities? It would be criminal in an individual as for a public journal, to state the real position of affairs, but for the fact that they are known to Europe. Railways and steam-ships have brought foreigners here. They have seen and noted the strength and weakness of the land, as well as its wealth and nakedness. French eyes have practically surveyed our dockyards, counted our guns, and accurately guessed the numbers of our men. There remains nothing to tell them! Therefore it is that we raise our voices in this solemn warning.

We have not space, in a single article, to rehearse to our readers the painful confessions which the history of British arms must hitherto make in all but its victories. During the Peninsular war, an army was literally organised in the field with an outlay of treasure which has weighed, and will still weigh, heavy upon succeeding generations, and at a cruel loss of blood, whose stain upon the earth was needless. Why must the British soldier and sailor perform these thankless miracles? Let any one study the late war, and whilst his cheeks glow with pride at the recital of bravery unparalleled and successes snatched from the very jaws of impossibility, he will have to blush for the errors of

government—to mourn over many a cruel sacrifice and unnecessary hardship, and to weep for the fate of the veterans who so dearly vindicated the honour of our arms, abandoned as they were by a false and merciless economy to a miserable fate ere the danger had well passed, and banished to die of hunger in an almost desert land. Had a genius less essentially warlike than that of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, whose virtues and talents, in spite of all the empty honours conferred upon him, are only half comprehended and appreciated by his countrymen—had a character one whit less firm and decided—a man less minute in the objects of his calculation, whilst, at the same time, dealing with such mighty events—had, we say, a different, even if, in some respects, an equal hero, conducted our army during that protracted struggle, England would never have triumphed at Waterloo. Yet, terrible as that struggle was, we do not hesitate to say that the Duke of Wellington had greater difficulties to contend with imposed upon him by besotted civilians, greedy economists, and shabby legislators at home, than ever it was his fate to encounter at the hands of our greatest enemies abroad. What, let us ask, was the state of the Commissariat? What that of our corps of Engineers and Artillery? All this had, at an inconceivable loss, to be remedied during the campaign. We were plundered by jobbing, and our expenses in a foreign land exceeded, in proportion, those of the French, who were practised in war, to a degree that will scarcely bear relating.

“It is certainly astonishing,” wrote the Duke in his despatch to Lord Liverpool, dated Cartaxo, 21st of December, 1810, “that the enemy have been able to remain in this country so long, and it is an extraordinary instance of what a French army can do. With all our money, and having in our favour the good inclination of the country, I assure you that I could not maintain *one* division in the district in

which *they* have maintained not less than 60,000 men and 20,000 animals for more than two months."

Thus, to come unprepared into the field is, in the end, a bad economy, even if at last we prevail.

To leave the subject of the army, Sir John Burgoyne declares that we must rely upon our fleet. But in what condition is that? Unarmed, unrigged, *unmanned*. Even if, which we doubt, there exist men to man it, there are no means to get them in anything like fitting speed. We have so ill-treated the sailor, that he has become scarce; and could sailors be found from amongst our merchant ships, they are not gunners, although now the whole thing depends upon the way in which guns are served; whilst the French have later improvements and *heavier metal*. The Americans first opposed us successfully with a *longer range*. They riddled us, while we could not touch them with our short carronades. It will be found, now-a-days, that boarding has grown wonderfully out of fashion. Ships will be towed by steamers in and out of range. We gave, in a former number, a sketch of the state of Plymouth. It was before we read the "Defenceless State of Great Britain;" and we grieve to say that it sadly corresponds with the description given by Sir F. Head. With regard to the style of the next contest between England and France, let us give the following quotation:—

"It has been indisputably shown that in the next war naval engagements will not, as formerly, be decided by superior physical strength and courage; but, on the contrary, by superior intellect, that is to say, by superior skill in gunnery, and in the use of muskets, rifles, pistols, and cutlasses; in short, now that steam has rendered a whole fleet independent of wind and sails, and consequently of seamanship, that a shipload of mere brave, old-fashioned rope-hauling sailors will be no more competent to contend against expert naval artillerymen, marksmen

and swordsmen, than a good-humoured heavy Englishman, seated on a platform, would be able to resist, simply by his weight, the force of the lever, pulley, screw, or hydraulic pressure applied beneath him by a diminutive French engineer; and as the next fearful conflict on the ocean between the fleets of France and England must therefore, to a considerable degree, be one of *mind* against *matter*, we must now briefly and impartially consider what is the comparative state of preparation of the two countries in this respect."

We wish that we could follow Sir Francis Head further in his inquiry, and also quote some striking passages from Captain Plunkett, R.N., describing *raw gunnery* and its consequences, as well as many other sad mischances to which we shall be subject. He shows that Englishmen will have to deal with an awful machinery of which they are perfectly ignorant, under the fire of skilled-and practised foes. The French can now, we learn, pour in *four* broadsides for every one that the crew of Nelson could have fired. "ENGLAND," says Captain Plunkett, "EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY! *Oh! that such a signal should be addressed to men, who never had a chance even of learning it!*"

It is notorious, then, that our army is a plaything and our navy a skeleton. It is evident that we must be beaten, if we go to war. We depend therefore upon peace, and peace will not continue. All the wealth of the country three times trebled, cannot put us into a state of defence soon enough to resist, much less prevail; any more than a man, to borrow a figure from Sir Francis, could organize tanks, pipes, hose, engines, and an insurance, in time to save his premises were they in a blaze. No man takes greater pains to insure himself from every possible catastrophe, than John Bull. His care for his wife and children is generous and remarkable. He is a will-making animal and speculative in contingencies. But he cannot see the enormity of this

great neglect. He has a prejudice against a standing army—against expense! Expense! when he is already in the hands of the Jews—when his substance is jobbed on all sides. Expense! when he squanders millions and tens of millions upon every indulgence, folly, and absurdity, and can buy up half the world.

It is an economy, let the *Times* say what it will, that is a madness *without* method. It is the act of a man surrounded by wealth and menaced by thieves, who will not purchase even a Birmingham pistol! It is worse than suicide, because it sacrifices posterity!

Let the Ministry RESIGN that dare not propose such measures as are necessary for the bare safety of the nation! Accursed be the popularity sought after at such a price! But the nation does demand safety at their hands. If we have an unconstitutional, demoralized Parliament, whose members are employed in *touting* for a cheap personal popularity, or for place, at all risks, there are millions who yet demand to be heard.

Should the French land in England, the whole nightmare fabric which weighs on our faculties would dissolve like a vision; and it will be seen how basely the interests of the nation have been tampered with. It is the recklessness of *banditti* in the palace of the Tuileries, rather than sober legislation. A Debt and an Exhibition! Taxation and Defencelessness! Rapacity, armed with sentiment, rushing upon foreign bayonets! A bastard Free Trade, and the merchant monster of tyrannic growth, begging for peace at the hands of armed millions! Such is the picture that we behold.

All Europe is about to take up arms for Absolutism or Republicanism. Our sympathies are not so hearty in either cause as to interest ourselves in either side, but remain as the

rich prize of the triumphant party, provided we do not previously fall victim to France. In the midst of this the *Times* (see November 10th) addresses a remonstrance *à la* Cobden, to the four great powers to lay aside their arms—about as likely to be attended to, as if it appealed to the denizens of the forests in Africa, whose very existence in its late invective against Lieutenant Cumming it was inclined to question.

Once set the great armies of France in motion, and they will never rest until they attack England. Let us ask one question. If war were declared to-morrow, what would not be our amount of panic? Is that a fitting state for England, or for any country, save such a power as the Duchy of Lucca?

In conclusion, since the winter has set in, and we are thus for a time still in a slight degree protected by the weather, let us seize this last opportunity of putting ourselves in a state of defence; and, to use a mercantile phrase, let this greatest of all insurances be effected ere it be too late. Let not the broils of the Church, and the twaddle of a design, whose principles are those of folly, ring in our ears and divert us, until the enemy be within our gates. Protect the honour and the women of England! We hope ere long to see such a Public Meeting called together as will sound the alarm from one end of the island to the other. The equipment of a noble Channel Fleet, the exercise of gunners, the encouragement and employment of seamen, a slight increase of our army, the calling out of the militia, and the enrolment and training of volunteer corps, are acts which the present state of the continent and the aspect of our neighbours render neither exaggerated nor unnecessary for the absolute safety of England.

DECEMBER, 1850.

ON FOREIGN LOANS.

It is certain that were we at war with another nation, our capitalists would lend money to that nation in preference to their own, did they approve of her security, and could they by so doing obtain the smallest advantage; that is to say, the least fractional superiority of interest in laying out their money. There is indeed, no patriotism, but a great deal of personal sensitiveness in the breeches' pocket! As to fundholders, all good men and true and excellent Britons, they pay for half the iniquities practised over the globe.

"The moral position of a British fundholder," said the *Times* the other day, "is too delicate a subject for public investigation." The *Times* is well qualified to afford an opinion upon this subject, and we perfectly subscribe to its dictum.

Now all this is precisely the rotten state of things, which must lead to the destruction of a country. There is no doubt whatever but that the present insolent tone which Russia assumes towards England herself is partly the result of our late loan to that gigantic power; and if at this moment she were to send a fleet of thirty sail of the line to attack us, the sinews of war would have been immediately and directly supplied by this country. Is not this one of the greatest evils of taxation—ay, as great as that which presses upon the poor man, and mingles the sweat of the labourer's brow with the dews of hopeless misery?

A set of men are created, who live here in idleness and gambling, and make national events the results of dirty speculation, without the slightest reference to the honour, peace, and safety of the country they live in. During the last great war, these men encouraged by their voices in and

out of Parliament, those ruinous expenses and those outrageous subsidies, which now cripple us, in order that they might lend money to Government, round which they pressed like Jews. "Here, fight! give me your bond for any amount. I will pay for your armour." Within the circle of this great job, innumerable small jobs revolved. It was a war of Jews and contractors illustrated by British bravery. Life, blood, and treasure were nothing. The most sordid economy sacrificed a regiment, and imperilled a division of an army, whilst the very clothing, horses, food and equipment of the men were making large fortunes for individuals at home; and the nation at large, that is the poorer part of it, was paying for the whole game in the shape of taxes. No wonder that John Bull is sick of wars and armies! Upon this disgust do men like Cobden play. This is the cheap trite food of popularity. Here are your blind agitation, your Holloway's peace-ointment!

To pursue the subject of Foreign Securities at any length would prove a curious speculation. Such a shameless mass of contradiction would be evolved as never before stained the annals of a nation. For instance, we heavily taxed Englishmen support a fleet on the coast of Africa, for the questionable benefit of negroes conquered and sold by their own people; but the English holder of American Bonds "lends money to war against Mexico and the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law." We assist in keeping up the army of the French in this manner, and are thus, in part, responsible for the atrocities of Algeria. We have a great interest in all that Spain does, who has not only borrowed our money but refuses to pay us, whilst she is improving her fleet every day; and in an European struggle would, doubtless, go to any extent with the Papal Absolutist party. The difference between us

and other countries in debt is this—that they are generally poor, and seem so ; but we, like one of our own swollen nobility, whose forefathers have been gamblers, are keeping up the most extravagant appearances and lavish expenditure, whilst the estates are mortgaged to the very last. How all this must end, becoming more evident as it does externally every day, and assisted internally in the most rapid manner, it is not difficult to foresee.

WHAT IS IMPERTINENCE?

DO BLINDNESS AND POVERTY CONSTITUTE A CRIME WORTHY OF PRISON ?

THERE is an ignorant impertinence and an educated impertinence ; an impertinence out of office and an impertinence in it ; a poor impertinence and a rich impertinence. In addition to all these, there is certainly a judicial impertinence. This has, we think, been sufficiently illustrated last week by Mr. LONG, the sitting magistrate at Southwark. We take the following report from a daily paper :—

“SOUTHWARK.—In the course of last week a blind man was committed for fourteen days from this court for begging in the streets, and a brief report of the case having appeared in the newspapers, Mr. Long, on taking his seat on the bench on Monday, referred to the circumstance, and announced that a note, of which the following is a copy, was addressed to him on the subject :—

“ ‘ Sir,—Will you have the goodness to give the enclosed stamps for 2s. to a blind man named Joseph Young, who was sent to prison for fourteen days for begging, by one of those noble laws in this glorious land of liberty where ‘ Britons never will be slaves ’ if they can pay to be free? _ With many apologies for troubling you,

“ ‘ I remain your obedient servant,

“ ‘ C. H. M.’

"Mr. Long, in reference to the letter, said that he quite concurred with the sentiments announced by Mr. A'Beckett and other magistrates, and which appeared a few days since in the newspapers, as to their discretional powers in appropriating such benefactions as were transmitted for the relief of those whom they deemed deserving objects, and if such discretion was taken out of the hands of magistrates, the donations were calculated to do more harm than good. With reference to the wish expressed in the note alluded to, he should not apply the enclosed stamps as desired by the writer of *so absurd and insulting an epistle*, but should let them remain in the hands of the clerk until he either called or sent for them.' "

Now, to what did this "*absurd and insulting*" letter refer? To the cruel incarceration of a *blind* man, who had been found guilty of destitution in the streets. If to any being mercy should be shown, it should be towards those visited with this terrible affliction. This man had annoyed no one. It is difficult for the blind to annoy. No man had given him in charge. No one had complained that he cumbered the ground or obstructed the pavement. But he is collared, and sent off to prison for fourteen days. Why fourteen days? Is it a punishment? If not, what will be done with him at the end of that term? Will he be let loose on society again, and, if so, again dragged to prison before another Mr. Long? What benefit is gained by sending this blind man into a cell for one fortnight? Why not incarcerate him for life? It would be more consistent. He cannot see. What difference will it make to him? Alas! we do not wonder at the indignation of C. H. M., not insultingly or absurdly expressed. The case wrung our heart when we read it, and called a blush to our cheek for England.

The next case reported is one of a child, who came into the Court for *charity*. *Charity!* thou poor innocent, it seems there is not even the first great justice of Nature where Long presides.

Let us ask one question, which arises from this case. How is it that there are so many blind beggars unimprisoned, with features seamed with small-pox, whose faces are familiar to us for the last ten years all over London? They are generally led by little dogs. Do they pass a noviciate of blindness, after which a man may walk about with impunity? Or, may they do it, because they have capital, and live somewhere and keep a dog? Is there a mumping respectability? Why are some beggars chartered libertines? Do they pay black mail to the police? We suspect that if a man desire to start in the *profession* of begging, whether he be blind or not, he may do so; but a wretch in sheer destitution, a *real, bona-fide*, blind beggar, who has nothing but the day's alms—for him the prison yawns and the magistrate frowns on his night of life and intercepts his postage-stamps! It is a merry world we live in, my masters. There is even an inner ring in mendicancy. One thing we must add. Since begging is an offence, especially the blind, mute appeal of a scarred physiognomy in a thoroughfare, where prosperous knaves have money in their pockets, we wish that fashionable begging, and elegant imposture should be stopped, and that loan-seeking friends, church and lay beggars of high degree, school-beggars, Polish-ball beggars, charity bazaar beggars, and the plate-bearers after a charity sermon, should be given into custody. They are much more disagreeable sometimes; because a refusal to them may chance to compromise a man's character for wealth and liberality. But there is no Mr. LONG would sentence these!

SOMETHING RICH.

THE *Times*, which, some time ago, commented so severely upon one of our Judges, for the (alleged) mild expression of his disapproval of the cruelty of the *Birds* in flogging their servant girl, had the following sentence last week :—
 “We may think that Haynau showed unnecessary severity!”
 This is milder language than even that imputed to the Judge in the domestic flogging case; but Judges are not partisans, and the one in question did not “write up” the *Birds*.

THE WISEMAN MANIFESTO.

OUR leading articles will be found this week, for the most part, to bear upon each other. It cannot help being so, when we regard the importance of that vast question which Fate proposes to be answered, “What is to be the doom of England?” As we have said, we wish to avoid religious discussion, which is endless, even in our treatment of a religious subject. If, on the one hand, the Protestant world in England seek for present enlightenment as to the spirit and tendency and conduct of the Roman Catholic religion, or if, on the other, an aggression be cunningly converted into a controversy, while the enemy gains the desired footing, all we can say is, that we are not desirous of entering into the matter. Our mind, in common with the mass of Englishmen, has long been made up upon this subject. We would, as soon, or rather, read a treatise written by Niebuhr on the Eleusinian mysteries, or inquire into the purity of the motives of the priests of Isis, through

a series of dialectic papers in the Psychological Journal. We would rather set ourselves down to reason for a fortnight with the croupier of a copper hell, as to whether gambling may be considered to ennoble the human heart, or enter into any other equally profitable and sane investigation. Therefore, we will decline to engage in subtle casuistry with the mind of a proselyte cramped by the law, dazzled by the condescension of the Pope, and playing fast and loose with logic and Ignatius Loyola; nor will we trouble ourselves with the mock humility, the keen sarcasm, and the crafty ambition of Wiseman—

“Rome’s smooth go-between!
Made up of impudence and trick,
With cloven tongue prepared to hiss and lick.”*

Of one thing let the latter be assured. We do not want *him* to inform us of the backslidings and schisms, of the neglect and opulence, of the follies and shortcomings of our own Church. Had we possessed the powers necessary to work reform, we would long ago have rendered superfluous the exposure of the Black Book, nor would we have cared to listen to the kindly information tended us by the pseudo Archbishop of Westminster.

But this we must say, it is pity that this humble, meek, and charitable ecclesiastic did not think of the benighted heathens that live in filth and small houses around the blessed fane of St. Peter, before he came to our Tothill-fields. *There*, he would have found the assassin, the pander, and the thief, requiring something more than mere conversion—since they know the blessings of priestcraft from the beginning to the end of the chapter. *There*, holding his nose, he

* Coleridge.

might have commenced leading back those strayed sheep without doffing his own wolf's clothing, and made the pastoral visits he boasts of as in *posse* here, with a guard of French bayonets at his back.

We know that since it was a Papal refuge, and a Catholic sanctuary of crime, the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey has never enjoyed a very cleanly reputation. But it is less filthy and degraded than the purlieus of Lisbon, Naples, Rome, or *any* Catholic city in the world—in proportion as England is cleaner in its various stages of society than Italy, Spain, France, or Portugal. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is a proverb taken from the Holy Scriptures. If the converse of this proposition be true, it speaks ill for the Roman Catholic religion. Does the Cardinal Archbishop imagine that we are to be deceived by the clap-trap of his laboured peroration? Are we to believe in this red-stockinged humility? Ay, as much as in the wheedling of a hyena. Why, if this slum-seeking charity be credited, did not the sleek and oily Prelate come in the guise of a barefooted friar? He might then have made a holy pilgrimage to Westminster, as we go to convert negroes, leaving our own population starving at home, and have been canonized after his death as a kind of male papal Mrs. Fry—Saint Pudentiana the Martyr to Westminster typhus or Lambeth mal'aria!

Let not the English public be gulled by this manifesto. The cloudy syllogisms of Mr. Bowyer, blessed as we believe him to be with a sincerity which puts him into a state of perspiration and flutter, as he strives to think it is all right and feels the eyes of Europe upon the late Temple Reader,—these, we assert, will do no harm and no good to anybody. He may prove anything he likes, after his own fashion.

We will not strive to flatten his enormous bump of veneration with Whately's logic, or hammer it with Butler's Hudibras, until his head be quite turned, and he appear on the scene as a spiritual Guy Fawkes, attempting to blow up his country with soda-powder! Let him, we say, wear a serge shirt and be caught flagellating himself before the picture of St. Anthony. However, we hope for better things. We believe him to be an amiable and learned man, betrayed into a position which he will repent when he sees its evil bearing upon his country. But Wiseman is a different personage. He is a man of the world, a priest of Mammon; a plotter, moreover a reviewer, and he utters clever words, and biting sarcasms, all clothed in humility and meekness. There is an Ulysses buried in the thick wool of this sheep, but the giant is not blinded. We will not let him pass!

We believe about as much in his fair words and honied protestations, his unworldliness and spiritual essence, as in promises of unalterable affection at first sight from the practised lips of a courtesan. The motto of Wiseman at this moment is, "I stoop to conquer." He condescends to explanation, as did a Wolsey or a Richelieu—when they could not help it.

That is a weak losing and a dangerous game, and is indeed no game at all, which steps aside and says, with an air of protection, "This poor Catholic religion! it cannot hurt us, let it do all that it can." It is a hazardous philanthropy which would endure this aggression on the ground of toleration. No toleration can safely be exercised where none is granted. To let the Roman Catholics do what they like here, with this feeling of kindness, is as if one said, "Poor rattle-snake, he has a right to go loose as well as any other creature. Let us set him free in the garden." We

are not for insults and Guy Fawkes' processions, riots, or indecorum in Roman Catholic Chapels. But we would preclude even the remotest opportunity for such a demonstration.

There are a few circumstances connected with the Papal religion, as exercised in their own dominions, to which, taken in connexion with the mission of Rome here, we should like to draw the attention of our readers. A Protestant may not marry a Roman Catholic born within the Papal states; and the present Pope has been known obstinately to refuse permission, even when urged at Gaeta by Ambassadors, and solicited by Bishops, both in France and Italy, in the strongest manner. The privilege has been conceded sooner to Jews! Parties have travelled all the way to England before an union could be solemnized. Probably now it could not be done at all. But the Protestant Church goes so far as to render even the Protestant *ceremony* unnecessary to make the marriage binding. At Rome a Protestant Church is not allowed within the walls of the city. We believe there is an exception made, at present, in favour of Russia, from political considerations.

The house of a British Consul has been ransacked for bibles, and, in fact, impertinence is grafted on superstition to insult our country and belief. We can no more set bounds to this religion than admit a limited conflagration. There is no limit, no mercy, no reciprocity; but the cringing and the cunning of the harlot who embraces to betray.

To Wiseman's peroration let us answer these few words.

"You have come, sir, with a falsehood on your lips, contradicted by the knowledge at your heart, denied by the letters and papers in your writing-case, and refuted by the instructions which sent you hither—the High-priest of

intolerance and bigotry. You have claimed the foul haunts of impurity for your own, and pretend to abnegate our wealth and palaces; but the foul immoralities of Rome that you bring hither would fill even the abodes of splendour with a moral typhus, and fester their very walls with the dark plague-spots and blotches of hypocrisy, depravity, and priestcraft. You come here stealing souls from our hedge-rows, and then protest with sweet simplicity that you were only catching doves. In the streets of those "SLUMS," where, thank Heaven! nothing but common English wickedness has yet rioted, and whose only stain has hitherto been the material filth and mud which does not engulph the soul, you would probably parade those red stockings of yours, which are emblems of the blood through which your sect has waded, and gladly see that blood follow in the name of Jesus, which you profanely utter. You have come here to lay the foundation of a temporal empire, and you know it. Excused, nay, encouraged and ordered by the religion you profess, you are instructed to feign and to flatter, to preach God's mercy with a dagger in your sleeve, and beg alms whilst you distribute poison! You come with the silken mask of peace, and charity, and goodwill; but conceal beneath the grinning features of a skeleton! You attack the sovereignty of a country which you call "heretic," and unblushingly swear the *LIE* of allegiance to her monarch. You come under the title of St. Pudentiana, but your real motto is *IMPUDENS*! As the serpent carries a forked tongue, you bear two languages uttered in the same dialect—one is your public, the other your private voice; one is found in your *manifesto*, the other in your despatches to the Vatican; one is your song, and the other your hiss; the one is honey, and the other gall! Return hence, false Cardinal, to your

master—thence to shriek forth your anathema from the gates of the city that now groans and bleeds under the domination of the mitred despot, who only toyed with Freedom the better to abuse her, who replaced an arch of flowers with a guillotine, who called in the aid of the French and the Croat to re-enter his blood-stained palace, and who preferred the maledictions of the people he governed to their blessings!”

NOVEMBER, 1850.

A FOOL'S LAUGH AT SIR FRANCIS HEAD ;

OR, ENGLAND PLAYING LEAR AND THE PRESS PLAYING
JESTER.

THE remarks of several of our contemporaries upon the work of Sir Francis Head, on the “Defenceless State of Great Britain” have assumed the character of sheer buffoonery.

We observe with pain the increase of this morbid cosmopolitan school, which tends to the ruin and prostration of the country, and we call upon every Englishman to rally around the standard of defence, and to save these besotted beings from themselves. The persons who defend the peace frenzy and the hideous conservatory in Hyde Park, who laugh at foreign bayonets in the plenitude of their sentimental tom-foolery, and exercise to the full extent those mischievous powers with which it has pleased Providence to curse them, in order to denationalize England, are precisely such as, in the event of a crash, would be the most panic-stricken and helpless in the world. Such men would prove the most abject and unmanly beings that can be conceived,

were they dragged forth to meet either a foreign or a domestic, a public or a private foe. Let us, then, recommend to them, for their own interest, to be silent at least, if they cannot be sensible, on the subject of "National Defences."

Some say the French will never declare war, and that, if they did, they would give us fair warning; or in other words, seeing us undefended, courtesy and chivalry would induce them to appoint a future hour. "Pooh! pooh! surprise us!" cry these individuals, "as if we should not know all about it." "Besides, international usage would require a formal challenge."

Let us remind our readers of the fate of modern Rome. *There*, treachery was superadded to surprise. The French absolutely landed under a pretence—under false colours; and the brazen-faced valet of a misnamed Republic dares now assure Europe, in his Presidential Message, that this is a subject of congratulation which can never be erased from the glories of France.

Since the French Republic betrayed the Liberal party in Italy, there can be no confidence in international honour. We may fairly apprehend not only a surprise, but a stratagem. Amongst all the wars and rumours of wars, and the threatening turbulence of the Continent, is heard the fearful chant of Popish bigotry, urging on the gathered nations. The Pontifical crozier is raised amid the bristling sea of arms, and in the midst of all this England is taught to sneer at danger, and to smile at the stern preparations around her; while some fanciful conceit seeks to supply that which fact and argument, however distorted, fail to afford. Sir Francis Head's warning is a jest! Ay, but the fool's cap is worn by the jesters.

It is a curious thing to observe how a high and corrupt state of civilisation fosters burlesque and all the malicious comicalities of printed pasquinades.

In former times, the Jester or Buffoon was a kingly or feudal luxury. Now-a-days that emancipated "*dignity or office*" (let us ask the cloudy casuistry of the important Mr. Bowyer—which?) has become more generally the public "common informer," and its satire is chiefly directed against all which has hitherto constituted the strength, boast, and glory of the nation. As the chastisement of a broken crown is no longer at hand, the mischief ever produced by an indulgence in caricature and satire, becomes more gross, injurious, and offensive. Let it not be supposed that we allude to the sterling metal of satire. Let not the stern censor of the age be wanting. But when all things sacred and important are subjected alike to flashy sarcasm and morbid buffoonery, a great injury is inflicted on that country where such evil is found to predominate. Our constitution is derided by these jesters in the person of the Queen, because they are not invited to the palace; and our defences are sneered at, because forsooth men, who fancy themselves all Addisons, Sternes, and Swifts, are cursed with ungainly persons, and cannot endure the sight of a handsome guardsman in uniform. We are not here alluding to the heavy apostles of Free Trade and the earnest disciples of Peace, but to the facetious canters of the day—fellows who deride the sword with a goose-quill, until the sword comes.

England is a modern Lear, surrounded by false jesters and traitorous advisers. Like him, we surrender the most sacred privileges, and blandly despoil ourselves on every side.

May we not apply to a country the moral contained in this tale of a royal dotard? To give away your power and

disarm yourself, with blind sentiment, whilst amusing a stolid leisure with the antics of a jackanapes, leads to a lesson the world has taught many a fond individual before, and will again. This time it is a nation who learns the lesson.

The old, used-up, degraded, driven-out, Italian Church of Rome, allying herself, by a monstrous act of incest, to France, to the Russian and Austrian despot, creeps insidiously upon England, who is unprepared and disarmed. In the midst of all this, the *Times* points to the prosperity of the country, built over a grave, where Pitt and Peel lie entombed. Pitt, who was the specious borrower, and Peel, who endeavoured to shift the liability, first ruining one class and then another! In Ireland are Papistry and desolation. Russia threatens our empire in India. In gloomy language she has said, years ago, and still repeats words like these :—

“We shall tear off the mask, and we shall teach the world *how a nation can really be reduced to slavery*. How ! this *indebted Albion*, . . . its turn must come, and soon we will only have to *treat with this people at Calcutta*. Her false policy has compromised her tranquillity. Let her go and ally herself with the negroes of Africa, to whom she wishes so much good, and for whom Europe is her dupe. We, barbarians and slaves (as her papers call us), we will teach her a lesson. Meantime, let them go on. *It is just what we want !*”
—*Moscow Gazette*.

Since this appeared, to how fearful an extent has the power of Russia increased. But, what is worse, her policy now allies itself to France.

To what extent is not her territory increased, together with her influence in Europe? Let us look at the fleet of Russia. She has a fleet of 114 ships, from frigates of 54 guns to first-rates of 120, not to speak of corvettes, steam-

frigates, brigs, &c., &c. Nearly the whole of the Russian fleet is *manned* and commissioned ! We observed the following preposterous statement in a Sunday paper of large circulation last week. It is sufficiently demonstrative of the self-complacency of John Bull. Whilst acknowledging the necessity of our defences being attended to, the writer states, that although the Russian fleet may be large, it is notorious, that one of our corvettes could in a few minutes run alongside of and take a Russian line-of-battle ship ! Yes, if they did not sink us at the first broadside, perhaps it might.

We knew the other day, when the French President talked of decreasing the army, that it was a piece of deception. It has since proved so. They, forsooth, must have armies of observation ; but we deny ourselves the bare garrisons necessary for defence.

In the first hours of the French Republic, a coalition between France and Russia was discussed in order to divide Europe. "Great Britain," said Lamartine, "would thus be cast off as a mere satellite of the ocean."

It is a curious and painful thing to observe how England continually bestows around the means of her own ruin. Her greedy capitalists lend money to Russia. Her engineers build steam-ships for Spain and Russia—for Spain, who denies her debt to us, and Russia, who meditates our destruction. Our so-called free-trade measures might have been derived from our most jesuitical enemies. We invite the observation of foreign powers towards our unprotected state, and our "Great Exhibition" is a folly, which makes the most Utopian theorists doubtful of its results. We have no doubt ! If it produce a short-lived and vain triumph for us, it will disgust those whom we invite. If we succumb, it is

plain that it will be injurious to England. We enter the arena in shackles and fight upon our own territory, where it is a double disgrace to be beaten. Were the exhibition an internal one, it would be needless at present; since all is strained to the utmost. The prizes *cannot* be adjudged fairly, and they will not. Were sufficient cause for hatred lacking between England and France, this would afford it. But the subject makes us heart-sick.

Let us, in conclusion, quote some remarkable words of Hume:—

“And perhaps, too, our foreign enemies may be so politic as to discover that our safety lies in despair, and may therefore not show the danger open and barefaced till it be inevitable. The balance of power in Europe, our grandfathers, our fathers, and we, have all deemed too unequal to be preserved without our attention and assistance. But our children, weary of the struggle, may sit down and see their neighbours oppressed and conquered, till they themselves and their creditors lie both at the mercy of the conqueror; and this may be denominated the violent death of our public credit.”

Look round, besotted people, and say if this be not the language of prophesy. Too surely to the very letter are those words about to be fulfilled. Is there no hope—no statesman in England?

NOVEMBER, 1850.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HAD an English fleet been sent to CIVITA VECCHIA to see fair play and interpose between republican tyranny and a national republic founded upon the abdication of the Pope as temporal monarch, we should have spared ourselves at any rate the humiliation of resistance to Papal aggression.

For an insult has been sent forth and a challenge given, which proclaims the weakness of England in the face of Europe. As a religion we regard Popery with horror. We look upon it as the unscrupulous application of tradition and belief to man's deadliest purposes—a hellish ambition clothed in divinity, an European Thuggee, whose ministers are bound by a fearful masonry against all other sects of men, and enjoined to practice meekness and cunning, devotion and falsehood, patience and treachery, humility and sycophancy, crime and charity, nay, all that tends to deceive and palter with us, in order to gain possession, for earthly purposes, both of soul and body. Yet, in spite of all this, education has arrived at such a point, that we only fear Popery now as a political element. As such, we dread the jesuitical schemes of the Vatican, deep-laid and long-conceived against the British empire.

France and the Pope are the natural enemies of England. Russia, Austria, and Naples burn to destroy a country which tampers with liberal principles and measures just sufficiently to disturb their councils and empire. What then are the prospects of England and what her real policy? To temporize is to be lost. Let the spirit which, at present, animates in freshness and fervency the kingdom of Prussia, once be destroyed morally or physically—once let it come even to a *réchauffé*, or warming up again, and the dominion of England is lost—at best she will be isolated, at worst conquered. The fire of constitutional liberty still smoulders in Italy and in Hungary. England will be forced into a corner. Let her take the initiative. Alas! the mass of the British nation knows nothing of foreign politics. Our youth go abroad in green hats and return babbling of the Coliseum. They travel from Dan to Beersheba to sneer and buy

pictures. Our daily journals write just what they please. One man unknowingly derives his notions from Russia, another from Cardinal Antonelli. They read them, it is true, in an English coffee-house and in the British type and language. John Bull, without his fleet and his Nelson to settle the matter and cut the knot, might just as well attempt to diplomatize with foreign intriguers, as an honest young college green-horn be expected to deal with a nest of swindlers at Baden Baden, after becoming fascinated with the charms of a mature Countess, or the niece of *Madame la Baronne*.

There remains but one thing for England to do. It is to send Cardinal Wiseman from her shores. Let a short bill be prepared, not unlike in its effect the one prescribed in *Punch*. Let the country be put into a state of defence and offence! Form an alliance with Prussia. We have then an army in the centre of Europe at our command, and with a corresponding navy might defy the world. Rome would again depose her Pope, and for ever; for it is curious that in his own stronghold he is most unsafe. Popery is dead at the heart, and blossoms in the extremities. It is manifesting the secondary symptoms of its scrofula. The experience of centuries has turned Italians into Atheists from sheer disgust and sickness of heart. In their good humour, they regard their Pope as Punch; in their scorn, revenge, and horror, they feel him to be a spiritual Moloch. Mazzini, Kossuth, and the noble people of Prussia are the only friends that England can now secure to herself on the Continent. Let it not be supposed that we are desirous of war. No Peace-monger ever deplored and deprecated its horrors more than we do. But to be prepared is to avoid war—to be armed is to be peaceful. *England must invoke*

to her aid the spirit of Liberty struggling throughout Europe, if she desire to remain free herself. If, at the same time, the gold of California should, by a Heaven-sent aid, relieve the nation from the effect of Peel's measures, and a trading bank and sordid capitalists be restricted from the selfish speculations which will counteract the boon, we may still weather the storm, gather it ever so darkly.

In our last war with France, England fought first against revolution, and next against the gigantic ambition of one man. France then wanted all. She now wants to divide Europe at the expense of England. The war, which should on our part have been merely defensive, was carried on by us with a recklessness which now leaves us the probable victims of sheer distaste to engage in such a contest again. We are, however, left with no alternative.

The inconsistency of England has won her the contempt of the world; and her successes have long engendered its hatred. Her constitution has allowed her to indulge in various schemes of action which have been brought to bear upon Europe by the different parties which have governed her. Thus her external policy has been continually shifting; and nothing is so fatal to respect and final triumph as change of policy. Internally, the changes of Governments from Liberal to Tory, and back again, may be beneficial, because one party checks another, and thus that abuse is prevented which is the growth of time. But even this is not of universal application. Short-lived administrations leave many abuses unrectified; because they have not time to deal with them. On the whole, however, it is an internal benefit. But, abroad, what good can be derived by the substitution of a Palmerston for an Aberdeen, or *vice versa*? We might as well deal with foreign powers through the

spirit of our different morning journals. Thus England has had no policy, and she has lost ground everywhere. Private enterprise alone has made her great. Her capital and her companies have spread her commerce. But it is all rotten at the core. The wedge of a foreign army may cause the whole fabric to crumble. We have neglected our real material power; and we shall find out some day that Tom Spring himself, encumbered by age, rheumatism, and corpulence, is no match for a score of foreign soldiers armed with swords and bayonets.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

THE SUIT OF DON PACIFICO.

WE observed an article last week in the *Times*, so flashy and puerile, that we imagined it to be the work of a clever lad in his teens, rather than the hackneyed production of a genuine myrmidon of the "Thunderer." There was in it the conceit and flippancy of a young man trying his pen, for the first time, at journalistic impertinence. It rushed on *corrente calamo*, from one end to the other, quite in the young style. "What neophyte from Trinity College, Dublin, Durham University, or Maynooth, have we here?" we exclaimed. This humorous mediocrity rings all the changes on Don Pacifico, calls him the wandering Jew, is astonished at his ubiquity, denies him justice, and rattles on like a clever blue-stocking. Is it possible that the *Times* has engaged a female writer? Its ponderous abuse might thus receive, now and then, a light and racy aid. The savage gloom of its accusations might give place to wicked wit, and a Camilla-like satire might in future trip through

its columns. In place of boiling lead and the mallet, the victim might be tied to a withy and shot at by nimble fingers with the archery of some cheap warehouse! But we fear that no lady contributor could be found to extend the buckler of Minerva before Haynau, although she might amuse herself with sticking needles into Don Pacifico. Seriously, what nonsense is the article to which we refer! Undignified and unfair, it attacks an individual who was the cause of a policy being adopted which the *Times* does not back, and thence this onslaught.

We remember thinking, at the time of the Greek affair, that some of the facetious orators of the House of Commons, as well as a few of its drearier members, might well have omitted their fanciful absurdities at the expense of this Pacifico. What if he *be* a Jew and a foreigner? What if he did acquire a kind of grotesque notoriety at the hands of the flippant and trifling? The attacks on him were indelicate, undignified, and not to the purpose, and we could well have spared this recurrence to so paltry a strain. A grave satire is the fair weapon of the journalist who deals with abuses and stigmatises falsehood; but the scurrility which simply endeavours to make an individual ridiculous, when fact and truth are alike wanting on the record, is worthy only of an unscrupulous Thersites. Such is the abuse generally levelled at the agriculturist and farmer in place of argument, when the *Times* is busy in hurrying on that sacrifice which Napoleon predicted would be the ruin of England. It is this which mis-spells names and gives a wrong patronymic to Jolah. It is this which supplies an empty laugh in place of conviction, and turns the advocacy of a question into a sordid jest to delight the ungenerous and betray the unwary.

With regard to Pacifico and the compensation case, does it not speak volumes as to the incorrectness of our foreign information, when we consider how varied and how false were the accounts which, to the very last, were palmed upon the British public? We should have thought it easy, with the present means of information and communication boasted of by our daily papers, to examine even into the minutest parts of the affair, if it were deemed necessary to comment upon them at all. On the contrary, the slenderest possible common stock of facts afforded a foundation to the most gorgeous structures of romance reared upon the question. To this moment we are ignorant whether Don Pacifico's furniture claim was a got-up thing or not. We have heard, on the one hand, that his household gods might have been purchased at the New Cut or in the slums of the diocese of Wiseman, as far as their value was concerned; and, on the other, that he entertained the monarch of the country where he resided. However this may be, there was a time when a breath from England would have gained justice for the meanest of her subjects without sending a fleet to Salamis. It was in the days of Cromwell that physical force, blended with moral determination, made England feared without being hated. She is now hated without being feared.



HOW THE STARVED POOR DIE OF HEART- DISEASE IN "PROSPEROUS" ENGLAND!

IN Number X. of the MIRROR OF THE TIME is a passage so strikingly illustrated by a late event, reported in the papers of November 23, that we cannot refrain from quoting

it. It is on a supposed death from destitution, and is as follows :—

“Then comes the bitter mockery of an inquiry. Let us examine the doctor and the matron of the workhouse.

“(The latter says.) ‘Deceased was very feeble and could take no nourishment. She complained of being chilly and was allowed to come near the fire,’ (lighted with green sticks!) ‘I examined the deceased,’ says the doctor. ‘There was no food in the stomach ; but that might arise from other causes. It is frequently so before dissolution. *The heart was diseased*, and the right lung not healthy.’

“Verdict, ‘Died by the visitation of God !’”

So much for the fiction. Let us now turn to the *Daily News* for the reality.

“APPALLING DESTITUTION.

“On Monday, Mr. H. M. Wakley held an inquest at the Three Compasses, St. Sepulchre, on Thomas Black, a coal porter, aged 38. The jury were horror-stricken at the appalling spectacle which the body, reduced to a skeleton, and the denuded hovel, in 9, College-court, where it lay, presented. Some of the jury were sickened by the dreadful sight. Mary Black, the widow, who was the very personification of want, with a skeleton infant, aged seven months, in her emaciated arms, deposed that for the last three months her husband had been confined to his bed by illness, and that during that period deceased, herself, two children, and her sister-in-law were supported by pledging their furniture and their clothing. One of her children lately died, she believed from want. (Here witness burst into tears.) Last Monday her husband rose from his sick bed, and walked to and from Berk-hampstead, a distance of thirty miles, in search of work, but got none. He returned home on Tuesday exhausted, and complaining of cramps in his legs and in every part of his body. On Wednesday his pains were horrid, and constantly he called for drink. Witness had nothing to give him but weak coffee, which he could not drink. He repeatedly exclaimed, ‘I’ll die—I’ll die.’ (Witness was again interrupted by her tears.) He soon afterwards became insensible, and Mr. Clark, surgeon, was sent for, who instantly attended, but deceased died in a quarter of an hour after the gentleman’s attendance. When he died, she had neither a farthing nor a farthing’s worth in the world until a good neighbour gave her 2s. She had no resource for herself and her infant unless the workhouse ; but her infant (witness wept bitterly)

would not trouble the world long. Mr. Clark gave it as his opinion that deceased *died of disease of the heart, and that his death was accelerated by his great exertions in walking on Monday*. Several jurors gave it as their opinion (in which the worthy coroner concurred) that the deceased died of starvation. Verdict—*Natural Death*."

The *Daily News* says, "We dare say that this account is exaggerated." "We, of the MIRROR OF THE TIME, dare say that it is not! We should be glad to think so. Do our readers mark the *disease of the heart*, of which medical euphuism, Thomas Black, coal porter, aged 31, died, a skeleton, in a denuded hovel? Let us here quote a ferocious sentiment from Malthus, to excuse society, the surgeon, and the parish:—

"A man, (says the *Rev. Mr. Malthus*) born in an already occupied world, if his family have not the means to support, or if society has no need of his labour, has no right to claim food. *He is in fact superfluous on the earth*, and at the banquet of nature there is no room for him. Nature commands this man to be gone and she will not be slow to put this order into execution (especially when aided by the parish, the police, and the magistrates). Let every one in the world be answerable for himself and to himself. So much the worse for those who are superfluous on this earth. We should have much to do *were we to give bread to those who are dying of hunger*. Who knows even that there would remain enough for the rich?"

Ricardo says—

"By the force of *privation* the number of labourers diminishes and the equilibrium is restored."

Mr. Ricardo should have lived so see half Ireland die of *heart-disease*—himself the last foul thing to encumber the polluted ground. In life, he rolled in wealth. For Malthus, who dared thus brutally to contradict his Maker, and saw propagation in Death alone, strict justice might have led him out blind into the middle of Fleet-street, homeless, wifeless, childless, and dogless, to be "answerable for himself and to himself!"

Such were the theories of the political economists of the late era, the founders of the present systems of Government, whose practice is in the parish authorities of the day.

Mr. H. M. Wakley, the coroner, does not yet agree with parish surgeons as to the causes of death, and we hope he never may. He is a young man, and rashly allows his senses to interpret for him. He thinks that Thomas Black died of starvation. He will soon become unpopular amongst surgeons *who know their business*.

WHAT WILL THE MINISTERS DO WITH THE PAPAL AGGRESSION?

It is the continual curse of expediency not to look before it leaps, and so to get into worst scrapes than the one it is at any given moment trying to avoid. It is the fate of shufflers never to avoid a pit-fall. In the same manner, that which goes by the name of *popularity* in this kingdom, the working of which is so well understood by our short-sighted rulers, sometimes overleaps the mark and betrays him who exercises it into precisely that predicament in which Lord John Russell probably finds himself at this moment. That great Minister of the Crown, stimulated by the pressure without and feeling it necessary to display himself to the excited nation as the prophet of the hour—not knowing to what an extent bonfires might go, and having an uncomfortable notion that even he himself might be burnt in effigy, if he did not say something—this great and worthy lord, we say, uplifted his indignant voice, amid civic inflation, to the world without, and branded not only the aggression of Popery, which was the real question before

him, and upon which alone he ought to have dwelt in its political and constitutional bearings, but also Popery as a science, Popery as a religion, in its theory and practice, in its mummeries, its candle-lighting, its genuflexions—in fact, Popery altogether. The noble lord had an applauding audience: the shutter was there and the chalk in his hand: in large bold characters he wrote “No POPERY,” with a very small *here*; and then, having rapped at the brazen knocker and rung a peal at the area bell of John Bull, he tries to walk away whistling, having done his duty like a boy, and forthwith invests all his pocket-money in gilt crucifixes, lollipops, blessed by the Pope, Puseyite cross-buns, and Roman Catholic knicknackeries.*

To revert to the serious “speciosity,” as Carlyle would phrase it, we know not whether he calculated upon a reaction, or anticipated an Anti-Roman mania, such as no place-man might resist. We will not inquire into the sentiments of the moment. But as Ministers, of whatever change their sentiments are capable in accordance with the difficulties of keeping place, are not allowed to retract from such a declaration as that made by Lord John Russell the other day—which he has been trying to explain away to Ireland, and the English Roman Catholics, ever since—let us just inquire what is the present conduct of the Ministry. Where are those severe measures—where is that loud-patterned policy which we were led to expect? What is being

* Long after this fanciful description of the noble lordling, the same idea was made prominently conspicuous by *Punch*,—a mere unacknowledged trifle from the literary hedgerow, which it gratified the author to observe. Such license is cheerfully accorded to the jester; but other papers have copied even original articles, without mentioning the source whence they were derived. This the author thinks hardly fair.

done? For, amidst all the row, it cannot be denied that Popery is quietly taking root in the soil which would reject it, and is eating its way like a poisonous lichen, through the brick-and-mortar crevices of our edifices. Nay, more than that—the very corner pillar of our constitution is being undermined; and, although we are constantly told that this has no reference to its safety, we must profess ourselves to be sceptical on the point. The leaning tower of Pisa is, no doubt, an architectural curiosity; but we do not see the necessity of introducing such an angle into the elevation of our State building here. We do not like crooked policy or leaning pillars. Moreover, the tower of Pisa was meant, we believe, from the first, to exhibit this eccentricity; but it is only now that it is attempted to force our architecture from its natural straight rectilinear attitude; and however pretty the experiment may be, particularly when covered with the ivy of deception and affording a refuge to the owl, bat, and serpent, and all the greedy birds of gloom, red-legged and black-feathered, that are described in the pages of an ecclesiastical Buffon, still we do not admire or wish it here. We may think it sometimes necessary ourselves to explore, spade in hand, the foundations of our own structures; but we object to all the changes and alterations, open or disguised, visible or unseen, trifling or important, at the base, shaft, frieze, or cornice, introduced by foreign workmen. Above all, now, when we see strange vermin about, busy in undermining and eating away our foundations—assisted as they are by our own native rats, moles, and old-fashioned hedgehogs—we are tempted to proclaim a great field-day to exterminate and drive out all these insidious enemies, more dangerous than a hostile armament.

Amongst all this, what confidence have we that the

present Ministry mean to act? None! What has Lord John Russell said? Much: in a certain unlucky speech, which he is since, in vain, labouring to unsay. He was betrayed out of the soothing system for a moment; but cannot swallow his own words, although his stomach is strong enough for anything, because the nation opposes itself to such act of deglutition. During the whole of his career, he has been truckling to the Romanist Irish party for the sake of their support, and he must now break with them or betray his country. For Queen, religion, constitution—all are included in this single question. This is one consequence of the purifying process of oppositions, to make a minister yield all he should hold sacred for the support of the alien few that turn the scale of a majority. Now, a question has presented itself, which will test unrealities to the foundation. Shall Roman Catholics reign in England, that Ministers to suit their own expediency may retain Irish votes? That is the question for Lord John Russell to consider, and by its issue alone must he fall or stand. We do not think temporizing will avail in this matter. That which applies to Lord John Russell applies to the whole Ministry of which he is the head. What have been their late acts? In the very face of the Papal movement, to name Papists as our ambassadors in the most delicate situations, where the honour and safety of our country are concerned. The appointment of Mr. Sheil of *florin* notoriety to Florence is one which especially excites our indignant surprise. We understand that of Lord Beaumont to Malta is to follow. But we wonder at nothing, and shall only be surprised, if circumstances allow these men to retain office.

The Duke of Wellington, when he assisted in Catholic

Emancipation, gave the country a solemn pledge, which he still lives to redeem. The following were his words :—

"I will say, however, that if I am disappointed in my hopes of tranquillity, after a trial has been given of the measure, I shall have no scruple in coming down to Parliament and laying before it the state of the case, and calling for the necessary power to enable Government to take the steps suited to the occasion. I shall do this in the same confidence that Parliament will support me, that I do in the present case."

Let us see whether that consistency which has ever attended him will desert him now.

Places and offices in this country are choked up with Irish Roman Catholics. As a specimen, let the Post Office tell its story of Lord Clanricarde's administration, where neither youth, ignorance, nor any degree of unfitness have been impediments to patronage.

In the Jubilee of Wiseman, there is one passage to which we must call attention. It is where he talks of the "restitution of property." His meaning is—the property of the Established Church, which he would obtain for himself and his followers. Both treason and violence have already stained our land. It is true that a pretence of confounding temporal with spiritual loyalty has been the lying retraction placed in the mouth of Jesuitical cunning. Petty injuries have been inflicted under the command of foreign authority ; whilst those old-fashioned family Roman Catholics, who have remained so because the religion is hereditary and gentlemanly, are placed, at any rate, in a dilemma between their temporal and spiritual head. Something decisive must be done, and that quickly, or we do not hesitate to predict that the nation will, indeed, have cause to remember the words—"Never yet did Cardinal bring good to England!"

DECEMBER 4TH, 1850.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC "GIRLS' OWN BOOK;"

OR DAILY MANUAL OF ABOMINATION.

WE have experienced a painful gratification, if we may use such an expression, at the publication in some of our journals of certain abominable passages from the Roman Catholic "Girls' Own Book." While the feeling engendered in the public mind cannot but be one of horror and disgust at such fearful and unholy devices of the cowed and shaven Belial, who steals into the homes and dwellings of domestic purity and happiness, to trace these characters on their walls with a finger dipped in filth; still we regret the necessity of making such obscenity more known and public, and bringing forth these pollutions of the cloister and confessional, even as a reprehension and a warning. It is a pity that there should exist the necessity of applying such an actual cautery to the opinion of Protestant England in the nineteenth century. Good Heavens!—Are we, at the present day, to fight these monks with their own weapons? Are we to argue and defend, to abuse and suffer? We tell the people of England that this is a struggle to which it should not for an instant condescend. We say that the Protestant cause has everything to lose here, and the Roman Catholic everything to gain. We call upon our Parliament and Ministers to cease coquetting with this deadly and insidious foe, which is making, during every instant of our petty and temporizing resistance, strides of fearful meaning into the bowels of the land. The Papists are fighting in armour: we in our simple jerkins. Their dagger is poisoned: our rapier wears a button. They give no quarter: we neither refuse mercy nor take

prisoners, and our camp is full of spies, who escape hanging or even censure.

We regard bonfires, and disturbances, and demonstrations, with contempt. They are mere symptoms of weakness, and we lose character by them. Our own policemen defend the insolent intruders. Our own counsel are retained to plead for them. There is no bounds to our amenity. There is no limit to their impudence. We publish in our Church and State journals their manifestoes and pastorals. *They* will not suffer a reporter to take a copy of their proclamation of a "jubilee." One thing we will say, which is this—that their wickedness is at least a triumph of the mind, whilst our virtue is contemptible!

The English public has been made aware of certain disgusting facts, through the medium of the struggle which is now taking place, of the existence of which it certainly would, in all probability, have otherwise remained blissfully ignorant. To balance this, it is also awakened to the condition of its own Church; and the folly and frenzy of schismatic virulence has received a wholesome and well-timed check, if the evil go no further. In another place, we shall take the words out of the mouth of Priest Pudentiana, and show the cure which was long wanted at home; before the foreign intruder came here selfishly and cunningly to enlighten us. We have taken the part we have done on this subject, not that we love our own Church the more, but that we love Popery less. The greater evil swallows up the less with such wide-gaping jaws, that we lose sight of the latter altogether, and are only reminded of it when we find it necessary to match intolerance with intolerance, pride with pride, and interest with interest, in the general defence. Let the mercenary legions of the Church militant be arrayed

without challenge on the side of England, we exclaim, while Popery advances its Armada, whose thumb-screws, and racks, and instruments of torture, we dread far more than its overt weapons. The subtle Pudentiana attacks us, armed with the cunning of the arch-enemy himself. Common cajolery is nothing in the Briarean hands of Papistry. It would ally itself with Dissenters—ay with Infidels—to undermine a hated foster-sister. Thus did the despot of Naples let loose the terrible rabble of the Lazzaroni upon his constitutional subjects, after filching their blessings and stealing into their confidence, by lying promises that he would grant them the liberty which they claimed. Englishmen!—this false Priest would arm you against yourselves, and rear the unholy pile of a modern Inquisition upon the ashes of civil warfare! He dares to invite all who dissent from our Church—even those who are the farthest removed from Italian Prelacy—the Anabaptist, the Wesleyan, the Unitarian—to unite with him against the Established Church, which is at present erected, as it were, between them and the Papacy. A cunning fable could we weave of the wolf, the sheep, and the goats.

Let us, however, return to the moral filth of Popery.

The disclosures made by the daily papers are not fit for our Journal. Although we quarrel not with those who have thought proper, for a great purpose, to make public things fearful as the horrors attributed by a distempered imagination to the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* or the orgies of a Walpurgis night, God forbid that we should sully with stain of unhallowed knowledge the fair white page of one pure maiden's mind!

When we consider these things as a part of a religion, brutish as the ceremonies of Isis, or the horrid obscenities of

Moloch, we are tempted to use the language of Shakespeare in answer to the question if such a faith be fit to govern :—

“Fit to govern?

No, not to live!”

If the disclosures made with reference to the “Daily Manual of Devotion” be such with regard to matrons and virgins, what must be the education of the male flock? If Papistry do not care to reserve its whole quiver of gloomy lust for the destruction of the female soul, what must be the experience of that hateful, sallow, unwholesome being of the epicene gender called a Priest? We have read an answer in the dark countenance of many a sullen ecclesiastic, whose aspect in an Italian suburb has made us shudder in passing, as we saw his soul peer forth from his body, like the glittering eyes of the serpent from an unclean cage. Let any Protestant traveller declare if he have not met such ill-omened birds, prowling about the *Flaminian*, and all the other gates of Rome, and every Italian city.

Let the delectable catalogue of the works in use at Maynooth, such as “*Bailey*,” “*De la Hogue*,” “*Cabassutius*,” and others, prove the practice and theory of the Roman Catholic Religion in this respect.

If the sifting of an Augean stable of pollution be requisite, that the jewel of innocence may be preserved in its depths, we have nothing to urge against this part of Papistical teaching. But until we are so convinced, we cannot separate, in our estimation of them, the worst productions of Holywell-street from the Daily Christian Remembrancer of the Roman Catholic Church; nor can we help observing that we believe the former to be less practically prurient. To Holywell-street, in the meantime, we recommend Pudentiana, who has, according to his own avowal, a peculiar

mission to SLUMS; and we advise that the holy locality we allude to should have some of its shops dedicated to the sale of rosaries and "Daily Manuals;" and that the petty shrine or chapel of the Virgin Mary be immediately there erected, with all the accustomed penny-farthing gim-cracks of devotion, as a token of a new alliance to be formed between the Jew and the Roman, for the suppression of Queen Victoria and the Established Church—the former, viz., the Israelite, to have the monopoly of the second-hand garments of the converted, and the sole benefit and sale of the cast-off coats of the Transitionist and Puseyite.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND THE TIMES.

"THE Austrian Ministers have certainly shown," says the *Times*, "especially for the last ten days, an earnest desire to avoid war, and, if possible, to enable Baron Mauteuffel to retain office." Then follows a list of the kind concessions made by Austria. All this the *Times* deprecates with a touch of solemn adjuration, and a reference to the Almighty disposer of events just because the Prussians have called out the Landwehr, and are not caught napping. The fact is, Austria has caught a tartar, and is trying to compromise so awkward an affair. But what a different tone Austria would assume had the Prussians only possessed a smaller standing army, a less martial spirit, and had she presented a less bold and imposing front to her autocrat foes. The appearance of Prussia at this moment is most interesting. She has formed a square in the centre of her enemies. With one glorious spirit pervading her rulers, she bids the invaders come on. To paraphrase the words of the poet—

"Her swords are a million, her bosom is one!"

The golden scales of victory are poised in the air. The trumpet is raised to the lips of the angel of death. That it may not sound is our earnest prayer; but we confess that we scarcely see the means of escape. Would that it were otherwise. *In the success of Prussia moral and physical, is concerned most deeply the future of the British Empire.*

When we review the observations of the *Times* upon this subject, we consider that we are actually dealing with Austrian policy. Therefore let our readers consider, that when we mention the *Times* in this article, we are not dealing with the views or opinions of a journalist, but with the embodied spirit of continental tyranny. How long this championship or alliance may last, we know not. Some day or other, an union which cannot but be found to ruin a journal, possessed of any amount of advertisements, in the opinion of the British nation, will doubtless be dissolved. Then, we shall see how the liberal cause may be exaggerated by the upturned bounty of a renegade cornucopia. Some day or other we may have a red republican *Times*. But that can scarcely happen until Mazzini enter St. Petersburg in triumph, and Ledru Rollin become the Socialist millionaire of a novel millennium.

It amusing to see, after the concessions of Austria have been detailed by the Austrian organ, how it is attempted to depreciate the army of Prussia. "Her troops are raw, young, and undisciplined. She has had no late practice, like France, Austria, and Russia." That, surely we might remind the *Times*, would be an argument against us. "Frederic the Great is dead and buried. Don't be carried away by the memory of *his* greatness." This latter is something like the argument to a young poet: "You had better hold your tongue. You're not Shakespeare!" But

the whole thing is so palpable and transparent, that we feel pity both for the journalist who writes and the public that believes such shallow one-sided artifices and pretences. Whilst acknowledging the power of Russia in the facts which it details of Austria's violent desire for peace, the *Times* would conquer Prussia in anticipation by abusing her resources. "For Heaven's sake, do not; but, if you do, it is no use!" is the argument which Austria breathes through her English mouthpiece.

Let us lay the following to our hearts, nor rise without benefit from the lesson. *If Prussia preserve peace, it is because she is ready for war; because she has shown her teeth, and called out her armed defenders: it is because she is powerful and confident. Thus the very measures which the Times at once sneers at and deprecates are those which secure her from disgrace, slavery, and annexation, such as was the fate of the patriotic but unfortunate Poland.*

Let England take the hint, if she wish to be able to maintain in her bosom the germs of a practical as well as a sentimental universal Peace Congress.

CATHOLIC HOPES,

HAD an act been at once framed to banish Pudentiana from our shores, the country would have been spared much internal disorder. As it is, the vain hopes of the Catholics will lead to bitter strife; whilst external danger will grow out of this half-promise of a prey, whose show of resistance is but a mean recalcitration and a paltry negative. The noble proclamation of Mazzini and his brethren must warm every liberal heart. Genius and Truth have dictated the

words, which repose and thought have purified and weeded. It brands the traitor and the despot with infamy, and proclaims that the Freedom of Italy will arise from her grave in words so bold and auspicious in their sound, that we regard them as foretold events, and lean upon the speech of the Patriot as if it were the sword of a host. The present Ministry is now forced back upon a sharp-pointed crisis. They must either act or be dissolved. We trust that the words alleged to have been spoken by VICTORIA, which the "*Times*" deprecates as those of a tragedy Queen, did in good truth fall from her lips.

A SIGNIFICANT SOUND FROM THE PROGRAMME OF JULLIEN.

WE cannot help noticing, in the programme of M. Jullien, who has lately signalized himself (can he admit of further renown?) by an importation of French drummers with a real *Tambour-Major*, the following most significant descriptive *morceau*—"No. V. *March of all Nations to London. The morning of the inauguration of the Grand Exhibition is supposed to have arrived,*" &c., &c. Why a march, on so peaceful an occasion—could it not have been a pacific jig or a fraternal polka?

The great patchwork musician and "Mosaic master" of sound, immediately turns the "Great Exhibition" to account. As the railway mania brought into play all the patent and lurking pretenders of the moment, and like a great false money speculation, as it was, drew forth all the *non-capitalists*, gamblers, sharpers, and superficial plausible scamps that could be imagined, besides making many more—

so, in a moral sense, does this Great Exhibition quackery, put in motion all the shallow puppets of the hour. Every advertiser—every pill-and-potion-vending mountebank in the great fair of the world—sees opportunity and material to be gathered under this great forcing-frame of humanity. The inventions of rogues, as well as the needy patents of the industrious and the gorgeous displays of the wealthy manufacturer, will spring up like bulbs in a night. There will be a fifty-mushroom-power spread abroad, and not a few fungi amongst the mushrooms.

But the difference will be this. As the progress of humanity, including the arts and inventions which refine and dignify our existence, must be gradual, any sudden production of good will not take root under an unnatural heat and pressure. On the other hand, evil, which, like a weed, grows best in the rank soil created alike by wild luxuriance or over-tillage, will become permanent in its creation. We are aware that many persons apprehend a physical pestilence on the approaching occasion. It is certainly far from improbable; although it is a subject upon which we can offer no direct prophecy. But a moral plague will burst out and become chronic in England. However, we should not be surprised if both America and the Continent be in such a state, in the course of about six months, as to make the show abortive, as far as many of our anticipated foreign visitors are concerned.

The Slave Question in the United States, and the struggle between Liberty and Tyranny, Protestantism and the Pope, in Europe, will convulse the world, even if England succeed in holding herself still longer aloof. We do not consider the state of America so momentous, it is true. It is with her a mere convulsion of infancy. With us a paralytic stroke approaches, foretold for many a year. To use another medical

figure, since quackery is the order of the day, the gout of England is rising to its stomach ; and, like the greedy mistress of a dying nobleman, the free-trader feeds the country with bread and milk, and scatters straw in the street to deaden external sound, as if parturition and not dissolution were the result anticipated. However, to recur to M. Jullien, with whom we started, we fear his programme may be, in some degree, prophetic, when it speaks of the "March of all Nations upon London." *Di avertite omen !*

THE BIRMINGHAM PEACE-MEETING.

A most pernicious farce took place, rather more than a week ago, at Birmingham, under the auspices of Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and one Worms, a German Professor, from Hamburg. This last celebrity has come mooning over here with his philanthropical *caput* muddled with beer, *Schwärmerei*, tobacco, and Kant, "to plant," as he said, "the white banner of peace, wherever man had planted the foot of civilization." That is to say—this broad-brimmed individual leaves his own distracted neighbourhood, where men are arming to fight, if not fighting, all around him, to preach peace in a country which is at this moment in a state of physical peace, although the seeds of convulsion be indeed rife within it.

With regard to Messrs. Cobden and Bright, these shallow mountebanks must, we suppose, parade themselves in a crusade against common sense in the ears of applauding ignorance, until the cup of the nation be full. Like Clown and Pantaloon, in the great political Pantomime of the world, they are busy, with consummate assurance

matchless impudence, and perfect jollity and ease, in putting everything wrong. We laugh and applaud. We do not follow behind the scenes and see the painted mask laid aside, and the jaded hack performer assume his real characteristics. But it would be too harsh, too severe on humanity, to assume that these individuals are not, to a certain extent, deceived by the twaddle of their own cotton doctrines. The pill-vending quack may read his own advertisements until he believe the wooden leg has sprouted. Alas! a selfish ignorance, so active, is equal in its effects to the most sordid betrayal; to the act of a Görgey; to that of him who, in ancient times, mistook infamy for fame, and whose name was decreed never to be pronounced again; to that of all traitors since the world began—traitors of cunning, of greed, and of cowardice—for whom there is reserved but one act of reparation, one deed of grace; to whom the only virtue left is suicide, the only hope annihilation.

It will be said we think and express ourselves strongly upon this point. We do—for it is no personal wrong, no partial evil or infliction upon society, no common act of *Niddering*, no mere outrage upon freedom, honour, virtue, and decorum: it is the ruin of a mighty nation which is concerned.

On the day of wrath—*Dies iræ, dies illa*—when England shall be caught unprepared, and dismay, horror, and anxiety be depicted in the faces of all; when the cry shall be *ποῦ φευγοῦμεν*;—whither shall we fly?—where will these men be? Gone! forgotten, save in curses—translated, like Bottom the weaver.

It is melancholy to behold the aspect of things around us. A poetical correspondent does not, in our opinion, exaggerate in the slightest degree the urgency of our case,

although the Tyrtæan portion of his strain, which befits well a loyal cavalier trusting to the good old cause, may, we fear, never receive life except in verse. The mischief of it is, that with all their sentimental doctrines, which may be abstractedly founded in right—although we are inclined to think they must first frame anew the immutable laws of Nature, re-create man, and call the Deity to account for the scourges of pestilence, the laws of storms, and the creation of carnivora—these men only found their bastard Quakerism upon a sordid economy. “Do not have armies; because it is so naughty to fight, and you must *pay*.” That is their argument; not *ad Deum*, but *ad hominem*. “Sweet olive branch!” “Dear Obolus!” “Delightful saintship!” “Beloved breeches-pocket!” Here is the pith and marrow of the saintship of these individuals. Their preaching comes (they say) from Heaven, but with a nasal twang never heard in the celestial choir; and their cry is—“Save your pence—mind your sixpences—have an eye to your half-crowns and shillings!” It is a kind of reversed charity sermon; but the gains of the preachers are indirect and half-hidden. British commerce is stretched until it will crack, even in peace time. A war would ruin trade. Labour would be scarcer. Wages would rise. The capitalists who formerly urged the wars of Pitt do not want any more investments *at home*—therefore, “Peace, peace, peace!” cry these desperate gamblers, crowding round the faro table—these men who call luck Providence and salvation trading. But how understand such conduct? By the greediness of mankind during the plague; by the stripping on a battle-field; by that which plunders a sinking ship, or would play at odd and even on the brink of roaring *Ætna*! Who would intrust the destinies of England to the speculations of Capel Court, now that the Railway mania is exploded? Yet these

peace-mongers are no less frantic in their generation. In the struggle of to-day they will not think of to-morrow. They trade with the sound of battle in their ears, and cry—"Peace! Buy my cottons!" just as the battle itself would be fought on the eve of the day of judgment, although the sun, and moon, and stars, were turned to blood, and all the signs realized which are spoken of in the "Revelations" of Holy Writ.

Such are the men and the measures which present themselves at this crisis in the town of Birmingham; that town which is busy in forging arms and casting gun-barrels for Turk, Romanist, and Negro-brother alike, in order to preach the economy rather than the divinity of peace. As the "tag" to their miserable Manchester twaddle and German confusion of idea—as if an indebted country had nothing to do but to weave ten million cotton night-caps with the aid of steam, and to pray on its skeleton knees for a helmeted host of enemies to wear them—comes the allusion to the taxes which Englishmen have already to pay—Englishmen who rescue negroes with bomb-shell expeditions to Africa; Englishmen, who lend money to Russia, who have subsidized Europe, who suffer Spain to rob them; Englishmen, who have lent £8,000,000 lately to Ireland, brought low by mismanagement, starvation, cajolery, insult! This is artfully made the last drop in the cup, and the horny-handed mechanic goes away satisfied that peace is a fine money-saving thing; that an army is the design of an evil aristocracy; that he could pummel a score of Frenchmen, if they came here, and so betakes himself to gun-barrel twisting, full of concord, or to a public-house to lay out his wages on the "Tipton Slasher," fully indoctrinated by the German Professor, and thinking Cobden "be a right down rum one to speak so loudly of peace and good will, but the chap for his money, because he

pitches it strong into the taxes." And this, O ye Gods! is what we are condemned to see acted every day in the bosom of this devoted country. This the cheap educationist and the popular cant-writer applaud; while the hireling scribe who knows better assists in spreading the delusion. Alas! the ruin of a mighty country is never external; her breaking up is the result of an age of rottenness within.

An oriental diplomacy invites a hostile tribe to a banquet. Their arms are demanded as they enter, and yielded in the hurry from polite confidence. They eat, drink, and are stabbed, and their naked carcasses are thrown out to the vultures. But we invite our enemies to come armed, and lay aside our own swords and pistols; while we taunt them with our superiority, and tempt them with our gorgeous profusion, taking care to remind them in our songs of their former losses and defeats from our victorious arms, and in our speeches of religious differences, until both passion and policy combine to bid them rise up and annihilate us. We shall, however, recur to this subject, in order to attack a foe more deadly, because more insidious, than Cobden—a portion of the Public Press, which does not revel in the Utopian theory of peace and cotton, but simply states, without conscience, argument, truth, fact, or honesty, that England is sufficiently prepared, and that she is in no danger; that the French would not, even if they could, invade us, and that there is no difference made by steam between these days and those of Napoleon. But with the example of Prussia before our eyes, baffling the anticipations of the *Times* and preserving her nationality, by her recourse to arms alone, we trust that there is hope yet left for the nation. Let no honest man who knows the truth now remain silent!

DECEMBER 11TH, 1850.

BOTH CHURCHES OR NEITHER.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND.

THE bitterness of relations, who have quarrelled, is proverbial, and the bitterness of Churchmen, who differ but a little from each other, even during an invasion of the common property, may henceforth pass into a proverb. If the Papal aggression be but temporary—if a new Ministry have courage to chase the “pride that apes humility” from our shores in the person of the hitherto triumphant PUDENTIANA—and if, at the same time, the complete purging, or destruction and re-construction of our own Church follow, then, and then only, “We thank thee, *Pope*, for giving us this *Bull*!” for it will have done a great benefit to England. Then we shall be content to disbelieve the truth of the now oft-quoted saw, to the effect that never yet did Cardinal bring good to England.

The conduct of various members of our Ecclesiastical corporation, from the highest to the lowest, has indeed been disgraceful. Amongst them all, however, stands out proudly pre-eminent for the display of that which is opposed to all Christian precepts, Henry of Exeter. This Prelate has equalled Rome in virulence, but lacks the discretion of the Papists. He foams at the mouth without object or reason. He triumphs in the discomfiture of his brethren. He anticipates what they have to say with an answer beforehand. He repudiates before he is asked; declines before he is invited. What can be the end of this man, save Romanism? It is only there he would find scope for his ferocious bigotry. But, as we said before, he lacks discretion, and, what is still more, subordination—a great element of the Roman Catholic persua-

sion. He is the Jesuit of the Protestant faith and might be the Judas of his Church, only that he does not know how to betray with a kiss. But we leave him to the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the *Daily News*.

Amidst all the dissension of the Established Church, let us ask who does appear as the real advocate and champion of the Protestant cause? Dr. Cumming, a Scotch Divine, who has just cruelly killed his "Cock Robin" in the person of Mr. Bowyer. Vain was the syllogism, the *suppressio*, the *suggestio*—vain all the doubles, and windings, and shiftings, and reservations—he shot him at the very entrance of the Papal labyrinth. Dr. Cumming is one of those who will persist that black is black, and white white. He will not have a parallel case artfully substituted for the point of dispute. He says, "It is this thing I meant: don't give me other, don't trouble yourself. I said this, and this I want."

As may be supposed, his opponent came up to the conflict each time more plucked and naked; till at length he had not a feather left, and the miserable two-legged falsehood of his case stood out shivering beneath the December sun of Truth. This Cumming is of the breed of John Knox. We want a few more such assailants, not defenders; fighting men, not sutlers and guardians of the baggage-waggons of the Church Militant.

One thing is very apparent through it all. It is this, that the Church of England is no Church at all; since it cannot agree as to its own faith, even when menaced by external danger. Its only reality is its wealth; and it is high time to consider to what use that ought to be applied. It has been Trustee for the Nation of vast sums for a considerable period; to which, if the Nation have not the disposal of them the Roman Catholic Church has the real claim of

priority. These sums are now forfeited by indulgence, schism, and error on the one hand, and claimed by the necessity of the Nation on the other.

It is a question of regeneration or destruction, which, it is for the country to determine.

We have simply two things to recommend to a Government which may be disposed to save England. One is to send Pudentiana back, and the other to sequestrate the revenues and possessions of the Established Church, making due provision for the present holders of benefices and salaries. We are not anxious to ruin any set of men, although it is a scruple which neither Peel, nor any bastard liberal government of the country ever entertained. It is a minor consideration altogether, as to whether the Established Church should be re-organized. If so, what should it be? We cannot ask themselves, since they are so divided. The Bishop of Exeter would have his own model Papist Church tyranny, with himself for Pope. Mr. Bennett would be backed by the candle-makers. High Church and Low Church, Puseyite and Transitionist, they would all differ. Therefore, the established Episcopal Church of England may be said to have gone out of itself, upon bare schism and a simple inquiry into its real intent and meaning. Certainly, if we re-model it, we would propose such a reduction of emoluments as to produce a working clergy. But this is a question for serious after consideration. We have, however, to offer one remark, suggested by a passing event of the day.

We observed the other day that the Earl of Carlisle, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, as we believe, was employing an elegant leisure in the midst of these stirring events to lecture upon Pope—that charming but old-fashioned poet—before the assembled intellect of young

Leeds, at the Mechanics' Institute in that town. Now, it struck us that the fact of Nero fiddling when Rome was burning was a homogeneous transaction performed by a very different individual under circumstances considerably varying. There is an identity of action, and nought beyond. But, all our wonder and admiration—let our readers admire the softness of the expression—were turned to real pleasure when we perceived his Lordship's second lecture, comprising his reminiscences of travels in America. Here, we say, is a man, and here a subject. The first act was a maudlin attempt to cull a paltry popularity, as dignified as Prince Canino's inquiries at the Philosophical Congress at Birmingham, whilst Italy was being convulsed and revolutionized, into the existence of the little blue cuckoo, or cinnamon-coloured nightingale—a very pretty subject for Pennant or Audubon, but ill-suited to the banished relation of *Buona parte*. But the second lecture was quite a different thing, and far more worthy of a statesman familiarly addressing his countrymen, than that which would better distinguish the chair of the *belles lettres*, an itinerant spouter of the march of intellect class, or an ex-contributer of sonnets to the *Literary Souvenir*.

In that lecture, his lordship entered upon the relative merits of the voluntary system and an Established Church, and it is worthy of remark, that his opinion seems to lean rather to the choice of Jonathan. Is it possible that this is a slight feeler put forth by one of those around the throne? We know not; but of this we are certain, that the people of England are favoured at present with both an unwelcome stranger and an unruly and disagreeable domestic occupant. To kick the one out and to reduce the other to order or favour it with a polite dismissal, are the questions which will

present themselves for consideration. From the Americans we have many hints to derive. Breaking the fetters of habit, they looked at our institutions from afar, and thus picked out the good and rejected the bad. Their Courts of Law afford us valuable hints. Why not their Church system? However, we do not plead for destruction, until a perfect reformation be first essay'd.

It is certain that by the plan of a general appropriation of Church property, modified by the grant of annuities according to the age of the present enjoyers, a fund may be supplied for the defence of Great Britain against foreign foes, who would quickly leave her no choice of a religion, form of faith, or government at all.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROSPECTS.

HOW THE PLOT THICKENS.

WHEN the French advocate of the Abbé Gothland, now sentenced to the galleys for life, for the murder of an aged domestic at Angoulême, was pleading for him, he made a display, towards the conclusion of his speech, at once absurd, degrading, and theatrical :—

“Accused Gothland,” he said, “the moment has now come to restore to you the sacred character of which you ought never to have been deprived. Go purified from this court, in which you entered covered with ignominy, and stricken with reprobation! For the first time, I restore to you the title which I have not given you since the commencement of the case. Priest Gothland, on your knees! Kneel, I tell you, but not to demand pardon from justice or from that cruelly-tried family, whose sorrows you did not occasion! Kneel to render thanks to God, who, after having approached the cup of bitterness to your lips, in expiation of your faults, at last permits, in His inex-

haustible mercy, your innocence to shine forth; and you will, in consequence, recover your liberty, for, in entering this place, justice was promised you."

In the same manner, those who plead for the Roman Catholic Church, boldly and openly, and in defiance of God, truth, and justice, assert that she did not murder, massacre, and oppress; that she never poisoned public and domestic peace; that she does not degrade, exact, cringe, fawn, stab, and betray—in fact, that she is not what she is, but an Angel of light! an emanation from Heaven—lowly, tolerant, charitable, benignant, and fair dealing. There were persons found in court to applaud the speech of Gothland's advocate, and there are found fools enough here and everywhere to be dazzled by this Roman grandeur of hypocrisy, and credit things which cannot be made to insult the understanding to a greater degree, against the evidence of their own senses.

But of all follies, commend us to those would-be serpent-charmers, arrayed in their own mild belief, but without the sagacity of a four-footed mongoose, who would approach the dreaded cobra itself, and lie down in a "happy family" of their own creation, with every reason to be assured against the tameness of their fellow-inmates. To these people history and tradition convey no warning for the present; much less for the future. Their fatuity meets its match in the singular perseverance of the enemy alone. It is astonishing what a system of undermining is continually going on. Let us hear the opinion of Goethe, a wise man and a good in his generation:—

"All preventive measures, he said, are ineffectual with Catholics. The Papal see has interests and means to carry them out quietly, of which we never dream. If I were a Member of Parliament, I would

not hinder emancipation ; but I would have it recorded ; that when the first distinguished Protestant head fell by a Catholic vote, people might think of me."

Goethe spoke ironically. It is clear that he would not have committed a crime in joke. Let us ask whether Peel wished for such a *souvenir* as is described by Goethe ? The Duke of Wellington spoke of recalling the gift. Will he do it?—No ! In the name of liberality and toleration—that liberality which offers a bare throat to the assassin, and that toleration offspring of imbecility by contempt, and the mother of ruin.

Let us see what will be done. The installation, we beg pardon, *enthronization* of the Cardinal has taken place. The Queen's supremacy is threatened by an overt act. The whole nation is derided. Then comes the miserable special pleading, "It is not an aggression. It is a mere shadow. It is a spiritual matter. Yes, it is an aggression ; but we have a right to make it. Let counsel be heard. Let an exception be taken. We will turn it into a battle of forms and precedents. But, in the meantime, take possession, hold, and enjoy, and then, if the decision be against us, fight it!" The "enthronization" of Pudentiana has created but little sensation. The very daily journals have slurred it over. The *Times* inserts a Jesuitical letter, signed "Carolus," and prepares, as usual, to play its Vicar of Bray part. It puts in a powerful letter from the other side, and adds a lukewarm comment.

Let us wait a little while in patience, in the hope that a strong and decided step may yet be taken. If not, in addition to all that awaits us, there is introduced into our country, by our own permission, the Fury of religious discord, to which all other calamities are weak and trifling. For some are Heaven-sent, such as pestilence and famine, and

they destroy the body, and impair for a season our social relations. But the demon of Priestcraft, which arms a populace against itself, and cries—"Murder! for the soul's sake—Poison! in the name of Christ!" spares neither soul nor body, and strikes at the roots of happiness, wisdom, and innocence with the doubly-poisoned shaft of hypocrisy and malice.

DECEMBER, 1850.

THE ABOMINATION OF PROCTORIAL DUTIES.

A HINT TO THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSIONERS.

THE recent case of Mr. Fenwick, a Proctor at Cambridge, who was fined the other day for exceeding his *duty*, by molesting a modest and virtuous young woman through a mistake, in the discharge of his most degrading office, may we hope, lead to the total abolition of University Proctors. They do not prevent or preclude one atom of vice. They only make it more hideous; because, without prevention, they render more debasing the immoral practices going on in our Universities. What an office for a clergyman to ransack the *slums* for errant youth! But we fear that many of them like it. There is a prurient excitement in the licensed chase which is agreeable to the minds of some of these men. To many such clerical beadles may be applied the words of Lear—taunting them with a passion for that which it is their office to crush, vex, and oppress. At any rate we have known their "dignity" perverted to a sad extent, and in a peculiar way. We have never observed that young men who have run the gauntlet of London life are more depraved than the Oxonian or Cantab. But we

have observed that they are more discreet in their vices and less reckless in their choice ; whilst we can remember facts which prove that a "degree" in profligacy is sometimes taken at the Universities, resulting entirely from this mistaken system.

Another subject, too delicate for us to investigate, concerning the physical as well as moral welfare of the flower of the British youth, remains. It is so important that we regret we cannot say more. Whilst, however, we do not wish to see France followed here in her sanitary regulations, we conceive that there is a *juste milieu* ; and we reprehend that mean hypocrisy and paltry pretence which assume the enforcement of strict morality, at which gnomesmen laugh ; as such a system only enhances, by the excitement of contraband pleasures, the gathering of those bitter poisons and ashen fruits whose curse may linger to the end of life. Let the vice which proctors persecute both punish and protect itself. The result of the present system is only to degrade the passions to the very lowest ; to dally with an evil that is not stopped ; to shock propriety, and to destroy health. It is an African slave blockade—about as useful, as sensible, as creditable and beneficial, in a negative, and as injurious, in a positive sense.

If a young man do anything which, in common life, would be considered incorrect, vicious, or degraded ; if he offend public decency or public morals ; if he be considered a black sheep and a flagrant bad example—let him be banished from the University. Let the College porters and authorities prevent immorality in Colleges. For the rest, let it not be uncovered in so gross a manner.

OURSELVES AND OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WRITING, as we do, a little out of the common line of Journalism—that is to say, irrespective of all but conviction, without looking to any interest, and guided alone by our own free will and pleasure—we are delighted to find so many established Journals not only adopting our sentiments, but our very expressions, unconsciously as it were, and with a frankness of omission with respect to the little source and fount of their broad river of opinion, which adds amusement to our proud satisfaction.

The little MIRROR OF THE TIME casts its bread upon the waters, and finds it again, after many days, no floating waif, but the acknowledged prize of others. *Bon!* So let it be. We wrap ourselves in the mantle of content, and find the cutting frost refreshing as it imparts vigour and resolution to our frame. We observe, with pleasure, the birth of another contemporary, in the shape of a cheap weekly periodical. There is room enough and to spare for all. The veteran Leigh Hunt has given his name and pen to a work of which two numbers have already appeared.* It is written in a peculiar style, and may be termed the pleasing gossip of letters. Whilst nothing can be more antagonistic to our belief and principles than the political and social views of this Journal, except so far as it includes the names of progression, kindness, and philanthropy, we hail with satisfaction a paper which promises, at any rate, respectable literary food, much valuable information, and a good deal of sprightly, as well as learned writing ;

* This Journal is since given up. Illiterate trash is more popular by far than either creditable matter or lettered trifling.

in place of the sickly anti-Shakesperian trash, the inane buffoonery, and the jam-making, bug-killing prescriptions of some of our cheap predecessors and contemporaries. Not that we quarrel with housewifery, but the twaddle linked with it, which is calculated to render impotent, we will not say vitiate, the public mind. As to the mischief that may be done by any fresh addition to the sickly philanthropy school, we apprehend that a crisis, now too late to avoid, is at hand, which will settle the question so effectually and so quickly, one way or the other, that a little more or less encouragement to disarm, exhibitionize, and give away, is of no consequence whatever.

Nay, we are inclined to think that it is the very suddenness of our betrayal which may startle and save us. Our eyes may be opened by an operation alone. A blow may rouse us from our lethargy. As for peace, we should be very happy to see lions and tigers born without claws or *incisores*—in fact with the mildest dental appurtenances possible; but until then we are not inclined to play speculative Van Amburgh to the tune of Pope's Messiah recited in a nasal twang in Exeter Hall, quoted in cheap information for the people, or made use of by greedy manufacturers, who are now pushed so hard themselves, and it serves them right, that they resort to every expedient in the "shop" and out of it, to *under-sell* and *over-produce* on the cheap market system, which is assisting in its own destruction under the pressure of debt, taxation, and foreign competition.

We have spoken of progression, kindliness, and philanthropy in a way which may cause our readers to doubt our meaning. Do we wish for a dark age? No! for then we should politically desire to be Roman Catholics. Have we no kindly sympathies? Ay, with all humanity; but with

British humanity first. Will any deny patriotism to include all public virtue? Alas! in this day it appears to be the rarest quality in the breast of a legislature. But a nation, which strips off her feathers to warm the callow brood of other climes, will next offer her breast to the assailant, and will soon lie a prey to every pouncing kite in the name of ingratitude.

It is curious to observe what odd extremes meet in the ruinous quackery of the times. The excellent man of letters, who knows nothing of calculation, who is a child in money matters and technicalities, runs agape after science, and is beguiled by mere words, such as "Peace," "Free Trade," and other charming abstractions. Utterly ignorant of practical facts, this good-natured simplicity buys his gross of green spectacles in the world's fair, and fancies that it is governed by a clique of letters, although selfish men will not acknowledge it, and reduces to dingy prose the poetical fictions of the immaterial Shelley.

Had Goldsmith lived in these days, to combine the absurdities of Mrs. Nickleby with a genius sufficiently great to escape the laureate bays, he would have rioted in all these fatal *concetti*, against which the manly voice of Johnson would have been raised. "An universal exhibition, sir?—A concourse of British asses, with foreign wild beasts for the ruin of home trade and produce. Sir, an Englishman should have no universality. If they had proposed an exhibition amongst ourselves, then it would have been a harmless but unnecessary job; but it is not wanted. All England, sir, is an exhibition; a pretty exhibition we shall make of it to Frenchmen."

We can fancy the rejoinder of the shallow but clever Boswell, who would certainly have been in favour of the

"Conservatory," and the gruff "Hold your tongue, sir!" which would have ensued.

But to what is this irritable simplicity of the world of letters, this conceited utopianism, joined and allied in the present era, when it must be confessed that the dotage of nations has crept over the faculties of the land ; when there is not a single really great man apparent from one end of the country to the other, on whom to hang a hope ; when truth and earnestness cannot by their very essence succeed, being so opposed to that which does reap success, and gain favour in the eyes of the million ? To the mere mercenary writer and the sordid gambler, and greedy manufacturer. We say mercenary writer ; for though it be true, that a man may become imbued with the principles which he daily and hebdomadally advocates, just as butchers, and undertakers, and lawyers feel a pride in their calling ; yet it must be owned that few writers, or even editors, are free and unfettered. It is true, that few are obliged

"To sell their souls or lose their place,"

to the extent which is demanded by a certain paper, whose politics, or policy, or invention, is as changeable, as shifting, and as varied as the *times*, seasons, and fashions ; but still there are not many who are at perfect liberty to say anything, or omit anything, they please. Proprietors are guided frequently by the pocket, by ambition, Rome, interest, bribery, and corruption. The pen of the writer is as the sword once was in the middle ages, too frequently but the paid weapon of the mercenary, and its rounded periods, varied information, learning, reading, wit, humour, and indignation, are expected to be alike devoid of personal conscience and identity of thinking.

Let us, in compliment to the season, soften a little the excusable severity, from the exercise of which we find it difficult to refrain, considering that no less a question than the interests, nay, the very existence of England, is at stake; whilst we conclude this article with wishing a happy Christmas to our readers, our countrymen, and the world, shorn of no kindly sympathy, no religion of the heart, no pure domestic association, past, present, or future; although our Christmas be now divested of some of its old-fashioned customs and fancies in the onward march of matter-of-fact civilization. May the Christmas of 1850, ay, and of 1851, be still an English commemoration of the event which all time shall celebrate!

DECEMBER, 1850.

A GOSSIP ON FREE-TRADE,

MUNTZ, THE "TIMES," AND THE REV. MR. BENNETT.

It is a frequent sneering observation of certain Free-trade organs, that a desire of notoriety, an itching for fame, far better left unsatisfied, is the cause of what they are pleased to term the agitating perseverance of many of our most prominent Protectionists. Conscious of their own motives, they will not allow that it is possible for a man to be either honest or in earnest when he opposes their sentiments and disavows their opinions. A worthy journalist, doubtless himself a most "indifferent honest" man, in endeavouring, the other day, to account for the fact that many people thought differently from himself (from *him*, *his* thoughts, that is, the sentiments that dribble from his Free-trade pen), observed that the Duke of Richmond is guided by selfishness, Lord

Stanley by party opposition, and Mr. G. F. Young by notoriety.

In answer to this, we should like exceedingly to know what unexceptionable and divine abstract philosophy forms the constellation which leads after it with nose erect in the air, the notable *gemi*n*i* Cobden and Bright? What, pray, instigates the redoubtable George Thompson, whose mock-execution is thus good-humouredly described in the *Daily Evening Transcript* of Boston, and about whom one cannot help exclaiming, whether his cause be a good one or not, *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère*?

“The last culprit was a foreigner, who seemed to be a very troublesome fellow, for even upon the platform, after his hands were tied, he vociferously professed himself the friend of the citizens of Massachusetts, and yet suffered no opportunity to pass, without spitting directly in their faces. He vauntingly challenged all around him to argue about anti-slavery; and yet there was no person there, who was not a lawful and constitutional abolitionist. When the drop fell, his coat tail flew up, and M. P. was discovered on his small clothes behind.”

Now, the last person we have to notice as having been attacked in this style is Mr. Muntz. The character of this estimable gentleman stands so deservedly high that the most ignorant and malicious mind would scarcely dare to attribute to him a petty motive. Nothing but the brazen *Times*, in fact, could or would do so; but the *Times* does everything. A man must generally be very good and very right before he can excite the *Times* to a malice so stolid. But Mr. Muntz is doubly hateful to these free-trade harpies. He is not a farmer; he is a trader, and a tolerably prosperous one. The *Times* cannot, therefore, call him selfish, which it would do were he a farmer. Therefore, it must be an accusation of notoriety-mongering. Mr. Muntz, however, enjoys already a pretty wide reputation as being the possessor

of qualities which it would be a blessing for the *Times* to possess, in the slightest degree—such as honour, consistency, frankness, and so forth.

We do not think it necessary to defend Mr. Muntz. The fine writer in the *Times* covers his want of argument with flippancy, and folly, and classicality, and prates of Polyphemus! He pretends to take the humorous idea of Mr. Muntz—namely, that the manufacturing interests eat up a farmer every night for supper—literally, and calculates how many years it will take to do it. This is all very well for *Punch*; but it is childish in the *Times*, which absolutely appears to be approaching the dotage of wickedness.

Perhaps, ere long, the *Times* may condescend to modify its facetiousness and repress its feeling of fun at the distresses of stout farmers. Even if the bluff enunciations of disappointment, anger, and misery should continue to supply food for the caricaturist, we think it possible that the *Times* may one day abstain. Farmers are fun; yeomanry are fun; they sometimes tumble from their horses at the word of command to fire on a field-day; so will free-trade writers slip down from their hobbies when danger assumes other than a literary appearance. *Jolah*, *Booker*, Ball or Bull, Muntz or G. F. Young, are all fun—excellent fun. If the *Times* wanted to depreciate stock, fundholders would be fun. But when the morning arrives that the National Faith is broken, there will be very little fun left in the kingdom to appreciate the insolent humour of the *Times*.

For long we have felt a mingled pity and disgust on reading the articles in the *Times*, upon all agricultural and protectionist subjects. Vulgarity, scurrility, and facetiousness have been for long the only arms which it employs to attack the opinions and abuse the interests of the farmers of

England. On a grave question, common decency might have prescribed common courtesy towards so important and respectable a body of men. But so far from this is the ruffian dealing of the *Times*, that it descends to the very weapons of Billingsgate, and betaking itself to the lowest refuge of impotent malice, growls forth its vulgar misnomers thence, in the vain attempt to make a serious subject ridiculous. The *Times* has no argument, save the scoffing of a paid *THER-SITES*, against the distress of England!

The clumsy coquetry of pretended stupidity with which the *Times* plays with the names of *Bull* or *Ball*, *Chowler* or *Jolah*, carries no more conviction of real mistake with it, than if we were to call the *Times* "Liar," or *COBDEN* a "Cotton buffoon." Did the *Times* ever pretend to make a mistake about the patronymic of *Cobbett*? Was it in the habit of styling him *Tebbits*, or *Brown*? We believe not; for *Cobbett* had a marvellous trick of retaliation, and bestowed sundry sobriquets in his time, which clung with wonderful tenacity to their reluctant bearers. Therefore, it is cowardly and abject in the extreme, to insult with such wanton vulgarity the yeomen and farmers of England. It is a symptom of lazy insolence, a weak and failing intelligence, or a wrongful cause.

Whilst we are on the subject of notoriety-mongering, it may be as well to kill two birds with one stone. What but a Pharisaical itching, a desire to create a sensation by doing something out-of-the-way, and so to attract hearers and admirers, and become a paltry fashion, has led to the defec-tion of many of our clergy? What but this turned St. Barnabas house of worship into a Sunday theatre? What has sent so many over to Rome, but the morbid desire to be talked about and made of importance? It is now growing

so common that the disease will possibly cure itself. In this matter imitation will be found less fatal than singularity. Hitherto, some of our worthy pastors, finding themselves wanting in the interest, perseverance, and *piety*, (?) requisite to recommend them early in life to a bishopric, have contented themselves with the cheap distinction of a fashionable apostacy.

We hear that Mr. Bennett cannot enter the Papal Church, since he is married. It was some time ago the intention of Wiseman to ask for a general dispensation as to the matrimony of priests in England. This would certainly slacken a little the dangers and horrors of confession. But, however, Mr. Bennett must content himself as a martyr with a glorious subscription. Lord John Russell ought certainly to tender him £100 for his prayers in the stilly night, offered up for the backsliding premier. We recommend to Mr. Bennett the free use of the plate. The introduction of a little soft music and some perfumery, in his intended Church, might aid the "draw."

In the meantime, we would suggest that St. James's theatre might be engaged to advantage for a spiritual monologue, à la Bunn, with religious *poses plastiques* and exercises, to be followed by animal magnetism. It is astonishing how charmingly this style of worship may be developed.

CANADA FOR EMIGRATION.

WE have given some passages selected from letters from a settler in Wisconsin, in the United States. While the incarnation of extermination is fearfully visible in Ireland,

and the great funeral procession of emigration is winding its way through the southern counties of Ireland to the sea-coast, in the midst of the prosperity of Great Britain—that prosperity which reigns triumphant in the dark print of the columns of the *Times*—that prosperity which drives the lordling to New Zealand, and fills the workhouse and the gaol with squalid langour and misery—that prosperity which leaves our shores open to the foreigner and drives the merchant to dishonesty or bankruptcy—that prosperity which rests on the assurance of such men as Messrs. Cobden and Bright, Sir F. Lawley, and Lord Lyttleton—it is well to know what asylum and what resources a foreign country offers to those who can yet afford to leave their own with the bare means of commencing a laborious existence in their pockets.

But we cannot forbear from observing that a territory, which still acknowledges British sway, whilst it presents equal, if not greater advantages, is free and open to the choice of the British emigrant, and invites him to its shores. The produce of Canada is at least equal to that of Wisconsin, whilst her resources are unbounded, and her climate, in many vast districts, superior. No neglect or indifference on the part of a people, and their statesmen, ever exceeded that which is and has been exhibited by us towards a country which, properly united with us, and reciprocating the benefits we bestowed, would elevate Great Britain to a position greater than she ever occupied in the annals of history.

COBDEN—THE "MORAL BULLY."

IN another part of our journal will be found, from some author, of whose identity we are at present ignorant, the sketch bearing the title of the "Moral Bully." Henceforward let that appellation cling to Mr. Cobden; for assuredly never did man labour harder to earn it than he and his associate Bright have done in the transaction which associates their names—an honour they little deserve—with that of a brave defender of his country—Admiral Hastings.

A great deal has lately been said about notoriety. Mr. Young and Mr. Muntz have been heavily accused by the Free-trade journals of a desire to acquire, at any price, this forbidden luxury. The choice of a leap off the Monument, a shot at the Queen, a Temple cruelty case, or the report of a Birmingham meeting, is supposed to be quite immaterial to these gentlemen, in their terrible craving for fame. But, what shall we call the hankering of a Cobden? Notoriety does not satisfy him. Ignominy is his preternatural desire, Contempt his soul's *Dulcinea*, Disgust the *El Dorado* of his mind. For, unless such were the case, no man would thrust himself forward with a lying prologue to his own comedy, and finish with a barefaced epilogue of notorious falsehood, bandying the equivocation like a shuttlecock with his Siamese brother, on the political and social stage of the provinces, where he travels like an itinerant *Bottom*.

Messrs. Cobden and Bright put one in mind of the immortal *Pyke* and *Pluck* of *Nickleby* creation. They are bamboozling the simple-minded widow, Mrs. Free-trade. "Did I not, *Pluck*?" says one, asking for the prompt corroboration of some insolent invention. "You did, *Pyke*," replies the Achates. "I appeal to you, *Pyke*," says *Pluck*.

"Oh! honour, he did," rejoins that individual, placing his hand upon the white waistcoat which conceals his hollow thorax. But we do not find that the ingenious confraternity of *Pyke* and *Pluck* were discomfited by contradiction. They generally asserted things which had passed only between themselves, such as observations in praise of the person they were toadying, supposed to have been made in the plenitude of admiration by either party, when absent from the proposed victim of their small-beer arts. But Mr. Bright makes it too difficult for his ready associate to back him. Cobden cannot rescue him. He supplies sheer impudence for an explanation, and denies any satisfaction whatever to the party he has belied. Amongst the arts of a reckless mob orator, the *suggestio falsi* holds an equal if not a superior place to the *suppressio veri*. But both of these yield to a direct and positive assertion, made knowingly and deliberately in order to deceive. Mr. Cobden, in his vulgar eagerness to demonstrate that we want no defences, and are in no danger from invasion, states, that the whole evidence of the gallant Admiral rested upon a hint received from the Bishop of Madagascar. It is scarcely worth while to contradict this for our readers; but from the ignorant audience which Mr. Cobden addressed it elicited a shout of laughter. The Admiral desires a retractation and an apology. Neither are given. We certainly think that he lowered himself by condescending to treat Cobden on gentlemanly terms. It was a mistake to think of sending him a cartel. But we can conceive that a gentleman, who is *not* a mob-orator, might easily, in the hurry of the moment, betake himself to the resource afforded by the little chivalry which is left somewhere or other, here or there, amongst us. We

should as soon, nay sooner, have thought of challenging Widdicomb or Joseph Ady. Nay, we doubt not but at least one of the above individuals might reserve a point of honour where to fight. But Cobden neither fights nor apologises, however gross and glaring the wrong he has inflicted. All moral bullies act thus. O'Connell would not fight; but he called names, and his powers of abuse were proverbial. We trust that Mr. Cobden may not receive the only check that can be imposed upon such conduct. We should be sorry to see any honest fellow fined or imprisoned for his sake.

Let us now exhibit him in another light. The above is personal outrage. Let us now show by what stuff the people are led astray and deceived who listen to such buffoonery as is poured forth by these sordid utilitarians. Listen to his sickly raving about the Hyde Park Conservatory. Let us ask how Mr. Cobden proposes to indemnify the wives and families of the poor men whom he induces to quit their homes and spend their hard-wrung earnings in a trip to the great Babylon? He is recommending a general "goose club" to enable them to wing their flight to London next year.

"There is plenty of time to lay by sufficient for the cheap trip to London, and you cannot do a more worthy act. I was last week in Hyde Park, surveying the building, as far as it had been erected, for this great exhibition. Why, the building itself would repay a visit to London, if you walked all the way. There never was such a space enclosed by human hands before. Talk of the Pyramids covering a large space, or of the great St. Peter's at Rome, or of the Vatican, or of any other great building, there never was anything to be compared to it—nothing ever conceived by human heads, or executed by human hands, to compare with the extent of this vast enclosure, and it is all of glass, too. There is nothing in the 'Arabian Nights' Tales' half so extravagant, as to fancy eighteen or twenty acres of land covered over with a glass

roof. Then what is going to be put in it? Why, at this moment, from all points of the compass, from the remotest parts of the world are wending their way to this great glass palace in Hyde Park, the contributions of Central Asia, of Africa, of China, of the west coast of America; and from every country, civilized and uncivilized, are coming contributions, the choicest contributions of human skill and industry, in order to be deposited in Hyde Park, for the special gratification of the English people. And will there be a man pretending to an atom of intelligence, or worthy of the age in which he lives, that will not be prepared to make some sacrifices in order to go and inspect that glorious concentration of human skill and labour? Recollect, you may not see it again; and I will tell you why. Because as soon as ever that exhibition is over, France will lay in her claim to have the next general exhibition of the results of the world's industry; and depend upon it, the next exhibition, within four or five years from this time, will be at Paris; and no sooner will that exhibition be at an end, than we shall have Austria, or Prussia, or Germany, or Russia, putting in their claim; and so it will make the tour of the world."

It is thus he makes his pernicious rounds, unsettling poor men's minds with spurious nonsense.

Amongst all the effects of the "Exhibition," none will be more melancholy than the destitution of the gaping yokels and mechanics who will come up to town to gaze about, spend their money, and be robbed and plundered. It will be the ruin of many hundred poor families. And this is the work of men like Cobden—those true notoriety-seekers who never, in all their wildest absurdities, lose sight of their own selfish views and speculations.

"Nothing in the 'Arabian Nights' Tales' half so extravagant." We should think not! "Central Asia, Africa, China, the west coast of America—every country, civilized and uncivilized," he tells them is wending its way here, "*for the special gratification of the English people.*" How kind of them! "You may not see it again!" We do not think they ever will; but not for "bully Cobden's" reasons.

In conclusion, let us observe that this man violates all

ties ; when pretending to be the apostle of peace he insults, falsifies, and belies, and refuses the satisfaction which every gentleman, even although finally resorting to the pistol when deeply affronted, voluntarily offers, when he finds himself utterly and grossly in the wrong—in the shape of a regret, an apology, or an explanation.

DECEMBER, 1850.

THE SHADOWS OF THE DEPARTED YEAR.

THE *Times* gives at once the weakest and falsest summary of the events of 1850, that we could conceive even as an emanation from the *Times*. Whilst it is, in many parts, singularly contradictory to the assertions of that journal itself for 1850, some of its expressions and congratulations are specimens of exaggerated cant and fatuity not to be surpassed, equalled, or approached. For a specimen of contradiction, it states, that Austria, with her “immense advantages” over Prussia, is “trembling on the very verge of bankruptcy;” while speaking of the “perilous aid” of Russia. It calls the year 1850 a year of “exemption, recovery, and promise.” “Manufactures and commerce,” it says, “have been active and prosperous beyond all precedent.” Ay, with the activity of a galvanised corpse and the prosperity of a gambler, say we. Let us look at another journal—the *Morning Post*. There we see, under the head of “FREE-TRADE PROSPERITY—ANOTHER REDUCTION,” that a hand-loom weaver can scarcely realise more than 6s. per week ; that the Messrs. Dixon have just reduced their wages 10 per cent., owing to the depression of trade ; and that the Glasgow manufacturers have also reduced their

people one halfpenny an ell, whilst the Carlisle artisans are in the lowest state of misery. Which of these two is the lie? It will need no Irish echo to answer—the *Times*.

Then comes the *Io Pæan* of "we announced it, and Sir Robert Peel did it." Did what? Sir Robert Peel, forced by the late convictions of a greedy popularity to belie his former career, joined those who have been employed in hurrying the country to that rapid dissolution which the *Times* calls prosperity. We can conceive a bankrupt trader puffing his own false credit: we can imagine the *Times* stating that its circulation has *increased* since the Haynau affair; but it is a novelty in wickedness to see a nation thus deliberately misinformed as to its own crumbling, tottering condition. The *Times* talks of breaking the "*old spell of insulation that has hitherto prevailed over the people of these isles.*" Good Heavens! What does the great sheet of dark print mean? The "*old spell of insulation*" in a nation on whose dominions the sun never sets; but to whom, in 1850, it is the fashion to recommend the abandonment of her colonies! Does the loss of our best blood in arterial jets, in the shape of wholesale emigration to a rival power or to the Antipodes, mean the breaking up of our insular habits? What does anything mean? Ask the *Times*, whose answer of to-morrow shall not be that of to-day, and the day after shall differ from both; but one day of this polyglot of opinion is better than all the world-honoured writings of Thucydides, the *true* historian—so says Mr. Richard Cobden.

Let us follow the *Times* a little further. Mark: this has been a year of what? Oh! of "recovery, exemption, prosperity, and promise." We now find "either that England has not been called on this year to play a great part in the politics of the world, or she has not been equal to her

part." Why either alternative? Because, we answer, she is despised and comparatively powerless. She has played the small bully and played it in vain. She has only been successful in yielding and giving away, which it is always easy to do to the end of the chapter. We have prevailed on the United States to allow us to assist and pay for a Grand Junction Atlantic and Pacific Canal, which it is their intention, at no very distant period, to seize. Nay, if they do not mean this perfidy now, events will force it on them, which a wise English Legislator, were there one, would anticipate. We have yielded petty constitutions to some of our Colonies. Then come what the *Times* calls "spontaneous movements grander than any devised by statesmen and enacted by Legislatures." It *means* the emigration from Ireland!—which we interpret thus:—The cruelty, gambling, mistakes, and narrow policy of our statesmen have driven a worn-out nation to emancipate itself by a convulsive and spasmodic rupture of the ties of country. Animated by a last hope, a skeleton mob turns its cavernous eyes to the rays of the setting sun, and there sees or thinks to see the hope denied for ever at home. This is your "grand spontaneous movement"—this your triumph of nature over art—of a people over legislation! This the empiric brain weaves into congratulation to Great Britain, whose shores are deserted by famine, in the name of emancipation; but with no home provided in our own possessions, no help, no aid, save the blessing of the *Times*!

It is the miracle of Necessity, the triumph of Misery, the creation of Despair; but it is greater in its execution than aught conceived by Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell; for there is sublimity in the Exodus of an oppressed people! We had almost forgotten in our summing

up the congratulation of the *Times*, thus blundering in the art of deception, that another important subject of its satisfaction is Popery, thrust down the throat of an indignant nation, whose Ministry either dare not, or cannot, defend their God, their QUEEN, or their PEOPLE.

JANUARY, 1851.

WHAT WILL THE GOVERNMENT DO FOR OUR NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES?

THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HOWE'S MISSION.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE, in whose teeth the *Times* has vulgarly flung what is by it meant to be a reproach, namely, his honourable and glorious rise from the situation held here by a "Tittlebat Titmouse," to be Chief Magistrate of a mighty country—President FILLMORE, we say, has firmly but courteously declined to honour with his presence the Great National Fool's Show and child's play of England, in the year 1851. Why has he done so? Why is he not anxious to cement those amicable arrangements which henceforth are to bind with green withies the whole human family in the bonds of peace? Because, first, he dare not come, if he would; and, secondly, it is not the policy of the United States to commit themselves by such friendly visit to future friendly relations. The "Great Exhibition" of England is regarded by Americans with ridicule and dislike. Their hatred to the Mother Country is now joining itself to contempt, and is on the increase, fostered at once by their desire to possess Canada and our North American territories, and by the continual advent of thousands expelled from this country with bitter animosity in their hearts, and burning revenge in their bosoms, towards the country which has

driven them forth. Yet, in spite of this, England's Free-trade journals express their stupid degrading hope that he will, may, might, should, or would, condescend to come. There is nothing so undignified as the despised hospitality, which a would-be Amphytrion continues to press on him who declines it. In this position are we now placed by certain of our journalists. No! the United States, in common with the rest of the world, is not well disposed towards us. How should she be, when her vitals are continually replenished by those driven in the hate and frenzy of despair and want from our shores? How should she be, when, at the anniversary of her proclamation of independence, the Court-house of every town, ay, and village in the Union, witnesses the degradation of the British name. There you may see the brow knit with renewed ill-will on the part of the full-blown citizen; while the new-comer blushes with shame, but at length repudiates his ancestry. There the child is taught hatred to, and jealousy of, England. Is this picture true or not? How should it be otherwise, when Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company's territories tempt them, and the Panama Canal swells their breasts with new ideas of greatness? No! America refuses her President and her seventy-four, the Pennsylvania, to our foolish Exhibition; and she is at least consistent in so doing, and respectable in her hatred.

To leave for awhile this unpleasant subject, it is unfortunately difficult to imagine the present Government of Great Britain, or any one that appears likely to succeed it, treating our most important possessions in the liberal spirit and with the generous conduct and righteous policy which can alone secure them to us. At this moment, an opportunity of wise conciliation is held out; in the case of the

maritime provinces of North America, which may perhaps never again be afforded. Yet, in the midst of our glass building, our child's play at rearing a house of cards, our great toy of grown-up industry, and in the centre of the Papal distraction, and all the bustle and confusion of the internal and external petty juggleries, and rivalries, and intrigues, which make up what is called the Government of this great but sinking country, we fear that all will be in vain. We have, indeed, but little expectation that anything will be done to preserve Canada to England, and thereby save England through Canada. We are nearly hopeless; but will not the less strive to lay before our readers what may still be lost by reckless folly, on the one hand, or gained by a slight exercise of honesty and judgment, on the other.

The authors of "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved,"* a work to which we have frequently before alluded, have made a singular omission in the execution of the somewhat comprehensive task which they proposed to themselves. In laying before the public the immense importance of our Canadian and North Western possessions, and amongst other things in expatiating upon the splendid lakes of Canada, studded with numerous and important fleets, they have said very little of the maritime-coast provinces which still acknowledge our sway. If they carried Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in their minds, they did not comment upon them to their readers, and seem indeed to

* The allusions made to a work of which the writer is himself part author must be considered as legitimate references, and not put down to egotism or vanity. It is permitted to a writer to refer to what he has before said; but even to mention anonymously one's own book is a somewhat delicate matter.

have altogether passed them over or taken them for granted. But in point of value and interest, we cannot turn to any portion of our dominions which exceed these in interest and value; and foolish indeed must be the man, who turns for a home amongst our own possessions to New Zealand or Natal, when these healthy, thriving, and luxuriant provinces are open to him. But the authors of "Britain Redeemed" were necessarily forced to leave their task imperfect. It is the British Government which almost abnegates the existence of these uncut gems in the British Crown, shortly to be plucked from us by others, if we stupidly refuse to stoop in order to grasp them with the proud satisfaction of calling them our own. The progress of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick has been indeed wonderful. Unaided, and retarded by colonial jobbing, they have developed their amazing resources in a manner the most creditable. Their fleet of 2,500 vessels trades in every sea. Their population increases, their crops are fertile, their self-government admirable. With regard to New Brunswick; let us refer for a brief moment to the work of Professor Johnston, which now lies before us, for a testimony as to its agricultural capabilities and for what has been and may be done with them. This gentleman was invited to make a rapid survey and report, and his work, to which we shall again refer, gives excellent testimony as to the progress of this country. We open the volume at random. "In the county of Gloucester," he says, "in 1832, only about 700 bushels of grain were raised; in 1844, upwards of 50,000; the value of which, with potatoes, turnips, and hay, was upwards of £40,000!" In another part, he gives tables of comparative produce between New York, Ohio, Western Canada, and New Brunswick, *all in favour of the last.*

We have not space to dilate upon all these things. Suffice it to say, that to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should a portion of that tide of emigration be directed which now leaves our shores to lose itself in the far-off barren wilderness of the Leicester Square Panorama, or to enrich our powerful rivals of the United States.

Alas! when we think what might have been, and what may still be done with our noble possessions; but *will not*—we could fling down our pen with chagrin and melancholy, and ourselves seek the shore as a desponding exile from this land of voluntary suicide.

Let us now turn to the practical part of this preliminary article upon the development, through British means, of our North American maritime provinces, and the return which may be thence expected.

The Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, of whom we can only say that he is an earnest patriot, and at once a loyal Englishman and valued, tried and influential Nova Scotian, is now in this country on a mission to induce the English Government to guarantee a loan for the immediate purpose of constructing a railway between Halifax and Portland, to be continued to New York. If that guarantee be not granted, our colonists are determined to borrow the money themselves on the best terms they can make. But upon so small a thing depends, perhaps, not only their goodwill and loyalty, but their future allegiance to the British Crown. The meanest statesman, who is aware of the causes of the loss of our former American possessions, will not find this difficult to comprehend. Neglect and indifference, in some instances, are equal, in their effects, to tyranny and oppression. If we repel the advances of our provinces at this juncture they will turn towards the United States. It may

be pointedly observed, at this moment, that if they have nothing to gain from a connexion with us, they may lose much. Had a war lately been declared with France, upon the miserable Greek question, what would have become of their shipping scattered all over the world? In what position would their trading interests have been? They are asking for a "*further industrial development*." We on the other hand are anxious for room for our excess of population; not for destruction, not for mere loss of so many heads, or else, as is remarked elsewhere, "a pestilence were better than emigration." They have material, we have people. Let us open the doors of our Poor Law Bastilles; let us gently export, not transport, our Irish brethren; let a speedy and cheap communication populate New Brunswick, and relieve Great Britain; and let the first link of the great chain be rivetted, which shall bind our people, now existing on the other side of the Atlantic, to us; whilst, at the same time, it is the commencement of a scheme of greatness never before opened to any country on the face of the earth.

The guarantee to Nova Scotia will start an enterprise which will not stop until the line, by another great trunk, has reached Quebec. From Quebec the West will be opened and traversed. Our attention thus excited, we may, by a glorious process, depopulate the poor-houses of Great Britain. But we must halt here for a moment, wishing the Honourable Mr. Howe that success which his great and important mission deserves.

THE SLOANE CASE.

THE greater part of the most violent SLOANE-hunters are only actuated by that species of virtuous indignation which

influences a brainless and heartless mob. Each of these individuals, from the old woman who lunged at him with an immense umbrella, to the smallest vermin-infested alley-hunting *gamin*, that poked fun and filth at "him wot starved the girl in the Temple," would have passed fifty Jane Wilbreds dying on a door-step of inanition, and covered with sores—and passed by on the other side. These are not the sons and daughters of charity! It was not the crime they persecuted; but a fellow-being, dragged forth into the ghastly lamp-light of a dreadful notoriety. It was not pity; but the spirit which hunts cats and destroys life. It was the wounded wolf torn by his fellows. In the journals of the 30th ultimo, read the account of the death of John Berknell, who died among respectable Christians, whose double duty it was to relieve him and then ask—whether, save in some of its filthier details of fantastic brutality, the case of Jane Wilbred may not easily find a silent parallel in England? This man's skeleton was viewed by a shuddering jury in the corner of a bare room. His anatomy was safe from rats in its shrivelled attenuation. Yet he died visibly amongst his fellows, and none aided him but one poor woman, who did not hunt Sloane, but who sold her sheet to buy a shirt to cover his nakedness. The parish surgeon attends him in his last moments and writes an illegible order, which the workhouse does not execute, and so the "bones" die and the jury pries into the starvation-tainted room, and the surgeon is blamed, and a shell ordered. We only wonder that the verdict was not "Died by the visitation of God!" The hand of Jane Wilbred will probably be asked in marriage by a speculative parish officer. All we can say is, may her torturers suffer what they deserve; but we detest a fashion even in retribution, and regret that the

blind Justice should hobble on more quickly when her steps are heralded by a flaunting notoriety.

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM SOIREE.

ONE of these spasmodic contributions to the Rogues' March of England down the abyss of time, took place the other day—Richard Cobden showing his face from the chair without the burning blush of degradation which ought to have turned that dial of equivocation into the scarlet efflorescence of a broken-stalked peony. If we mistake not, this *Soirée*—(God help the name!)—is an anniversary of the same tea-drinking imbecility which a few years ago invited EUGENE SUM as its honoured and distinguished guest! Amidst its sickly festivities, its dancing, dramatic readings, tea and cakes—the bad taste of reading the part of Sir “Lucius O’Trigger,” with an intended reference to Sir Thomas Hastings, was perpetrated, *pace* Cobden! It should be remembered, that “Sir Lucius,” although ridiculous in his Irishisms and his amorous and fighting propensities, is still a man of honour and a gentleman—a character we lament to see becoming more singular in England—thanks to her sordid betrayers—daily. It should also be born in mind, that there are other impersonations which might have been read with advantage to the “moral Bobadils” of the day—such as “Mawworm,” “Joseph Surface,” and a few others. After Mr. Cobden had made his usual oration in praise of his doctrines and their besotted followers, he wound up with a compliment to the *Times*, at the expense of the Greek historian Thucydides, saying that one copy of the former was more esteemed in England and America than

the whole productions of the Greek historian! As Thucydides was celebrated for *truth*, we can understand the reason of Mr. Cobden's preference.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHANCERY REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE *Times*, which has been so remarkably silent as to the proceedings of this Society—only giving it a contemptible report upon one occasion, when it stated that the attendance at a public meeting of the Association was thin—is about, we imagine, to elbow all other Chancery Reformers out of the way, and write a series of pompous denunciations against that which the British public, thoroughly awakened, will no longer bear. It will then, pointing to the defunct and sprawling dragon of ages, assert boldly that the *Times* is the sole champion of improvement and redresser of abuses, and that it killed Chancery single-handed. But no person who regards truth can deny, whatever the exact issue may be, that it is by the Chancery Reform Association alone that England has been first awakened and aroused, not only to a sense of her position with regard to the iniquity of her Equity Courts; but also to the now patent fact that she can and will alter or get rid of them. This, however, will not be done by the pretence of a Chancery Commission, which is an expensive blind to the public. It may be well to observe that the *Times* of yesterday, in its leading article of praise on the year past and trust in the year to come, uses as rough language towards the Court of Chancery as ever did the most violent sufferer, who, having lost all his

fortune and a great portion of his liberty by the accursed practices of Chancery, comes with the bitterness of experience to lend his trembling voice to its denunciation at a meeting of the Chancery Reform Association. We now come to one of the most ridiculous treatises, perhaps, ever indited by a puzzled artist of the pen, in making up an article in defence of an untenable position, and an unpopular cause. It is in the shape of a criticism in the *Law Review*, on the Pamphlets of the Chancery Reform Association. Now, this funny writer first desires, in the most friendly spirit, that no one will sneer at the Pamphlets or their authors, and then proceeds to say that it is all a grievous truth, and that he has not one word to urge in defence of the administration of our Equity Courts. He then gives the names of the Council of the Association, in order to sneer at them, and says he has never heard of the individuals composing it before, with the exception of Joseph Hume. So great is the confessed obscurity of the writer of this article, and so excessive his bad taste, that he makes this unnecessary observation, which has nothing to do with the subject. Yet the name of the Member for Birmingham, William Scholefield, is not altogether unknown, or that of James Wyld, M.P., or Richard Fox, M.P., or the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P.,—even Effingham Wilson might have been heard of by him, if he live in England, which we are forced to doubt. The legal contributors to the *Law Review* reside, O ye unlearned men, who have not the honour to be solicitors, in the Hebrides, or, perhaps, Clement's Inn! Let us observe one thing here, which is, that every individual hitherto unknown to fame or to Brown, job Law Reviewer, but whose name is now found in the list of the Council of the Chancery Reform Asso-

ciation, deserves some future credit at the hands of his fellow-countrymen but for that single circumstance.

Now then for the development of this writer's absurdity. Having first premised that it is all a true bill, and that Chancery is iniquitous and oppressive, he gets into a violent state of agitation. "Good heavens!" he exclaims, "what are they at? What will be the end of it? Here are unknown Brown, Jones, and Robinson, with respectable Joe Hume at their head, whom I, that is we, do know by name, getting up a pretty agitation. It will spread, sirs, it will spread! Chancery will be destroyed, and O Heavens! NOT BY LAWYERS." This is the substance of the complaint of this Solon. "This iniquitous Chancery!" he says, "why did not *we* remedy it? But we did not. Therefore, all the injured, ay, and the discontented, the restless, the clever and unprincipled will attack it." There is a sweet, delicious *naïveté* about this writer, a charming simplicity and frankness, surely not nurtured in the purlieus of Chancery-lane, or Pump-court. He now lauds the "Law Amendment Society." This is the first we have heard of it. Who, we ask, in turn, are the members of its Council? It was founded, he tells us, seven years ago, not for vulgar clamour, but for calm discussion of legal abuses. In those seven years, what has it done? It has been looking for a REMEDY. The abuses and grievances, the reviewer tells us, are patent enough. God knows they are to the sufferers. But the Chancery Reform Association has given and still gives publicity to them, and this is what the hypocritical *self-reforming* upholders of the system do not like. Fancy Chancery reforming itself at its own pace! But no one is to be deceived by such mild nonsense. Next the innocent writer—we wish equity or iniquity may always have such a frank

and harmless supporter—in a deprecating tone blames the great leaders of the garrison, from whom in their high places the abomination of Chancery has wrung the repentant admission of the *bravo*, in a moment of dyspepsia or a fit of the gout. Amongst them we could cite Lord Chancellor Brougham, Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, and a host of others. We must, however, say that the writer shows a trifle more sense towards the conclusion of his remarks. His concluding advice not to be violent is, nevertheless, of the PUNIC order. It is only by rough usage, that such an extraordinary practical perversion of the human intellect, as the Court of Chancery, can be dealt with and subverted.

PRUSSIA AND THE "TIMES."

THE "*Times*" follows up the settlement of the Prussian and Austrian affair in its usual style of ponderous misrepresentation. Every one knows that Prussia has this time been saved by the energetic measures she took to prepare for her own defence. Whatever weakness or moderation her Plenipotentiary may have shown, or whatever vacillation may have been exhibited by her Monarch, still the country and the people were in arms with a force that bade defiance to Europe. The glorious Landwehr was called out. Prussia presented the sublime spectacle of an unanimous people in arms to assert her rights and liberties. What were now her position, but for this? But the ingenious, honourable, disinterested, patriotic, truthful "*Times*" is ignorant of all this, and deplores the Landwehr, and thinks the Prussian army a failure, a *Falstaffian* combi-

nation of Mouldy, Feeble, Wart, and Bull-calf. The mercy of Russia, and the moderation of Austria, influenced by the councils of the Holy Father, that grand Pacificator of Nations, alone preserved them from themselves. Bless these sensitive Prussians!—Austria meant nothing *but to maintain the Federal Constitution of Germany created by treaties*. The Austrian Minister, aware of the “immense advantages in his position,” which nothing impeded but the slaughter of half a million of raw levies, has been most temperate and moderate. Prussia was in a most weak state with this armament of hers! Of course she was. With all this balderdash of the disinterested “*Times*”—mere unpaid drivelling as it is—nothing but unbribed ignorance, we assure you—*bond fide* articles, sir—even the City men, who think by aid of the “*Times*,” will hardly be persuaded over their meridian chop at ‘Joes,’ that Prussia, yielding a point from disinclination to war, with five hundred thousand men and bayonets ready and willing, nay, ardent to back her choice, is the same thing as unarmed Prussia meekly abiding the dictates of SCHWARTZENBERG and Co. Baron MANTUFFEL may be traitor or fool, or neither, for all we know; but the Landwehr *was* called out and Austria baffled.

SUBJECTS FOR ARTISTS.

THINGS ACCEPTABLE TO THE GENIUS OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. THE “*Times*” supporting the Church of England.
2. The Pope receiving the homage of France, his eldest daughter.
3. The commiseration of the mob for the victim of Mrs. SLOANE.
4. Bishop BLOOMFIELD weeping over

his duty in accepting Mr. Bennett's resignation. 5. Mr. Jones painting the Industrial Palace *green*. 6. A Parish Pauper's death by the "Visitation of God." 7. An Englishman imprisoned fourteen years by *mistake* of the Court of Chancery. 8. Britannia watching over her maritime glory:—"Scene, a large duck-pond with the yellow hulk of a seventy-four *visibly* rotting in the centre, before a large bay-window of the Admiralty, where are sitting several land and sea-lords, with their hands in their (*gy?* the nation's) breeches' pockets. In the back-ground a British tar, who had served with Howe and Nelson, sits dying of inanition against the door-step of a workhouse with a little model of a ship between his knees. Enter five-and-twenty drunken Frenchmen from a chop-house in Leicester-square,* half *ouvriers* with blouses and hip-trouser pockets and half national guards. They insult Britannia and push her rudely against the shutter of the Colonial-office. Policeman Snooks, of the (A) division, vainly interposes. Scene closes. 9. The Crystal Arch of Humbug—made on the expansive principle of the centre entrance of the Inferno—under which the celebrated transition step is taken from Puseyism to Papacy. N.B. No visible change in the individual who takes the step. Single men preferred.

* The scene which suggested this was witnessed by a friend of the writer in a street close to Leicester Square the other night. Some twenty-five Frenchmen, amongst whom several were in uniform, were indulging in a little national excitement, and exhibiting much insolence and a disposition to be quarrelsome. They pushed an English female against a shutter with rude violence. But then the French are *so* polite—in the style which sits upon an unnecessary extra great-coat by the side of a woman drenched with rain on a stage-coach, but bows on parting; or, in the manner which, in travelling, helps itself, viz., the bearded foreign gent., to the breast and wings of a fowl, and then pushes the dish to Madame across the *table-d'hôte* to help herself!

VOLUNTARY SYSTEM—LORD CARLISLE'S LECTURES.

IN the establishment of a voluntary system, an emulation in the fervour and charities of religion is doubtless produced, which the pride and luxury of an established religion must destroy. All religions should be equally tolerated, with the exception of the intolerant; but the Government of the laity should look with a most jealous eye upon all undue means of proselytism—such as interfering with parental authority, intimidation, and the licentious practices of the Romish clergy. The Roman Catholic Church must, of necessity, in any healthy country which is not entirely Roman Catholic, be precluded from the exercise of civil rights. Its own insidious daring and violent nature warrants us in this apparent illiberality—the illiberality of protection to others. You cannot tolerate intolerance. The Roman Catholic Church has never been humble or discreet, save in misfortune. Its noxious properties increase in a cube ratio to its power. We have already quoted the opinions of Goethe, Macaulay, Michelet, and Southey: let us now add the opinion of a philosophic contemporary of Burke. There are some men who live for their time, and some before it. The former are generally unsound men; because, however brilliant, they do not deal with abstract truths and broad principles. The latter are ever right; because the remedial cycle of events repairs always in the future the errors of the present, although new mistakes and follies arise—so that human nature, never arriving at perfection, is continually correcting itself. Let us now direct the attention of our readers to the opinion of such a man as we have last described. Mathias

in his "Pursuits of Literature" thus speaks of Roman Catholicism:—

"My language and arguments are designed only to show that the spirit of the system of Popery yet remain unaltered in its great and leading principles. If it perish, it will perish altogether. I love toleration in the constitutional sense of the word *as much as any designing patriot of the day*. . . . I cannot think it a mark of intolerance when I deprecate the revival of the Romish superstition in England. There is an enthusiasm—an *ὄργασμος* in the professors of it, which, I know, never forsakes them. It is active where its influence can hardly be supposed. . . . I am only speaking of the spirit and tendency of the system itself. I would carry charity with me in my heart and hand; but I know that charity is, and must be, consistent with a love to my country and to her rights, civil and religious. If I am wrong, I fear I must continue so. I have yet seen no argument to shake my conviction."

In a note to this he adds—

"From obvious causes, indeed, the cruelty, tyranny, and the impiety of the Church of Rome have almost faded from our memory; but we must bring them back to our recollection, if we would understand the 'judgments of God, which are abroad in the earth.' She is now persecuted in her turn. As Englishmen, we forget our injuries; as Christians, we pity and give alms to her exiled adherents. . . . But let us only advert to principles, religious and civil, upon which we are separated from that idolatrous and intolerant power."

At the time this was written the author almost stood alone amongst the "lights" of his age. All the statesmen of the day—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Dundas, Windham, and Canning—were of the sentimental cast of opinion which tolerated the, then, chastened Papist. The Peel school subsequently carried out the mistake of toleration, which will again plunge England into the horrors of civil warfare and religious discord. For ourselves, we declare, unhesitatingly, that we were never friends to Catholic Emancipation. Cruelty and vindictiveness we reprobate. But, above all,

we despise and condemn that which permits and still persecutes. The small system of indecorous interference, desecration, effigy-burning, hissing, hooting, and pelting, we hold to be unworthy of a great country. It is the extreme meanness of legislation to encourage this, whilst it dares not, for the sake of Ireland, Roman Catholic votes, or Continental threats, actual or apparent, drive PUDENTIANA with dignity from our shores. It is thus that we lose every point, whilst we beget and suffer all the ill-will. It is part of an attempt made by individuals born in England, and bearing the name of Englishmen, to denationalize and betray their country, which we shall never cease, during our existence, to stigmatise and regret for the past, the present, and the future.

LUDICROUS EFFECTS OF THE COMING EXHIBITION.

THERE is no mania like the mania of high-pressure civilization. One of the hot-house effects of the Great Conservatory seems already to be the fungus-like fertility induced in the human brain. On every side appear absurdities, and connect themselves with the great triumph of glaziers, the brittle palace of Aladdin. As we remarked before, every quackery and humbug readily ally themselves to the great Imposition. Every man who has rubbish to sell, long given up as unmarketable, tickets it anew "Great Exhibition of 1851!" The twelfth-cake and the potato-can, the Peace-notoriety-monger, the damaged store-keeper,

the crazy inventor of novelties grown stale by disregard—all seek the aid of the gigantic puff. It is the same spirit which would dub a new apparatus the SLOANE gastronomie regenerator; it is a part of the advertising, selling-off, under-selling system. Amongst all the ridiculous nonsense of the day comes a lament over British beef, beer, and cookery. "What will the foreigners think?" Let them think, say we—as we did in France when we ate horse flesh as *filet de bœuf sauté*—as we did in Italy when we suffered on rancid oil, cloudy pale vinegar called wine, greasy omelettes, and stinking cheese. Why did not Spain and Portugal, Italy and Sicily, furnish us gratis with flea-powder, soda, and perfumery? Why were we obliged to rough it, and to endure smells and stings, flatulent provisions, acidity, dirt, and indecorum? Why did not Romans, Parisians, and Neapolitans, stocked as they always were and are with British sight-seers, residents and outlaws gay, fall into British notions with regard to the worship of Cloacina? How sedulous are we as to the comforts of these art-pilgrims! We must, forsooth, forswear "*rost bif*," and "*portare bierre*" to please French flippancy of taste. What an amiable old d—d good-natured John Bull is to be! London is expected to become one universal Leicester-square. A petty model glass-house built on a Chancery desert, an unclean lounge, cheap and nasty restaurants, lively beds, and dusky apartments impregnated with tobacco—let this be the desideratum of Free-trade philanthropy and universal one-sided unreciprocated peace doctrines, inviting the burglar and coaxing the two-legged hyena-ism of modern continental warfare!

Amongst the absurdities which have been promulgated is the fact of an attempted British change of costume.

Henceforth John Bull is to become picturesque! Let us suggest a dress to be in accordance with England's new style of glory. A white sheet of penance for Waterloo and Trafalgar arranged *à la victime*, and of course the product of the cotton-mill; sandals of ass's hide; a Caduceus of palm and olive branch, mixed with the prickly pear and the nettle—the whole surmounted by a foolscap *à la* Cobden, of any height suited to the wearer. Lord John Russell being diminutive would require a very lofty one. It is curious that up to the point that this folly of "romantic toggery" is gravely suggested, the unsightly costume of the English should have made such European progress. Paris has copied the Jockey and Pea-coat Englishman. Italy, in many instances, wears little round hats and "cut-away" coats; and the very Mussulman thinks it is the correct thing to adopt all but the hat. Nay, for aught we know, the present Sultan wears a beaver. The English nation seems stricken with a frenzy.

The last most ridiculous proposition we have seen is one to adopt on shore the state-room and fore-castle berths, in which sailors sleep and landsmen suffer—to make lodging-houses in the style of emigrant ship cabins, with a "steward" (and basin) within call, if necessary. Were this grave proposition advocated in *Punch*, we should think it a jest at the expense of emigrating Britain—a sort of hint that England affords no longer a fitting home to her own children. Fancy London lodging-houses fitted up like sea-going vessels! Imagine the stench and fever and close quarters! Has the ingenious correspondent of the *Daily News*, who recommends what he calls "future state room proprietors," to go down to the docks and hire a ship's carpenter to give the marine finish to their splendid accommodation, thought

of the difference between narrow streets in London, and the fresh pure breeze which rushes down between decks on the broad Atlantic?

THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HOWE'S MISSION FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

IN another part of our paper will be found a poem by the accomplished gentleman, who is now on a visit to this country, charged with a mission of much more importance to its future welfare and existence than the casual reader, or even the unreflecting legislator, may think. We are not amongst those who consider that the fact of writing poetry argues against the practical capability, or even development, of any one. We know that bad statesmen have written bad poetry, and suppose that the public has formed its judgment upon this. Whilst, however, we look with contempt upon the *Times*, which does not admit poetry, *sometimes*, even into its advertising columns, and which would certainly have imprisoned Tasso or Milton had it possessed the power and had they lived in an age to write against the atrocities of Austrian despotism, we certainly do not hold with Carlyle when he ramblingly asserts that Robert Burns ought, by right of his fervid genius, to have guided the helm of the State. For a great intellect might, on the one hand, be liable to great mistakes; whilst, on the other, it might be totally unacquainted with the necessary practical information requisite to statesmen. But there is still this to be said, that, whatever mistakes he might have made, such a man as Burns would never have prostituted

the glory of a great country, and wasted its resources by a series of cunning artifices, mean shuffling pretences, expediency, falsehood, intrigue, and dishonourable policy, in the manner that some great practical "heroes" of this and the latter age have done.

To recur to our subject. In deference to the opinion of the majority, we should withhold from introducing a statesman whom we wish to be well with Englishmen, as a poet, were it not that the subject and the spirit of his poetry bear immediately upon the question of his advent here. He comes from a still loyal colony of this great empire to ask for a boon, a mere trifle—the refusal of which will work woe to England. The song we publish manifests to us the affections of a people which now frankly and fairly asks—"What will England do for us, whose interests are merged in her own?" We, in turn, inquire whether our North American Provinces are to benefit by their alliance with Great Britain, or only to suffer? Is our blind miserable policy still to disregard or oppress, or shall it foster and cherish them? A late exposure of the affairs of the Cape shows the full extent of that of which Home Colonial legislation is capable—a mixture of corruption and expense, combined with an utter disregard of both foreign and home interests, which passes the comprehension of anything but experience. Let English Colonists, the Caffre, and lastly the sturdy Boër, driven from pillar to post, and from one stage in the wilderness to another by the blighting influence of colonial corruption, tell the story of their own wrongs. We expect little from Africa. It is a station *en route* to India. It would have been better had we thus treated it alone. As to Natal, two morning journals have lately, on the same day, described it, one as a Hell upon earth, the

other as a paradise. We believe that our own late medium *Purgatorial* description, afforded to us by the pen of a contributor, is by far the most truthful.

Let us pass to India. The *Examiner* shows, in an able summary of figures last week, the real net value of this blood-stained appanage of the British Crown. Let no one fancy we are for resigning India. Great Britain should resign nothing, and India might be still made a valuable possession. But, looking all around, where amongst all our vast possessions can the eye alone rest with satisfaction? On our North American Provinces. They alone contain within themselves all that is needed by England for her stability and glory. They have room and food for population; material for industry, mines, forests, shipping; and lastly, they afford, we maintain according to sound opinion, the means of retaining our traffic with the East and of keeping pace with and outstripping the vast designs of the United States. Yet of all this we scarcely as yet make any use, whilst we are on the point of letting it slip from our fingers. The paltry ignorant politicians who suffer this loss will cry out in their defence, "It is the natural course of events; it could not be avoided; it is the destiny of colonies to glide from the parent grasp." It is false! Were the United States thus lost, or by our own folly and tyranny? We hesitate not to say, that they might have still been ours. Is the parent who lashes his own offspring from the door on a December night, after treating him or her with every excess of brutality, believed or pardoned when he says—"It is the fate of children to desert their parents. Mine would have left me under any circumstances; therefore, I repent not."

It is a frequent argument with an oppressor to say,

his victim might, would, or could have done, had he not anticipated him.

In spite, however, of our neglect and mismanagement, the Canadas, and more especially Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are still loyal. The sentiments of Mr. Howe's centenary song still prevail. It only wants a little to make those sentiments last for ever. Will that little be granted? The wealth, industry, the enterprise, and the emigration of this country are frittered away everywhere but in the right direction. Shall these be directed to North America? If so, half the redemption of England would be accomplished. On the other side, the United States look to the possession of all that vast country and to the dominion of the "Stars and Stripes" over the whole northern continent of America. Were we at this moment to engage in a war, with France, Russia, or America, our loss of Canada at any rate would immediately happen.

Nothing but a deliberate series of steps commencing, so to speak, from this moment, can save her possessions to England. We must make it the interest and the pride of these provinces to be ours. The prestige of old association is on our side. Their habits, customs, traditions are still ours. Their heart is with us. Alas! they do not know us so well at this distance as we know ourselves, or we fear they would scarcely hesitate to break those links, which our own conduct has attenuated and made fragile.

The Honourable JOSEPH HOWE is one of those whom nature has either formed to assist in preserving this great link unbroken, or to appear hereafter in the foremost ranks of independence when it is broken. He will be a British patriot, if we permit him. He must cherish, at any rate, the nascent greatness of the country which owns him.

At a distance, he has preserved many of those virtues which are nearly extinct amidst corruption here—patriotism, earnestness, frankness, and that want of political selfishness which the *Times* or the selfish spirit of the age may designate “romance and folly” if it please to do so. For the old spirit of England best lives now in the extremities of her empire, whence it now and then returns uncorrupted and untainted, to gaze with wonder and dismay at the rottenness and decay which pervade our social and political condition at home. It was so of yore towards the end of the great Roman Empire. The Colonist, who had only beheld corruption in a Governor and his satellites, and fancied it an exception or an eccentricity, visited headquarters to be enlightened as to the deep-rooted canker of prosperity.

It is at the heart that great and overgrown empires wither, whilst they still blossom at the extremities. The Nova Scotian believes with difficulty in the hollow conduct and principles of our Governments—their imbecility, and fatuity. He is slow to be cast off. He still clings to long-cherished hope and the memory of far-off days. But, in proportion as the affection was great, so in the end does the bitterness prove exceeding. Hatred where once was love is greater than all other hatred; and this will be shown, as it was shown in the late American war, by our other American colonies when they desert us. It is the outraged domesticity of a country, which leaves far behind in passionate aversion the chance dislike of strangers.

Mr. Howe's poem, as we before said, shows the feeling which still animates the breasts of those who are proud, and with reason, of their descent. But those feelings must, to a certain extent, be cherished. Love will neither live on air nor survive ill-treatment, save in the weak breast of

some few frenzied females who emulate the devotion and attachment of spaniels. With countries it is far different. We shall not revert at present to the proposals which Mr. Howz is accredited to make. We shall, however, in a brief sentence or two, point out a few advantages and a few errors.

We have already alluded to the present conduct of emigration. We have stated that the only object of the Government and its abettors, with the exception of the cant-and-twaddle-nurtured mistake of New Zealand, hight the Canterbury Séttlement, seems to be simply expatriation. The system, or rather no system, on which all this is conducted, is a most merciless one. Greater the good fortune, frequently, of those emigrants who are only drowned on their passage out, through negligence, ignorance, over-crowding, or a leaky vessel. Sometimes partial accounts of this reach us; but a lamentable ignorance of broad facts prevail here. Will it be believed that, in one year, 25,000 human beings perished in the process of North American *Emigration* alone by the horrible fever generated by squalor, filth, and bad food? Of these 6,000 died in the passage out, 4,000 in quarantine, 7,000 in hospitals, and the rest in the provinces themselves, including many of the inhabitants thus exposed to the irruption of pestilence in the place of a welcome and generous addition to the provincial band. A cruel catastrophe, whose easy, nay whose natural, avoidance reflects a stain upon our legislature greater than if its armies had lost an unjust battle! The application of steam-vessels to the conveyance of these wretched beings, by a species of "ocean omnibus," would have avoided the generation of the Emigrant Fever. A judicious application of the money now wasted in bandying paupers to and fro from England to Ire-

land, and one-eighth of the sums lately thrown away, because affording no final relief to that unhappy country, would not only have rescued these sufferers, but conveyed eight times their number in safety to the land of promise. Lord Mayors and City Aldermen, rate-payers and tax-haters! only think of this,—a principle which, if carried out, would render three parts of our prisons and four-fifths of our poor-law bastilles unnecessary; whilst it would bind a colony, whose importance you little dream of, to us more firmly, and prevent that hatred which now burns in the breasts of those who desert these cruel shores for the United States. Nay, let us stop here! The pen is unable to describe the blessings which would arise from the exercise of a little of that good sense which is required to regulate British Emigration.

FATHER GAVAZZI.

AMONGST the few who are of the “craft,” and yet dare to condemn the errors of their own system, with the full conviction and experience which a life spent behind the scenes must indeed terribly afford, stands out in bold and noble relief the eloquent Gavazzi. Like one inspired, whose lips have been touched into eloquence by a Divine finger, he comes amongst us like a John the Baptist, or a Peter the Hermit—not preaching in the wilderness; but visiting cities to denounce the vile hypocrisies, the priestly artifices, the monstrous blasphemies of men. In the dress we recommended to PUDENTIANA, were he the real zealot, whose end and object is the reformation of “*Slums*,” comes this disciple, whose conduct does not, at any rate, belie his cause; and preaches

against the purple and mitred misrule that begets sin and infidelity on the pomp and pride of Rome. A rude wooden cross and a black serge habit are borne by him who thus condemns the Church out of its own mouth by the fiery eloquence of his denunciation.

In the history of Christianity, since the days of the first disciples, a finer appeal was never made on behalf of God, piety, and truth, against those who only sell the shrines and forget the divinity—those who insult Heaven in their human temple daily—those who injure Christ in all their practice, and

“Preach religion but to wrong His name.”

Do some of our readers remember our recommendation to PUDENTIANA, in a former number, “Why did not this slum-seeking Cardinal come in the guise of a bare-footed friar?” Behold! such a one comes, but it is to denounce him and those that sent him.

There is an admirable contrast afforded by this pilgrim monk in rude apparel addressing himself to the palaces, the pomp, the sloth, and luxury of the land; whilst his great rival came before him arrayed in all the magnificence of practised superstition, idolatry, chicanery, and intolerance, on a false pretended mission to the SLUMS of Westminster.

THE DAWN OF 1851.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

SOME of our readers may remember an article in our journal a few months ago, entitled “John Bull’s Green-

house of 1851; or a Sling and a Stone for the Great Exhibition." Since that was written, we have seen no reason to change our opinion therein expressed, but, on the contrary, much to strengthen it. We are not dazzled by the Aladdin-like growth of the building, and the universal interest taken in it, or familiarized to the idea by its constant repetition in our sight and hearing so as to believe it a great necessary condition of British civilisation. We are no more to be deceived by it than if the Eastern Counties' Railway Company were to build a magnificent gilded terminus.

The rise and progress of the eighteen-acre conservatory have been truly wonderful. It is a triumph of art, mechanism, science, industry, and combination. We never doubted that it would be so. The same nation that built an useless Thames Tunnel, or the wonderful Britannia tubular bridge, we knew could, if it pleased, erect a building to astonish Europe, whether of stone, brick, glass and iron, lath and stucco, or *papier mâché*. It is a splendid triumph of misplaced energy. It is, indeed, a miraculous building. We have gazed on it with pride and admiration; but turned away with a sigh, as we reflected upon the vanity and folly which placed it there. How many there are, we exclaimed, whose minds cannot travel beyond that building, who think neither of its occasion, nor its consequences, and who seeing that it is wonderful and brilliant therefore fancy that it is good—gazing upon it like Indians on the white man's approaching ship. There are others whose momentary interests are awakened—others who are merely excited. The cry is, the "Great, Great Exhibition, the glorious Palace of Industry, the Crystal Wonder! Come and look at it!"

We have said that it is a wonderful building. With the feeling which we have against it, it would seem but a transparent spite to say otherwise. But if John Bull chose to erect, in an incredibly short period, a mausoleum or sepulchre—a sort of combined Highgate and Hampstead cemetery with a touch of Père-la-chaise, Constantinople, and Nineveh, and to adorn it within like the banquetting-hall of Sardanapalus and without like the Palace of the Cæsars, and then, there and therein to commit a *felo de se* of himself together with his own Industry—there is no doubt but that it would be the largest, most extraordinary, and magnificent tomb the world has ever seen. England is at this moment one vast hive of industry—and misery. Every nerve and filament of her being is in full tension. Her powers are taxed to the utmost. What is this Glass-house? The toy of a diseased giant. Wonderful, splendid, fairy-like as it is, we cannot, however, although the sun of a mild January shine his brightest thereon, felicitate the nation upon it. We would as soon think of congratulating the memory of the builders of the Pyramids, which, at least, have had the merit of duration beyond even the correct remembrance of the epoch which gave them birth. But this has risen and will fall almost as rapidly. Do any of our readers remember the fate of the Palace of Aladdin? It was built and carried off in one night. Is the splendid description of the Palace of Mammon familiar to them in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton?—

“Let none admire

That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

And strength, and art, are easily out-done
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.

* * * * *

Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore;
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould; and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes,
 Anon out of the earth, a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven
 The roof was fretted gold.

The ascending pile

Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the doors
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiringly enter'd; and the work some prais'd
 And some the architect."

Paradise Lost, Book I.

There! Messrs. Fox and Henderson, what do you think of that? It appears that the Devil had found a California below—and, indeed, glass was not then invented, or the similitude might have been a degree more perfect. The "dulcet symphonies" are easily to be referred to Jullien's

"March of all Nations to the Great Exhibition." It is really a striking parallel. Let us turn over a page of the poet, passing by the passage where another architect

"is headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in Hell."

Milton *was* rather rambling and discursive sometimes.

"They anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended : all access was throng'd ; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
*Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in.*"

An evident allusion to the gay heroes of Rotten Row. Milton does not say whether or not a tree were left within his Industrial Palace. There might have been ; and, if so, it was probably the identical Tree of Knowledge of Evil, from which he afterwards conveyed a slip to the Garden of Eden, to be engrafted with that of "Good" originally set there. There is a wonderful capability in the figure of speech and writing called allegory.

To return to mundane matters. We shall hereafter again revert to the evil consequences we apprehend from this gigantic experiment. If, as the *Times* has lately declared, a crowded state of human beings be the first thing to attract and the last thing to retain the mysteriously-generated miasma of cholera, we may reasonably apprehend much danger in the summer of 1851. This is a danger to which we have not before alluded. Considering it, as we do, to be a contingency held in a Divine and Merciful Hand, we shall not further allude to it than to pray that such may not be the case. Let, however, those who recommend apartments to be fitted with ship-berths on shore, and who

triumph in the advent of swarms of foreigners to London, already so densely populated, think of this "sanitary" hint, and take heed that we have not to bury a third of the "Great Exhibition." Imagine the cholera at such a time! That new forms of physical and moral disease will be generated we fully believe. Both crime and scrofula will assume fresh shapes. This is the universal result of strange mixtures. The first touch of Europe and America threatened to depopulate the world. As to sharpers, swindlers, and thieves, they are all on the *qui vive*. Imagine what must be a Derby-day of six months' duration in the estimation of a thimble-rigger! We have already heard of organized bands of scoundrels preparing to leave both America and France for the Great Fair. However, the Exhibition must now take place, unless some extraordinary circumstance, such as the declaration of war, should occur; but a legislator, before he gave his approval to a thing so fraught with contingencies and perils, should have deeply considered and pondered. The "Great Exhibition" ought to have received the ratification of the British Parliament as to something more than its mere site.

The site we consider badly chosen. There is a spot in Kensington Gardens, in front of the Palace, which it might better have occupied. It would then have interfered with none, and would have had the advantage of an outer ring of protection.

As to the building, we trust that a meeting, which we understand will take place to-day, will duly consider the dangers which may arise from pressure on one part arising from a panic, or from wind and tempest. If one part give way, as far as we can discover, all will fall. Thus, were one iron supporter thrown out of the centre of gravity, the

whole fabric would tumble down like a pack of cards. This arises from a want of diagonal supporters. We understand, however, that something has already been done in this way, and hope that no precaution may be spared. It is easy to conceive that, when a roof is supported on the strongest perpendicular columns, any weight may be placed on them, so as almost to drive them into the earth as long as they *are* perpendicular; but the moment that is lost, a very little would cause the whole to collapse. We cannot better illustrate this than by alluding to a trick practised by "strong men." These place themselves in a position to resist being drawn away by the force even of horses. One of them has been known to fall accidentally a little out of the attitude during the strain, and to have his bones immediately crushed by that which he had been in the habit of enduring. Science, in her triumphs, is sometimes forgetful of first rules. The falling in of a certain iron roof at the Bricklayer's Arms, which might have been attended with such dreadful circumstances had the place been crowded, may serve as a warning to the ingenious contractors, Messrs. Fox and Henderson.

We shall in future allude to what we consider as worthy of remark in the Great Exhibition, and shall certainly not blindly disapprove of anything, because it is there under the roof of a mistake, any more than we would now refuse at our breakfast to partake of a free-trade French-roll; or, if we were a holder of Iberian dishonoured bonds, turn proudly away from the performance of a Soyer illustrated by a Spanish onion.

DECEMBER, 1850.

CAPTAIN WARNER.

A DEFENCE AGAINST TWADDLING CRUELTY.

A SICKLY and yet malicious article in the *Daily News*—a journal which we in general respect for its observations on foreign policy and anti-absolutist feelings—made a very illiberal attack last Monday upon Captain WARNER, which, amongst other things, contains an allusion to Walter Scott's celebrated character of Dousterswivel, in the "Antiquary:" thereby insinuating, by induction, that the English Captain has qualities in common with the German Jew swindler.

In this article is to be found all the usual symptoms of the mania which sees a drab-coloured world around it, even although all men should be fighting—a kind of broad-brimmed apocalypse of utilitarianism, now so much in vogue in England, whose voluntary castration will lead her to become a world's wonder ere long, and to fall into an abyss of contempt from which no Newspaper or Manchester rant will save her. Yes, England will be physically beaten and drubbed, in spite of moral remonstrance and Christian bitterness of persuasion. Every one knows the fable of the fox, who cut off his tail, or rather tried to persuade others that he had done so. The poor fox had done the best he could. It was not his fault if others would not copy him. But England cuts off her own tail on mere speculation, and the continental foxes do not dream of imitating her. Oh! for a sketch from Molière to illustrate peacemongering. His inimitable pen could alone do it justice. Captain Sword and Captain Pen have long been at issue in this country. We cannot precisely tell why literary men are so furious against soldiers. Is it imagination, or philanthropy, or

envy of the red coat, or affectation, or morbid enthusiasm? We know not. But true it is that your writer is not surpassed by David—not him of Scriptural renown, but the servant of Bob Acres, Esq., in the “Rivals”—in his hatred against “doubled-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols.”

We have our opinion about Peace and War and all that. Were we minister or monarch, we would endeavour always to promote the former and avoid the latter, in order to preserve life, wealth, and industry—looking upon it at once as acceptable to Heaven and beneficial to our country and the world. But, in order to carry this principle out, and to lose no opportunity of creating and enjoying peace, our first endeavour would be to be armed, and thus command it. To ask for peace aloud, and to insist upon it silently, are alike evidences of a desire to avoid war; but how different in their consequences! The true moral force of a nation is that which is founded on consciousness of physical power, and the external happy results of it depend upon others being aware of the fact. As to the abstract question of universal peace, we do not expect such a blessing until men are born without backs to their heads—a phrenological phenomenon of which as yet we have seen no indication. The combative developement of the human cranium will never allow of a millennium, at whatever perfection foreheads may arrive. At this moment, Ireland, as a whole, is *hors de combat* from positive inanition; but she breaks out wonderfully in domestic murders. Science has made marvellous progress here. But she has brought back burglars and highwaymen, and over Europe, generally, Tyranny never exercised such armed jubilee. This all proves to us the melancholy probability that human ingenuity is rounded

by a circle. Let us beware that things are not pushed too far. No progress has been made, we assert it boldly, in religion or happiness. The paltry miracle of the middle ages boldly confronts the triumphs of chemistry. The Papal superstition runs its railway lines across the human intellect. In England, France, and America, the steam-press has inundated a reading humanity with trash, which destroys all appreciation of what is really good and great. The false usurps the place of the real. The counterfeit sovereign drives the gold one out of circulation : it is so well executed.

These are reflections which give us breathing space in the onward rush of civilization. They are bitter lessons to presumptuous man. The traditions, nay, the actualities, of the world, all lend themselves to our argument. The human race has, in various parts of the globe, attained a civilization, not similar in its features to this present, but equal and superior in many respects. There has been a far greater civilization of genius, poetry, philosophy, and truth, than is now extant. These were undermined by luxury and corruption. All these remarks tend to rebuke the pride of England. Let her remember that she holds no patent of duration and success ; and let her not too blindly rely upon her science and invention—for she has killed no wickedness and destroyed no ruin. Let her be prepared for an evil day, and not trust to the Providence of barter and the great god Mammon only. If her divinities must be heathen, let her not forget Mars alone ; since by him she rose into greatness, with the permission of One greater than all.

Let us now turn to our immediate subject. Before again expressing our disgust for the attack upon Captain WARNER in the *Daily News*, let us make one observation, which is this :—It is an article wholly unlike the spirit of the journal.

We looked at the top of the paper to see if we had not got hold of the *Times* by mistake. It is a bitter, tyrannical, unjust attack—one which speculates in its premises, and condemns on conclusions idly drawn from them. It is personal and unmanly; striking, as it does, a man when he is down.

We believe, invention or no invention, Captain WARNER to be an honest enthusiast. But he is compared to Douster-swivel, or the latter is inferentially compared to him. Thus he is placed in the invidious light of a charlatan, who has, with base intention, swindled his king, his country, and his friends, all in turn. But the article we refer to, which pleads in the old style and joins issue on every plea, finds fault equally with Captain WARNER, even if his invention be genuine, not only in *his* mind, but *per se*. "If he can blow folks up, so much the worse." It is not attempted to prove, except by insinuation and the doubt in narrow minds attending every invention—which, of necessity, is a novelty, and, therefore, to be condemned by anticipation—that Captain WARNER is not really the possessor of some deadly secret in the destructive art. But, if he be, so much the worse that he has escaped imprisonment. It is a pity that he and his bomb cannot both be thrust back into prison for contempt of Chancery, with nothing but the chance of a visiting-officer, during fifteen years to discover them; and Sir Edward Sugden, in the parched and arid language of a whole Sahara of legal eloquence, to explain satisfactorily his case! Odds death and bloodshed! Why, this man deserves to be strangled by the fingers of a peace-maker for wishing to anticipate the routine of Woolwich. Why didn't he build a glass-house instead? Odds cotton and cant! Why could he not invent some novelty in a mill for human labour

—to make children happy, as they must be in growing distorted and dying early, to fill the pockets of a Cobden?

But there is to be a place in the Exhibition for plans of national defences, of which notable design we speak elsewhere. Are these to be irrespective of bloodshed? Are they simply to be a number of broad-rims, stuck on marrow-fat pea-sticks?—or white cotton pocket-handkerchiefs fresh from wringing the nasal organ of snuffling hypocrisy, or drying the oily tears of sentimentality weeping over negro brothers? What is to be the style of defence—a martello tower or a musket—Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol or a sworn constable's staff? We should like to know, as, doubtless, will the French, what Britannia proposes to herself. However, as long as war exists, and gunpowder is used for other purposes than bird-shooting and rock-blasting, we maintain that it is our duty to cherish every discovery—ay even in the way of destruction—by which this country may excel others. Patriotism and Peace alike demand it—not the citizenship of the world and the theoretical peace of fools and traitors; but real peace, and the patriotism which learns to benefit the world by cherishing home first.

We cannot go through all the attack in the *Daily News* against a man who has just emerged from prison upon a thankless world, who has never spent anything upon himself, who has nine children, who has been deceived by the promises of a Monarch, who has been the sport of shuffling officials, who has been ridiculed, maligned, and held as contemptible; *but who has never offered to sell his secret to the Russians or the French*—disgusted, and worn out, and driven to a desperate resource. Were we the writer of one or two essays, more valuable in Mr. Cobden's opinion than all the history of Thucydides, we should be inclined, perhaps, to

make a pompous classical allusion, which ought rather to have commenced our article in the following style:—

“When CAIUS MARCUS CORIOLANUS was condemned to the Tarpeian rock—a process more summary though not more fatal than some facts of modern jurisdiction—having contrived to elude that punishment, the ingratitude of his country made so indelible an impression on his mind that he joined the enemies of ROME and allied himself with his former inveterate foes the VOLSCIANS, from the capture of whose capital CORIOLI, the surname of CORIOLANUS had been conferred upon him,” &c., &c., &c.

But we do not wish really to usurp the style, lest, perchance, we should imbibe some of the feeling, of the *Times*, which might lead to repentance and a suicide in the “Aceldama” of Tothill’s-fields or Frenchman’s Island; and, therefore, we will content ourselves with our own less ponderous and magnificent style of declamation. The article in the *Daily News* displays such “moral” virulence against Captain WARNER and his project that it actually blames him for the non-performance of a trial, which was announced but which did not take place, in consequence of the absence, on one occasion, of Sir ROBERT STOPFORD, who would not *stop for’t*, but who went off suddenly, being appointed to the fleet; and on the other of a similar absence on the part of Sir Howard Douglas, who went off to an election at Liverpool; and Sir Edward Owen, who went after Stopford to the Mediterranean! To reproach WARNER with this, is, indeed, to add insult to injury; and nothing but the reckless perversity of a “leader” running a-muck on the Mammon side of the question can equal it. We cannot, as we said before, go through the whole case. To us it looks very like a combination against the inventor.

We know what it is to be out of the usual line. The trade are dead against you. The craft will not brook an outsider. We have heard of a case where an inventor—whose invention, one in gunnery, was put aside as useless—had the satisfaction of seeing it tried afterwards with much pomp on board ship as the work of another, and half-a-dozen performers knocked over because the stupid copyist had not provided for the recoil. Who knows how many would-be Warners have been racking their brains since the *John of Gaunt* was destroyed by this charlatan, in a manner for which no one can account, under the very nose, if we mistake not, of Lord Brougham?

To sum up all, Captain WARNER was worth a fair trial, or none. Every obstacle was placed in his way. Private liberality alone assisted him, with which he is now abominably reproached by those who have paid nothing. Were we not so thoroughly English as we are, we should certainly wish, as a meet retribution, that Captain WARNER would leave his discovery, on dying, inclosed in a frank obtained from a British Minister, and addressed to the French nation, together with a recommendation to that "knowledge of Christian truth" which the writer in the *Daily News* so oddly and profanely asserts to be the best method of obtaining and holding the "supremacy of the seas!"—he might as well have said, of making a pudding. In heaven's name, let us go the whole hog, and immediately plough—no, build factories—over Woolwich, and turn the *Excellent* into a foreign reception boarding-house or an emigrant-ship to the island of Feejee, the most extraordinary spot in the world for liars.

FREE-TRADE AND RECIPROCITY WITH THE ROMAN STATES.

IN accordance with the Whig doctrine of free trade all over the world, to which Lord John Russell and his father-in-law Lord Minto are fairly committed, we cannot imagine a better opportunity of displaying their talents than is afforded by the aggression of the Roman power. If we desire to have reciprocal relations with the world, here is an opportunity. Rome insists that she is the "Centre of Unity," on the reasonable ground that without a *head* we can do nothing. This is a matter for Lord John's consideration; but laying aside this personal matter—that is, the *Caput* of the Pope or that of Lord John—we could agree with Cobden himself in thinking that, if we could speculate in an exchange of weak wine, and olive oil every day in the week for fish on Fridays, between Italy, England, and Norway, it would be a benefit to the relative localities—that is to say, exchange the salt fish of Norway for the oil and wine, and sell the latter here. If Cobden could accomplish this, we would readily put him down as a cleverer fellow than a certain acquaintance of ours, who tried the experiment and failed after spending a fortune upon the adventure.

Here, however, we must drop temporalities to go upon another tack. We are challenged by the "Centre of Unity" upon our spiritualities; and, according to our present Government, there must be free-trade in confession as well as in corn or coal. The classification of these commodities is a mystery which time only will unravel. In the meantime we love fair play; and we have no doubt whatever of being supported in our opinions by all independent Members in the House of Commons, and the majority of the bench of

bishops in the house of Lords. The addresses of county meetings, and the replies of the archbishops and bishops to their local clergy, go for nothing in the eye of the "Centre of Unity:" neither will petitions to the Queen, to the House of Lords, or the House of Commons, on Papal aggression, signify much—these are all "sound and fury, signifying nothing." The same equivocation as has invariably characterized every Whig Government is sure to take place in this instance. Lord John, Lord Minto, Wiseman and his dinner companion the Emperor of Austria, the Special Constable Louis Napoleon, the Pope, and the rest of the imbecile or mischievous infallible finalities, are all engaged in one human holocaust.

Let us suggest, in this dilemma, one practical measure which would tend to bring this conflict to an issue. In exchange for a Missionary Romish Archbishop of Westminster and his suffragans, let us appoint, on terms of reciprocity, a Protestant Archbishop of St. Angelo. We think Dr. Cumming might be induced to take this arduous office, for we consider that most of our own clergy would fall too easy victims to the blandishments of the Lady of the Seven Hills. Therefore, although it is true that Lord John and Lord Minto are bound in honour to provide for such men as Allies, Bennett, *et hoc genus omne*, yet we must refuse them the liberty of sending these; because, although we should get rid of a nuisance, yet the purpose of retaliation would fail. Could Bennett and Keble be depended upon, the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Cupid, now the oratory of St. Eusebius, would supply either of them with a "nice little chapel." The splendid Temple of Peace or Concord would do for him of Exeter; whilst the little round building on a cliff, which invariably suggested the Surrey Zoological

Gardens to our minds when we beheld it, called the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, would be a fit retreat—a sort of chapel of ease—for the classical Bloomfield. There is a church, too, built on the ruins of the Temple of Modesty, called *Santa Maria Something-or-other*. We do not know any divine here at present who could be selected for that; but they might all offer themselves.

Suffragan bishoprics might be selected from a variety of places charming for scenery and filth, fleas and brown-paper-looking monks—spots where the blood has grown thin in misery and superstition, where a squalid, semi-idiotic, deformed peasantry, diversified with wens, scald-heads, and withered limbs, creep about under the bluest possible skies in a congregation of the worst possible smells—such places as exist here and there in the Campagna di Roma, the Sabine Hills, or towards the Abruzzi. San Gregorio, for example, which we once visited on a donkey—what good might be done there! Imagine Protestant bishoprics at Ancona, Bologna, Civita Vecchia, Cesena, Acquapendente, Loretto, Rimini, and Fossombrone! and in all the decayed-cheese Papal “Herne Bays” we remember *en voyage* through the Papal States. Here would be a diversity of SLUM-seeking! Now, it is quite fair we should do this. We should only defraud the ignorance of the woolly-headed Hottentot of our Missionaries for the benefit of the benighted Italian. It is a fair act of retaliation; and, if the Pope don’t like it, why he cannot then complain that we have shown a certain amount of dislike to the advent of the hypocritical train-bearers of PUDENTIANA.

VICTORY OF MR. MUNTZ OVER THE "TIMES."

WE could wish for space here to dissect the late controversy between the *Times* and Mr. Muntz—in which the latter has come off with so signal a victory. In argument, temper, and fact, the superiority of Mr. Muntz is sufficiently evident, and only needed the crowning meanness of the Thunderer's retreat to stamp it upon the minds of those who have not paid that attention to the merits of the case which it deserves. Yes, in spite of misquotations, widely leaded type, the Earl of ENTAILS, and the celebrities of *mythology* aptly selected for illustration by the leading Journal, it is thoroughly foiled and silenced.

Mr. Muntz, it suddenly discovers, is rude. He hurts the sensibility of the *Times*. That delicate organ of truth cannot bear the rough attrition of the bearded senator. It shrinks alike from his hug or a blow from his huge crab-stick. He is so plaguily honest is Muntz, and gathers with such a rude grasp the nettle of equivocation! The *Times* is quite right to be silent. We wonder that it ever published a single epistle of Muntz. But it has now silenced its adversary by the sole means, the only argument, remedy, or fact, which was, is, or will be, at its disposal—namely, closing its columns to its antagonist. O most heroic meanness! But the *Times* is right not to be beaten in its own pages, if it can help it. No one would expect the *Times* to stand on fairness or display even the lingering chivalry which is supposed to lurk sometimes where we least expect it. We can only say, that if any weak-minded individual did cherish such an expectation, he would be most lamentably mistaken as well as wretchedly disappointed.

REASONS WHY THE GREAT EXHIBITION WILL PROVE A CURSE TO ENGLAND.*

WE promised, in our last, again to recur to this all-engrossing topic, and to state briefly our reasons for the dark forebodings which fill our mind, and give us something of the air of the ancient Greek chorus, saying all kinds of unpleasant things, with a tiresome prophetic reiteration, to which but little attention is paid by the faded actors of the drama. Yes, in spite of the presagings and groans of those solemn old masks on either side of the scene, the bustle of real life goes on until the fatal act be accomplished, and then the Strophic and Antistrophic bores disappear, too, from the stage unthanked, and forgotten in the *dénouement*. But we would fain be still something more than these, although our mission be similar. There are some warnings we may utter, some precautions we may advise, not altogether in vain; and if a part of the mischief—a single accompaniment of ruin—be avoided, if any collateral accident be stopped and provided for, then we shall look back with some satisfaction on our work. Merely to be a *κακομαντις* is not then our aim. The thing, as we said before, must now take place, except some signal circumstance, which human agency

* I have been warned by a friend not to republish this. He says, "Mind, if you be wrong, it will read as an *ex post facto* false prophecy." To this I answer, that nothing has yet happened to shake my opinion; and that, even if no positive catastrophe occur, I shall still feel convinced of the abstract truth of what I have said. A year at least must pass over before the merits or demerits of the Great Exhibition be tested otherwise than by probabilities. All I can say is, that I have honestly followed my conviction of its injurious tendencies in every respect. The system of puffing is now in full play.

MAY 6TH, 1851.

cannot anticipate, occur. Therefore, let us make the best of a bad bargain. We cannot turn the glass-house at once into an *Arboretum* for oriental palms and big-leaved grandifloral specimens of a Java shrubbery. Let us, then, consider the least possible way in which England's interests may be sacrificed.

First, let us ask—Is there to be any increase of the military power in England? We fear that it is not intended. But it is not yet too late. One thing is very certain, viz., that we are on the horns of a dilemma as to the Papal aggression. If, on the one hand, we yield, as the present Ministers probably intend, with the bad grace which our late display of British Protestant feeling must necessitate, there will be no end to foreign insolence and Papal tyranny. The power of Rome will force us to a stand or to degradation. If, on the other, the Ministry *should* do something, and decide upon sending MELIPOTAMUS to Botany Bay, or go out in a minority, as the *Times* has dwindled down on the Austrian question, why then there will be an immediate rupture between Great Britain and the European Catholic Powers, which will interfere very prettily with the brittle harmony all nations are about to celebrate in the Great Forcing Frame.

With reference to this, there is one thing upon which we could dilate with pleasure. It is the manly, patriotic, straightforward, blunt answer of DANIEL WEBSTER to Austrian Despotism.* Would we had a few like him at the head of affairs in England! This gives us hopes that, should a general disturbance arise, America would side with us, *and with her we need not fear the world.* Let her leave

* This passage has been quoted with much pleasure in America.

CANADA to time, and join with us. We are of the same family—speak the same language. The answer of WEBSTER has caused our heart to yearn towards our brave descendants. With all their faults, their jealousies, their national follies, their boasting, and the occasional vulgarity of go-a-headism, there is something daring, manly, and spirited about the Yankees. There is something there, that is fast waning here—something they derived from us, that we possess no longer—something, that sailed on board the *Mayflower*—an old English pluck and principle, which these men, driven from their native shores, bore with them into the heart of the wilderness, there to fecundate and spread through the heart-strings of a mighty empire speaking the English tongue, after it should be stifled by a mill-ocracy, a shop-ocracy and a money-ocracy, at home. Still, we say, England, that now seems careless of all, should be prepared for all. What, then, is our state? Our army is a farce—our navy neglected. The eyes of the world will *see*, and there is a great deal in seeing it, that we are unarmed. A quarrel may arise that shall inflame the minds of all. It may be about Wiseman, or the adjudication of a prize for a pattern *utensil*. It may result from the interference of French police, a row in Leicester Square, or an insult to the Queen. An Austrian Jew may refuse, from ignorance or impudence, to take off his hat during the performance of “God save the Queen:” Tomkins may knock it off, and thus “bonnet” the dignity of Croatia. The grim identity of Haynau may be resuscitated by the *Times*, big with revenge and pregnant with Absolutism. It may happen anywhere—anyhow. *Quien sabe?* But we feel pretty sure that it will happen. Close quarters, hot weather, and national

jealousy will ferment until it boils over the chimney-pots of London. Imagine a set of French Republicans, or Austrian despots, or a Jesuit school, determined to break panes of glass in Hyde Park, and armed with pebbles. Of course, we shall all begin by being very polite. Cosmopolitan host and guest will rival each other in scrapings, bowings, and grimaces. But the people do not understand a minuet imposed upon them by their rulers without teaching. In short, we declare our belief that nothing could be devised more likely to lead to a breach of the peace, including an Irish wake or a St. Giles's christening, than this philanthropic *réunion* of the world at John Bull's fireside;—we beg pardon, we should have said in his "Greenhouse" for all nations. How, then, will the moral force of the A Division and five thousand soldiers deal with it? Imagine so small a band of heroes in the midst of four millions of people!

The mere collection of so vast a breathing mass of humanity into one spot is a dangerous experiment. Such has never yet been followed by a good result. The numbering of the people in Holy Writ was considered an offence against the Deity. As such it was punished by a pestilence. But Heaven, even in the age of miracles, was pleased to work by a natural agency. The *natural* consequence of the congregation of a vast multitude into an already populous city is pestilence. Thus the anger of God is, in this respect, a physical fact, which man may, if he please, easily avoid. Look at the present state of lodging-houses. Regard the drain of emigration which is found necessary, and then invite your two millions of additional inhabitants to London without thinking of the consequences. If all should go well, we do not deny that 1851 will be a

brisk year for London tradesmen, and even for trade throughout the country. But then look at the reaction. What speculation—what ruin will result!

The great curse of all we have not yet touched upon. It is that of foreign competition. Taxed to the utmost, and indebted to a number of unproductive fundholders, Jews and foreigners, England is hurrying on her own dissolution by this extravagant piece of folly. Had she kept the exchanges in her hands—had she made a fit use of her colonies—had she provided for herself granaries under her own command—had she cherished her physical force—the gold of California might perhaps have poured in and gradually redeemed her people from their debt and restored, if wisely used, the vitality of the kingdom. Had her government even kept the railways in their own hands, much of this might have been done. Had she chastened and kept pure her Church, the Papists had been disarmed of their power, and, consequently, of their insolence. But now England seeks to redeem her credit by the mere superficiality of a national *fête* mocking her squalid workhouses and prisons. She blindly believes the wretches, whose individual desperate interests are best consulted during the panics and vicissitudes of general ruin. The Exhibition is a great selling-off of the nation's last means of existence. It is the stupid sacrifice of her unparalleled industry,—her matchless perseverance and invention. She draws upon herself the eyes of strangers who will not wait for her certain and gradual decay, but who remember the thousand insults which attended her superiority, and will hasten to degrade her.

Of the private and domestic vice and immorality that will ensue, let us say nothing in the awful contemplation of a great nation's ruin!

Pitt first developed the ruinous credit system. It is reserved for the Ministers of the present day to furnish the balance-sheet of the nation, with its crowning item of extravagance—the sale of her last means to foreigners under the roof of a transparent toy-shop, and the cession of her great privileges; whilst she clings with all the tenacity of dotage to trifles whose importance but suffices to embroil her with those who are unhappily too eager to pick a quarrel with the once haughty and independent islander.

JANUARY, 1851.

WHAT WILL FRANCE DO ?

FRANCE, at this moment, presents a curious spectacle. As a nation she is literally tired out—something more than *un peu fatiguée*—and is disgusted with revolution and change. Her present form of Government is actually threatened in its infancy, and yet she is barely excited. It is the reaction which invariably attends the outbursts of a volatile temperament. But the Government itself must, of course, remain the object of prurient ambition, and all kinds of inferior men and some clever spirits are wrangling over the *débris* of kingly power and republican violence upon which at present Louis Napoleon sits with all the dignity of *nonchalance*, like a facetious CAIUS MARIUS, cigar in mouth, with the occasional relief of a tooth-pick. There is really something sublime, or ridiculous, in the quiet possession of so much power, on the verge of annihilation, acquired from nothing, and hitherto maintained by nothing—but the absence of points. We really think that, if he do not out-weather the squall which has broken upon him, in

the midst of a treacherous calm from all points of the compass, he well deserves to do so. In his present position genius might ruin, good-sense preserves, him. It is astonishing how many excellent rulers there are in the world, of whom no one knows anything—gentlemanly fellows who have squandered their fortunes, who have passed *les grandes secousses*, and who yet would have the taste to abstain from committing themselves, would people but put them in a position of greatness. These good-humoured *mauvais sujets* are good for nothing but the billiard-room, save and except to wield the destinies of a great empire. Of such is Louis Napoleon. He had nought in common with his uncle, yet they made him President; and why now seek to fasten a quarrel upon him because of his shortcomings? We cannot help being amused also with the position of General Changarnier. He, poor man, said nothing; and, therefore, it was imagined by his friends and enemies that he thought the more. He is a General Monk and a Sphinx, by turns, whether he will or not. If he did not plot, Frenchmen thought he ought to have plotted. It was natural to a man situated as he was. It was suspicious, to say the least, if he did not. To a certain extent, he is the child of a Revolution. He is not eaten by it, but *overlain*!

To recur to the President. We really think that a feature of some kind must present itself in his career, before he can be condemned by his rivals, or unseated by the greedy swarms of second-rate men about him. France herself is not stirring. It is merely a selfish struggle for power on the part of would-be representatives of persons or facts. Joinville persists in his honourable alienation. The Duke de Bordeaux plays romances on a piano in Germany and dreams of the Stuarts. He would not even animate a melodrama on the stage. He sighs and weeps and gives old

women remembrances from their Sovereign. We can fancy him with an oratory and a lap-dog. He is the effeminate representative of an age passed by. Therefore there is no real party against LOUIS NAPOLEON, except the Red Republicans; and France is sick enough of them. The leader of an army, must proclaim a dictatorship, and finally a monarchy, if he appear on the scene. This may take place some day; but we think it not probable for the present, just because Changanier had no such idea. The Sphinx was without a riddle. In the meanwhile, we counsel a little more liberty to the Press; and that, if the President is much more plagued by the intrigues of selfish ambition, he should resign and be re-elected by a majority of the nation, which would place the matter beyond a doubt. It is certain that his identity, whether it be of good stuff or mere plaster of Paris, fills up for the nonce the political gap of the nation admirably well. We really applaud him for his good taste and cleverness.



OUR NATIONAL AND OUR PRIVATE DEFENCES.

DOUBLE ADVICE OF THE "TIMES."

THAT the *Times* should one day say what the next it denies is nothing new. Indeed, the reverse would be a luxury to the curious. Every one remembers the parallel passages, or rather the contradictory passages placed in a parallel position by some of the *Times'* contemporaries, in the case of Austria and Hungary. Everbody who reads and thinks knows fifty instances of the *Times* denying itself. In fact, its opinions are varied as geological strata, although not so

interesting. But it was reserved for yesterday to behold a contrast of opinion in two leaders, written, we suppose—but even that is not certain—by two different wisecracks, on the same sheet, the effect of which is ludicrously palpable to the mind accustomed in any degree to reverence fact, truth, or common sense. In the first article of the *Times* of Tuesday, is a review of a review. The “Quarterly,” it appears, has indulged in a conventional article, abusing Sir Francis Head’s work on the “Defences of Great Britain”—a work with regard to which we have already recorded our opinion. In the semblance of hurry—resembling, we should think, that of Cardinal Franzoni refusing absolution to a dying man in a letter written “in the greatest haste,” unless the latter should declare his approval of the Pope’s tyranny, but of which letter two rough copies were, however, found in the Cardinal’s desk—in such a candid, *bonâ fide* hurry as this, does the “Quarterly” mis-quote Sir Francis Head, who most justly complains of such treatment. Of the iniquity of this, at present, not uncommon mode of reviewing, we shall speak hereafter; let us now consider the wicked and stupid remarks of the *Times* and the felicitous nature of their position on this occasion.

Sir F. Head having complained, most justly, of the gross dishonesty of a reviewer who exaggerates and creates facts to abuse his supposed text more readily, the big bully steps in, not to the rescue of either; but to strike, scratch, and kick out at both parties. The conduct of the “Quarterly,” as far as honest reviewing goes, is considered by the *Times* as merely facetious and good fun. That we can understand; because the *morale* of the leading journal is in such a case sympathetic. “It is all in a hurry and serves him right. The reviewer quotes *memoriter*.” Fancy the “Quarterly”

in a hurry. How good! The great heavy rear-guard and baggage-waggons of the army of literature scampering a-head like a parcel of Cossacks! Capital! But the "Quarterly," it then states, only floors Sir F. Head to exhibit its own notion of defences, which is worse in detail and more dangerous, because more insinuating than the latter, who says, in a blunt, honest way, that such and such is the case, in round numbers which the "Quarterly" falsifies. We thought that the great-honest *Times* was about to quote Dionysius of Halicarnassus, or Cicero at least, and to pronounce a pompous classical censure on the "Quarterly" for the methodical wickedness of its haste. Not so! It passes on merely to the abuse of *all* defences; and says, with stupid facetiousness, that we should go to war with France to perfect our defences!

"We propose," it says, "a little war practice—'an instruction camp' in la Vendée, or an armed excursion to the fortifications of Paris. We must try everything, before we can tell whether our defences are good." All this is mere balderdash and drivelling inanity. It is neither argument, nor instinct. It is a mere apparently traitorous effusion, such as would hardly gratify the worst enemy of England; since it can convince no one but the common-place nonentity, who is satisfied with the mere bearing of a "leader" in the *Times*.

Now, let us turn to another article, divided from the first by a couple of dreary Colonial columns. Here, the *Times*, not a whit less pompous or more truthful in the abstract, treats of burglars. Two paragraphs inform us of the frequency of the crime, and that it, he, or they—viz., the *Times*—was horrified at Mr. Hollest's death. We like to know the precise thing that does horrify the backers of

Haynau. "This much, at least, is clear," says the *Times*, "there is a very formidable gang of burglars." Paragraph three descants upon the reasons why these burglars exist. In the first place, it discovers "that the improvement of the police arrangements in large towns has a tendency to drive the *urban* thieves into country practice." That is very exquisite, the word *urban*; but the *Times* had a classical education. How that man must astonish his laundress with these fine words! However, we will not follow the *Times* any further, either in the grandeur of its discoveries or the sublimity of its speculations upon thieves;—we beg pardon, we mean human beings addicted to atrocious acts which qualify them for condign punishment at the hands of their fellow-creatures—either "urban," suburban, or completely Arcadian. Let us come at once to the fun of the *Times*' contrast. Mark, we have just been told that England needs no defence; that it will be time enough when we are attacked to have recourse to arms, &c.; &c. Now, let us see what the *Times* recommends as an antidote to burglars. "Upon the other classes (viz., the rich) *we would impress the necessity of effective self-protection.*" What! before the burglars come, O Genius of profligate scribbling! We can fancy the *Times* beginning an essay shortly thus:—"It was a favourite remark of Peter the Great, when seated with the Empress Catherine, as was his wont, in the summer-house of his palace on the borders of Lake Ladoga, after indulging in the laborious occupation of a carpenter and joiner by way of morning amusement, '*that nations are governed by the same rules as individuals.*'"

However, let us continue. The actual *Times* goes on as follows:—"The chances are, that in the vast majority of the gentlemen's seats and farm-houses of the kingdom, if the

master would but devote a morning to inspecting the condition of his door-bolts and shutters, and to arranging the sleeping apartments so that they could be instantly aroused in case of alarm," &c. The wind-up is rich. It takes into consideration the increase of the rural Police. "Although we admit," says the *Times*, "*strategically* speaking, the seeming impossibility of defending so many isolated points, it is yet undeniable that, if even a small force were maintained, the game would not be given up to the burglar so completely as at present."

Let us deal with the *Times* on this point as it does with Sir F. Head. What on earth is the use of defences, unless we can prove them? Therefore, let us first invite the burglars, or, if they have a secure retreat, let us go and find *them* and try our blunderbusses. This argument is quite fair, if the *Times'* argument be worth the purchase of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire in 1855, the consistency of the *Times* for a fortnight, the shadow of a hair of Haynau's last year's moustache, or any other probable treasure or actual blessing. However, there are the columns of the *Times*, January 21st, 1851, patent to the intelligent Englishman and admiring foreigner. Let the world study and honour its brilliant and consistent reasoning.

WHAT HOPE REMAINS FOR ENGLAND?

THE speech of Mr. HOWE, at Southampton, on the importance of directing a rational emigration to our North American colonies, and on the value of those colonies to Great Britain, is pregnant with great truths and important matter. It places before the public, in a clear and distinct point of

view, the various points we have advocated with regard to our North American colonies for some time past, backed by the experience of a colonist of high and distinguished practical reputation, together with many additional facts as to the present internal state of those colonies, of which we were previously in ignorance, or, at least, had formed but a scanty idea. Our arguments, we confess, have hitherto referred more particularly to the internal and main provinces—not to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. Their vast importance has only of late begun to dawn upon us, and Mr. HOWE has done not a little to increase our sense of it. But in another respect we go further than Mr. HOWE. Perhaps, however, he is restrained by prudential and official motives from saying all that must strike his powerful mind. We say, then, that he only lays before us the *first step* of a mighty undertaking. The Canadas, Nova Scotia, and the other North American provinces, *ought shortly to form an integral part of the British Empire. If they do not, they will be lost to us. If they should be lost to us, England is lost.* Great Britain could not, as Mr. HOWE has patriotically and ardently imagined, struggle against her foes, were America and Europe to close in upon her, after she had lost her American possessions. She would lose everything and sink immediately to be a fourth-rate nation. In such a case, the memory of her politicians and statesmen since the birth of Pitt will descend to posterity with the notoriety of Hazäel. Her poets, philosophers, and tragedians will probably live in the language of the great Anglo-Saxon empire which is destined shortly to rival, and in time to eclipse, Europe. For North America will fast become a continental England, as the old country sinks into contempt. In proportion to the greatness of a country, so is

its fall. The smallest rising State is greater and happier than one which even commences to decline. Rome became the most despicable spot on earth—Spain the most miserable. England, in her fall, will unite both misery and contempt. Let us imagine England busy with her crystal palace, in vain endeavouring to charm the armed nations of the earth with the blandishments of commerce. Imagine war declared: America on the one side—France and Russia on the other. Emigration would be stopped and our ports closed—not by protection, but foreign blockades. In six months, even could we defy our enemies, we should be in a state of civil war frightful to think of. What, then, would remain? Such are the prospects of a country, still outwardly the greatest in the world; a country which has built the most wonderful toy in the shortest space of time ever known; a country which has yet splendid resources, of which her blind, degraded rulers make no use, save in the dishonourable patronage of the back-stairs and in securing the perquisites of flunkeyism to themselves, their party, and their families. Their fame is a peerage; their honour a sinecure; their reputation the small-talk of Parliament; their credit the pretended balance of real insolvency; their glory the shuffle of a mountebank. Mere blind, chattering, hungry, selfish jobbists, stooping over the patchwork of necessity, they know not the meaning of patriotism; but substitute in its place a sickly sentimentality, with which they would bribe other nations to let alone that which they can no longer protect. In such hands is England, who is about to relinquish her last great hope, which the United States does not stoop to flinch, confident that it must soon accrue to them of necessity. We quoted, some time ago, an American opinion that Quebec would soon belong to the Union by the natural

course of events and her own consent. Yes; the consent England forces upon her neglected colonies, with all the inconceivable tyranny of the most corrupt petty mal-administration at home and abroad ever known. But, what is meant by Quebec? "Merely the Canadas: a cold, impracticable country, somewhere to the north of the States," replies an Englishman. We have actually heard respectable, educated men assert that it is right that these provinces should belong to the United States, because they are nearer and can attend to them! Shade of Wolfe, dost thou hear this? Thy country repudiates her victories, and basely yields her possessions! But what are these Canadas? The heart of a mighty empire, we answer, won by English arms and daring, extensive as all Europe, *and possessing qualifications which render it the Canaan of posterity.* Such is the trifle, which the policy of England neglects. It is hers; but she will not have it. There is food for her paupers and employment for her convicts, which latter would decrease with the decrease of the former. There is wood, and coal, and iron, and corn; a high-road to the East; a splendid navy; safety, and strength, and happiness for the future. There is salvation for this country; but ye rulers prefer ruin, because your eyes can see no great thing, and the din of spoliation and greediness is in your ears, and ye are intent upon little matters and great expenses, and the people are deluded by rogues and fools to ask for a stone instead of bread, and ye are busied in supplying them! What has England to do with Greece or Greek affairs, with negroes and forcing-frames of Industry, and the reconciliation of bearded foreigners, who all hate her, interfering, as she does, like the clown in a pantomimic fray, to receive the blows and ridicule of all? What is the Papal aggression to her, if

her people were fed? What are threats, could she maintain an army, and grow corn, and *flank the western coast of Ireland with the hardy sailors of Nova Scotia*? What would Ireland be to her, were she not bloodless, degraded, worn out—only waiting for a foreign infusion of vitality to rebel with all the hatred accumulated during an age of servitude and an epoch of tyranny and crime? This generous country shudders at the atrocities imputed to a Sloane—nay, the mob in her streets would anticipate the sentence of the law, and not allow indignation to await the decree of justice! Multiply, then, one by millions, and Ireland is the Jane Wilbred of England! By violence and famine, with contumely and scorn, thousands have perished. Where is your indignation now? Could this have been avoided? We reply, not only easily, but the means were patent. What, then, is the cause? We answer, that which in the eleventh hour still shuts its eyes and ears with the complacent grin of indifference, ignorance, imbecility, or corruption—that which, like a modern Pharaoh, without the excuse of that dark old despot, refuses to let the people go—that which owns no master-spirit save obstinacy, no agency but a gambling expediency, no God but a city Mammon—that which imagines the Government of a great nation to consist in nothing but the temporary management of a false system of currency, whose diseased expansion and forced restriction from time to time cause those mighty throes which have so long portended a premature dissolution. Yes; this Government is the protraction of a suicide foretold by Sièyes, which will only be in the end more dreadful. For had the national credit been destroyed years ago, and the Bank of England not been assisted by false manœuvres, the country would have righted after the shock. Machinery and indus-

try, with her naval and military *prestige*, would have carried her through. Now, once attacked, she cannot recover; for her privileges are usurped and given away, her superiority already questioned, and her credit sinking gradually to the ground.

Still the nation has one card to play. The gold of California may aid her impeded circulation. She can incorporate the North American colonies, and develop their amazing resources. She may thus get rid of paupers and convicts, and crime and misery. It is astonishing in what a wonderful manner distress and crime go together, and how quickly the latter would disappear. Look at the journals now! The country is overrun with crime; and this, too, in spite of art and policemen. Yet all may still be checked with ease. As it is, emigration threatens to drain the country of her best blood, without any return. All these considerations would make any Minister great who would adopt them. At present, parties have died a natural death here—a fatal sign in itself. Party has ruined the country, and, having fulfilled its mission, ceases to exist. Could a powerful Ministry now appear, armed with great designs, it would have the fairest trial ever perhaps accorded to any Government, not actually an autocracy. Opposition is dead by the fusion of interests. In its turn the moneyocracy trembles.

We have much yet to say, but must stop here for the present. But lest it should be thought we have maligned those to whom the fortunes of Great Britain are entrusted, let us quote a paragraph which appeared at the end of an article in the *Daily News* a few days ago. This, at any rate, shows the estimation in which others hold foreign management and colonial authorities. Listen to this writer:—

"Were we wrong," he says, "when we lately attributed to parties connected with colonial administration a willingness to see the bonds which unite the colonies to the mother country ruptured, out of sheer pique at the progressive curtailment of official jobs and reduction of official emoluments?"

O incredible baseness of hirelings! To wish your master's house burnt; because he objects to your speculations, your enormous wages, your pickings and perquisites, your injustice and your treachery! To fan the flames yourselves; to give no compunctious warning; to see thieves step in—nay, to risk your own houses, where the lost and mislaid articles lie mixed with candle-ends and savings! To betray your country from petty spite—from ignoble malice! Yet such is the depravation of the age, that a paragraph like the one we have quoted excites no surprise and is written almost without indignation. It is what one expects now-a-days. It is the spirit of the times. Alas! when such is the case, *what hope remains for England?* What chance, we ask, is there for the ship, already within the vortex of a whirlpool, and guided by such perfidious hands, and whose salvation, desperate as it appears, can be accomplished by those alone who have hitherto betrayed her?

JANUARY, 1851.

THE GOLDSMID ASSAULT CASE.*

A GOLDEN REPUTATION.

A BUSHEL of "or" has fallen from the blazonry of all the Goldsmids. We have lost our respect for Mammon,

* This is considered by the author the more worthy of publication, as his opinion turned out to be a correct one.

butlers, a banking account, and 'Change. So have all our contemporaries. Such an exposure! Oh, dear! such drunkenness and perjury—such a “vulgar *prestige* of influence,” as the *Examiner* says! As if that influence did not extend everywhere; as if snobs and snob writers, or writers on snobs, were free from it; as if we did not meet it on the front and back stairs, in the street, the public-house—yes, and the ball-room, the dining-room, in the Church, and at Court, as much as anywhere. Let a rich individual be ruined, and try. Does any one know what it is to be a “warm” man? Has he, then, ever essayed a reverse? Are publicans the only individuals who spurn a Timon? Has any one a reduced account at a banker's? We are not in love with the *famille* Goldsmid—we do not affect the “Blue Posts;” but we hate humbug, and virtuous exaggeration, and moral (pretended) indignation; and so let us analyse this Goldsmid case, with an occasional comparison with the world around. Why should one Goldsmid suffer for all, and Mammon disavow a mere Levite of his own? Come, let us do justice to Goldsmid; but not fancy ourselves in Sparta or Arcadia, and so pile up the pyramid of popular indignation so high on one poor wretch—the whole Christian world around assisting at the grand cairn of morality; each standing in an attitude of virtuous surprise, with his or her uplifted stone.

It is said that when one of a community of rats, or wolves, and, indeed, of other more interesting and amiable quadrupeds, is wounded, the rest immediately turn and rend him in pieces. There are certain hideous eastern religions which require annually their propitiatory victim. This prevailed also in the north, and amongst our own Druids. The moment that victim is selected, there is no

mercy on the part of the rest. Supposing that he is torn to pieces, each bystander likes to have his *souvenir*, if it should be only a lock of hair or a fragment of clothes, forgetful that he himself was, and still may be, subject to the same fate. In "respectable" society the same custom exists. The monster religion of Mammon requires, now and then, a fierce sacrificial display for the public benefit. Some one thrust forward by something which makes him conspicuous for the moment must be selected for immolation; while the flattered Idol grins approval from the fantastic temple of vice and fashion. Then both the lay mob and priesthood assist. The professional and unprofessional hypocrites run a muck of scornful jubilee. Every finger is pointed; every tongue wags. Each has his instrument of torture. Each sings a stave illustrative of the crimes, real and imaginary, of the victim. When this is done, the ordinary pursuits of life recur, with not one single error mended, no vice chastised, no folly chastened. The demon is propitiated. A new lease is granted. One has fallen that the many may continue.

Do not let our readers imagine that, because we have made these remarks, we are about to defend drunkenness, or debauchery, night-houses, publicans, prostitutes, or that species of assault and battery which once gave such unenviable renown to the name of WATERFORD. Let it not be supposed that we have any predilection for the Stock Exchange, or for any dissipated, or even "respectable" Croesus, be he either Rothschild or Goldsmid. No! we respect wealth *when* it is charitable and generous, as we do birth when it is illustrated by honourable conduct. But in these public cases we like strict justice. Let us now briefly consider the facts, which not only send an individual to a prison and the treadmill—

for we suppose that the gaol authorities will be uninfluenced by the *prestige* of Mammon—but consign him to public ignominy. A Mr. John Goldsmid appears as the City Amphytrion of a West-end night-house. He is proved to be in the habit of getting intoxicated there; *i. e.*, he has done so several times. He assaults, in a drunken jocular way, one Trenanen, an Excise-officer, who appears not to have understood the roughness of the joke, and to have been a somewhat sulky and vindictive fellow, who might have extricated himself from the crapulous pawing of the defendant, had he pleased. However, his dress was torn and his feelings were hurt, and so he comes forward. This is always supposing that the assault was really committed by Goldsmid, of which we are not yet quite sure. Now, as to the landlord's remarks, we have only to say that he vulgarly interfered on behalf of a customer. Who does not defend one who brings grist to his mill? We assert that the publican only expressed the general feeling of a monied age, at an epoch when a gentleman had better be cast in a desert of howling wild beasts, than an inhabitant of England without money in his purse. This cannot, of course, be helped; but it is true. Therefore we pardon the publican for being a landlord, and for acting accordingly.

However, Mr. Goldsmid is brought before a magistrate, and refuses to apologise. This we confess to have been foolish, whether he were guilty or not; for it is better even to pay than be the votive offering made by the public to Mammon. Then come the *alibi* and the imputed perjury. On these we pronounce simply the judgment, that, whatever one Goldsmid may have done, we can hardly believe in so foolish, unbusiness-like a falsehood on the part of all. Why, these must have felt certain of detection! But this applies

to all perjuries. ~~To a certain extent~~, we reply that it does ; but when so deliberate an act is done by a man of the world—accustomed to commerce, with his family around him, in the face of day and the court—it must give us pause ere we believe in a folly so atrocious. What, then, is our opinion ? Either that Mr. John Goldsmid, in spite of his dissipated freaks, did not commit the assault ; or that the officer stated the wrong day, or that the defendant came surreptitiously to town, from Brighton, unknown to his family.

With regard to Mr. Septimus, who swore that his elder brother was not an habitual drunkard, we really think too much odium was attached to such a feature in the case. Men differ in opinion as to what constitutes, not only the habit, but drunkenness itself. Septimus might think John sober in comparison with some people. Besides, he was giving an opinion of his brother, and, in such a case, where the latitude of opinion is wide, the mind has a gutta-percha power, and the wish often regulates the thought. We think, then, that Serjeant Adams, for whom we have the greatest respect as a most estimable and excellent judge, was carried away too far, when he sentenced Goldsmid to such a long and degrading punishment, on the supposition that his witnesses were perjured.

The legal executive should not be influenced by feeling. We would have imprisoned Mr. Goldsmid, for his harmless assault, a fortnight in the Penitentiary, at the outside. Whatever be the benefit that may accrue to his health from exercise, sobriety, reflection, and scanty diet, we consider the punishment cruel and excessive. How many noblemen and gentlemen in station frequent the "Blue Posts" with impunity ? How is that establishment supported ? How many more "Blue Posts" are there ? How many a fool or

rash youth goes there, and to similar places, with the running-noose of notoriety round his neck? What is the present statistical amount of respectable drunkenness in this metropolis? A sitting magistrate was occupied three hours the other day in disposing of cases of this kind. Goldsmid, then, is not unique in his Bacchanalian propensities. May he not have forgotten the events of that night, even if he were there? But how, then, did he or his brother recognise the events on production of the notice? It is very likely the landlord communicated them both to him and to Septimus, or to their friend Stevens.

We only write this; because we are aware of the frequent injustice in popular cases. Odium increases, like a downward-rolling snow-ball, to which every one lends a helping hand. We repeat, then, that Mr. John Goldsmid's punishment is excessive, and that we think an indictment for perjury might have added its collateral severity with greater propriety, if the perjury did exist on the part of himself or the others, which we doubt at present. There is no doubt but that the facts of the case are sufficiently degrading to a man of sense or a gentleman; but Mr. Goldsmid has the example of many high-sounding names to encourage his profligacy; and, we must confess, as London is not quite a conventicle, that a man may "sow his wild oats" without utter final perdition, and yet not have been subjected to the somewhat harsh experience of close-cropped hair and the treadmill.

Let us add one fact, which is this :—A Mr. James Cooke was brought up the other day before Mr. Hammill, charged with a series of brutal assaults on his wife. The poor creature was in a dreadful condition. He had beaten her when in bed, to extort money, and had abused her for a

period of four years. For this he was sentenced to be fined £5, or the alternative of two months' imprisonment—one month less than Mr. Goldsmid. We shall be glad to see the perjury case sifted.

JANUARY, 1851.

LE COMMENCEMENT DE LA FIN.

FRANCE is returning to a Monarchy by a convulsion. She is not constituted for freedom. She wants glory and a Court. Louis Napoleon has nearly played out his brief hour. Whatever be his fate, we are forced to acknowledge that his temperate, judicious, and even dignified conduct, would do honour to any man. Called to the Presidency of France by a freak of fortune, he now draws down upon himself the despicable but fatal jealousies of all—even those who placed him there. France is in that state, that the army must now decide. Moral force will avail nothing where political wickedness so abounds. It is a bold stroke to form a cabinet, not one member of which sits in the Assembly; but it will not do to ape America à l'improviste. We fear that both talent and confidence will be wanting. Were Louis Napoleon sure of his ground; had the cigars and champagne of Satory possessed the influence attributed to them, he would do wisely to fling himself into the arms of the head of a division and cry theatrically, *Suivez-moi, braves gens! et nous sauvons la France*, or some such commonplace. However, it would be a dangerous experiment, considering that the African Generals possess also their popularity. We must, too, express our doubt of the existence of a Cromwellian

destiny in the person of Louis Napoleon. We doubt also his earnestness. An earnest believer in his cause and himself may work apparent miracles. A mere clever man may not do it. In the crisis of nations, genius succeeds where talent is lost. In their steady guidance, talent is the practical agent. Should the Assembly anticipate him by calling the army to its aid, Louis Napoleon will be a Charles the First in position alone, lacking prerogative, tradition, or a party, and may slip out of France without being consigned to the unpleasant dignity of Vincennes, or even mobbed by a population which has ceased to excite itself. He may perish from private vindictiveness in the streets of Paris; but he has really offended no one. We repeat that his best experiment is to resign, and so throw himself upon the placid sympathy of the nation for a re-election. There is no one else, with the exception of the Legitimist and the Orleanists, to rival him. We must express our admiration at the cool manner in which Louis Napoleon disposes of the Assembly. But all this must shortly come to a violent ending. It is a game of chess, which will end by the board being upset.

JANUARY, 1851.

WHO FIRST THOUGHT OF A GREEN-HOUSE.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

WE are informed that the first individual who conceived the notion of a building of glass and iron for the purposes of the Exhibition was Mr. HORREAU, an ingenious French architect, much esteemed at Paris. Certainly Mr. HORREAU sent in a most approved design of that nature to the Com-

missioners, which it was plainly understood was the best. It may, also, be remembered that the irresponsible oligarchy of the Industrial Bazaar abandoned all those too speculative designers, who had been induced, by the hope of fame or profit, to submit to them the productions of their brain and pencil. It was then announced that a combination of brick and mortar would be substituted—a kind of conglomeration of hints from the prize (?) drawings. This was suddenly relinquished in favour of the Duke of Devonshire's favourite artificial Adam, Mr. Paxton, whose big green-house was as suddenly remembered. Since that day the renown of Paxton has grown like Jonah's gourd,* or the largest suburban vegetable marrow, and threatens to fill the world. The beanstalk of Jack the Giant-killer grew not with more frantic rapidity. This gardener writes familiarly to the First Minister, and remonstrates in flowery language with his country.

Seriously, we are not going to quarrel with Mr. Paxton. He has but laboured, and laboured well, in his vocation. It is a wonderful building, with which his name is associated; where, if we are to believe our own eyes, or the *Illustrated London News*, an elm-tree is covered in like a geranium, and an individual feels in point of size about the same as a permitted earwig, creeping unhurt by tobacco smoke in an ordinary conservatory, might be supposed to do. Mr. Paxton is not responsible for the purposes or fate of his building except in a horticultural point of view, or as the soul of an ironmonger, a builder, and a glazier may understand anything. Nay, we comprehend all the enthusiasm of his mind, regarding everything as in a relative

* "Which came up in a night and perished in a night."—Jonah iv.

position to it; wondering how the world went on before; lost in a sea of philanthropy, industry, free-trade, and cosmopolitan generosity; believing that labour is to be developed in future like cucumbers, and planted out in slips; that Abel was a free-trader and Cain a protectionist, and that there is nothing good, great, real, or enlightened but this wonderful conception, invented by Messrs. Dilke and Co.; patronized by H.R.H. Prince Albert; designed by himself, Paxton; executed by Messrs. Fox and Henderson; advertised by Messrs. Bright and Cobden, and paid for, yes, paid for, in more ways than one, by that great universal paymaster-general to the universe, the honest, hard-working victim, John Bull.

JANUARY, 1851.

THE MIMOSA BLOSSOM OF INDUSTRY.

A PRUNING-KNIFE FOR PAXTON.

THE generous soul of Paxton has expanded in sublime sentiment. His munificence is grandifloral. He would give England herself away, if he had the power, and pay the carriage, calling it an "industrial" present. He would pop Spitalfields under a glass case and send it ticketed to Japan. We hope that Paxton, Fox, Henderson, Dilke, Cole, and the rest of them, give all their services gratuitously—no reserves, no perquisites, no privileges, no salary, no patronage, no anything! We trust that Paxton does not charge even for the blotting-paper on which he first scrawled, according to some wonder-mongers, the triumphs of Aladdin. Henceforth, let him wear a sun-flower in his button-hole.

Does Mr. Paxton know a tree called the Upas? It is

fabled to have created a desert amid fertility. It is the Industrial plant of England and he is about to manure it with the sweat of British labour and water it with the tears of starvation. We intended to devote a column to the fears of our very constitutional journals, lest England should be defended by a few of our own soldiers, and to picture to our readers some of the effects of a general free admission under the Forcing-Frame. We may, however, recur to this promising subject.

THE "TIMES" KALEIDOSCOPE.

ITS OPINION THAT ENGLAND IS ALWAYS ON THE EVE OF
WAR.

THE following *dictum* we extract from a "leader" in the *Times* of Monday, which would be a curious instance of inconsistency were it derived from any other source:—

"War, we know, in these days to be a very laughable topic; but a nation of our pride and pretensions *we maintain to be always on the eve of a war*; because it may any day meet with a nation as proud as itself."

Now, if this be the case, and we are the last to deny that which we implicitly believe, what wicked, useless, twaddle the *Times* has been indulging in lately! It absolutely goes on to speak of the "good understanding between Russia and Austria, and Austria and France!" Why, the *Times* is absolutely following in the wake of the MIRROR OF THE TIME: the great Thunderer has made a tack in pursuit of the little clipper yacht! The *Times* begins to fancy "that we are backing our destiny against the course of PROVIDENCE, and even the course of history." So we

are. What, then, does the *Times* mean by its abuse of Sir F. Head—of war, soldiers, sailors, and *Protection* in every shape? What has it meant by pompously advocating the cause of our foes—by not having spoken out with regard to our more valuable colonies, which it begins to consider we may lose? What has it meant by crying up the coalition of Russia and Austria, which it admits to be so threatening to England? What has been its motive in advocating those philanthropical principles, which recommend England to retire from the van of nations, and yield to fresh hands the game of the world for the “indescribable” benefit of humanity? Why has not the *Times* exercised its vast powers patriotically to warn and advise, and not truckled to the trading influence of the moment, regardless of the broad interests of the nation?

However, let us be thankful for such little passing gleam of honesty, and wear this rare pearl of accidental truth in the breast-pin of congratulation, devoutly hoping that the *Times* may some day favour us with another fact or two, which bear upon the real glories and welfare of our country.

JANUARY, 1851.

THE LECTURES OF FATHER GAVAZZI.

It appears to us that the eloquence of Father Gavazzi is without parallel in the present age. But for priestly domination, what a country might Italy yet be! Not to her degradation would then be devoted the sonnets of a Filicaja; but to the cheering record of her triumphs in art and eloquence, of her moral and intellectual as well as

physical beauties, her patriotism, her enthusiasm, and her independence. For in Italy there slumbers yet, with an occasional awakening, a genius which approaches inspiration. Such awakening moments tell too truly what is thus lost to ages of humanity. This the depraved despotism of priestcraft has alone numbed and tortured into silence and obscurity. *Quousque tandem?* How long shall it be? Alas! at this moment the nightmare rides upon the hapless country with still fiercer compression and more hideous sway. But, at this moment, brilliant emanations here and there give promise for the future. The lustful minions of the carnal tyranny, which deals in the crucifix and with awful blasphemy belies Christ with its hateful existence, tremble on the verge of an eruption. Flashes and coruscations of light illumine at intervals that present midnight of noisome exhalations and stench in which a people kneel, trusting to the world's future to redeem them from the foul and galling chains which imprison them amid the vermin of the Inquisition preying upon the human mind. The louring ecclesiastic, as he walks in procession to the bloodstained idol which he, blaspheming, calls God, treads over flames scarcely hidden beneath—

——— “*incedit per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.*”

Whilst Father Gavazzi is pouring forth floods of impassioned eloquence in London, dismay and terror walk abroad at Rome and jostle the tyrants. The priests are terrified with their own work. They know that it is too unholy to last. Whispers of assassination follow proclamations of arrest. The very names of Mazzini and Garibaldi startle them. A phantom liberty haunts their impure couches to

upbraid and scare them. The French gaolers and policemen of Italian liberty are sick of their hateful duty. The changes apprehended in France terrify the disgusting clique of St. Peter's in the midst of their mummeries—in the very re-inauguration of their Bona Dea, and the celebration of their Isis and Osiris. But in the desperation with which great crimes, both national and domestic are ever enacted, they continue to persecute and arrest, and to execute deeds of atrocious injustice, rivalling the darkest days of horror, when no man lay safe in the bosom of his family in Spain; when the accusations of enemies dragged people over the Bridge of Sighs to the roof-dungeons of Venice; when the secret tribunals of the Vehmgericht held the cord round the neck and the dagger to the heart of Germany; when bloody Mary reigned in England; when St. Bartholomew dyed the midnight couch with blood in France,—in short, when a frightful perversion of Christ's mission, fraught with love and peace to man, out-heroded the worship of Moloch and the religion of the Phallus, and made Polytheism, or even Atheism, more acceptable than itself in the eyes of a forgotten or unknown, but not a betrayed, insulted, or misrepresented God.

At this moment, proscription is the only license and banishment the only boon in Italy. France shuts her frontiers against the fugitives. General Gemeau executes the jealous resolves of the vindictive bigot Antonelli. Ye Gods! a French republican General flunkiey to the behind-scene advisers of an Italian despot! Men are quietly supping at an obscure eating-house (the *Falcene*) and a *razzia* is made by this hero of martial France! Why does he not throw sawdust also under the Papal guillotine, or superintend the sale of the victim's revolutionary socks and breeches?

Up the greasy stairs of the steaming *Falcone* (well do we remember the place in our student days) does the French General hurry with his guard of infantry and inspect the searching of thirty men, women, and children, of whom eight were carried off to dungeons! Is it possible? Frenchmen, in this small epoch of his nephew, can you only with such Papal filth busy yourselves in tarnishing the glories of the great Napoleon?

But retribution awaits them all. The trodden plant of Liberty shall yet revive, and the mission of Gavazzi be accomplished.

We regret that we have not space for a quotation which would do him justice. We should like to give the whole lecture. We trust that a short-hand writer takes down these speeches, so that not a word be lost, and that some spirited publisher will give them to us in a consecutive form when they are finished. This condemnation of Papacy from a Roman Catholic Priest, grand, and sweeping, and sublime as it is, contrasted with the simplicity of his advent amongst us, would form the most interesting work of the age on the Papal struggle of the nineteenth century.*

PAPAL AGGRESSION IN AMERICA.

AN Irish Roman Catholic Priest, named Roddan, has published a very violent book at Boston against Protestantism, which he calls "Atheism dressed up in a few Christian Garments." With an impudence which the French

* The Lectures of Gavazzi have since been published.

alone can express by the word *impayable*, he reproves the "filthiness" of Protestant publications for young women! The book is too absurd to be important, except as being sanctioned by the authorities of the Papal persuasion in America. We think that the principle of giving rope enough to the Papists to hang themselves carries some degree of force with it in the above case; and in a country like America there is no doubt of its efficacy. But here, with a tottering, traitorous Church, it would be a dangerous experiment. The number of converts to Romanism is really alarming. For years past, there has been treachery of a nature that cannot yet be even understood here. We believe that men have been sent to Oxford and Cambridge, and educated as Protestant parsons, with a dispensation for their horrible perjury before God and man from the Propaganda, in order to corrupt their fellow-commoners, pupils, and hearers. We know that Jesuitism, driven from almost every other country, has made its nest here, and that it is active as a disease in England. Let results justify our observations. Flattery, notoriety, sensuality, and superstition have all been at work. It is time that this should cease. Let us here remark that we are delighted to observe that the Pope and Austria have both contrived to offend the Americans. The former is, indeed, in the hands of foolish counsellors to suffer himself to be advised, as he has done, to interfere with the worship of Americans at Rome. Jonathan is struck neither with sentimentality nor dotage. He speaks like a man, from the mouth of Daniel Webster, noble and consistent words—not shuffling diplomatic fictions. The rumoured recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the rival jealousies of the Romish and Greek Churches, may also combine to shatter the golden hopes and dazzling

aspirations of the scarlet woman. In fact all may burst like a bubble, and Rome relapse into mouldy disfavour. Meanwhile we are anxious to know what are the intentions of our feeble politicians at home.

One thing is very certain, viz. :—that Priest Roddan is infinitely more candid than Priest Wiseman. It is not your Papal ravisher, but seducer, that we dread here, together with the sickly and un-English mania which we are sorry to see pervading the minds of so many of our countrymen and countrywomen.

JANUARY, 1851.

THE COMING SESSION.

THE Queen's Speech has been read—and a very proper, cautious speech it is too, meaning everything and nothing. All we can say is, that we are only disappointed in the mildness of the expressions on the Papal aggression; because we had heard it reported that her Majesty expressed a desire to say something stronger; and we did entertain a hope that the intentions of her Ministers would have allowed them to stretch a point on so unusual an occasion, and for once to have exceeded the bounds of that Sphinx-like conventionality which is the essence of royal speeches. However, the King of Prussia made a big speech lately and did nothing. Like the Duke of York, or King of Spain, in the well-known couplet, he marched his men up the hill of ambition and down again into the vale of contempt, after a fiery oration which led us to suppose he would become the incendiary of Europe. Let us hope, in this case, that contrary conduct will produce a contrary result, and that if the mountain be sometimes delivered of a mouse, the mouse may also now and then give birth to a political

mountain. We must say that Lord John Russell's behaviour is shabby. Borne on the sudden flood-tide of popular fury, he made a valiant speech at a civic feast, which gave false hopes to an indignant country that the Jesuitical nightmare would be forcibly removed from her breast, and he now leaves to the House of Commons to talk the nation to a stand-still, whilst he puts his hands in his pockets and looks on like a rebuked school-boy at the fray in which he dares not meddle. The speeches of Parliament will, indeed, be long and dreary on a subject which has already exhausted frivolity, bitterness, research, and argument. We shall have each prosy M.P. satisfying his ambition and constituency by a spoken pamphlet, cooked up from all the "leaders" and addresses of the recess.* We shall have the Irish members belying their oaths of allegiance and support to the Protestant Church; while Cobden,—who had just finished wearying Stockport and the world with his shallow egotism and small-beer plotting to ruin all that is left of sound or sacred principle and practice in the State under specious pretences of philanthropy,—Cobden, we say, will treat us to an interminable résumé to prove the most absurd result from the falsest premises that ever degraded the name of good sense since England was a nation. Yes, this Manchester orator will endeavour to persuade the House of Commons, as he does the tame and credulous vulgarity of his provincial hearers, that it is hostile to the freedom of a people to expel tyranny from among themselves, and that enlightened Protestantism ought herself sentimentally to herald the advent of Popery, armed with every insidious wile, and

* This *ex post facto* passage may be excused on account of its perfect realization.

professing and practising intolerance. Because the shepherd is a man of recollection, liberality, and peace, he ought therefore to admit the wolf in order to show at once his consistency and good feeling. The sheep are not to be consulted!

However, let us await the result. Until the thing assume an actual shape we will neither condemn Lord John Russell, nor absolve those meek traitors, who devote their narrow capacities to the injury of their country. Let us see in what shape the "*Cardinal*" is to be repelled. As to the law, we say, make a law! There is no law through which a cunning traverser might not creep. Besides, what would become of the dignity of England, baffled, as she would be, by quirks and evasions?

We do, indeed, wish that the Queen's Ministers had thought fit to advert to and dwell upon the prospects of our North American Colonies, and our future alliance with *them*. The monarch who shall first address England from the Throne, after their loss, will address a people of much less consequence on the face of the globe than we are at present. The allusions to Sardinia, Denmark, and the Brazils are the mere trimmings of the oration. The country is congratulated on its prosperity at the expense of the landowners and agriculturists; and certain vague blessings are invoked upon them, which are, apparently, to result from their own improved farming. The rest of the country is proclaimed to be well off. Labour is plentiful, and everything prosperous. Is it so? Another year will speak out the truth in spite of cooked-up returns, imaginative journals, and even royal speeches. The laws affecting property are about to be reformed; but not before the property they affect be shaken to its basis by the crazy experiments of

free-trade, which will ripen the fruit of years of anticipation, extravagance, and misgovernment.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1851.

THE GOLDSMID IMPUTED PERJURY.

THE result of this affair has fully justified the opinion we expressed last week, which was simply gathered from a report of the case. We have heard an account of the manner in which it originated, which is amusing, if true. It appears that Mr. Hoggins, the real "Simon Pure," and Mr. John Goldsmid, are friends, and like the twin brothers "Antipholus" of Ephesus and Syracuse, are distinguished for their likeness to each other. Now, when "Antipholus" Goldsmid heard that "Antipholus" Hoggins had committed a breach of the peace, he thought it would be rare fun to get himself arrested to save his friend; for, quoth he, "I shall prove an ALIBI." The *alibi* is proved at length; but the publication of Mr. John Goldsmid's habits and manners is not flattering to him, although we judge him much less harshly than many of our contemporaries. Take it altogether, it must be confessed to be an excellent joke. We do not wonder at Mr. Serjeant Adams' judgment. We only condemn the severity of his sentence; for however liable a judge may be to be carried away by his feelings, he ought not to let himself be so influenced as to travel out of the record in his adjudication. In general, we think that a public prosecutor should be instituted, if not for other offences, at any rate for the heinous crime of perjury. Many cases would then never come into court, especially those of rape, of which we had a notable sample the other day.

The following lines from the "Comedy of Errors" are not *mal-à-propos* to this case.

Duke (Mr. Serjeant Adams)—Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. (Qy. sherry cobbler?)

You say he dined at home; the *goldsmith* here

"Affirms" that saying.

Dromio of Ephesus (witness for prosecution)—Sir, he dined with her there, at the "Porcupine."

We are no favourers of moneyed respectability. The nature of the man is the same, and money-getting does not embellish. His own wealth pays many a rogue to be honest because it is not worth his while to be otherwise; whilst many a needy man with good impulses is driven by necessity to crime. In the present moneyed era, the fluctuation of fortune, which is the result of mercantile gambling and still more of the diseased state of the currency, has destroyed the old character of the British merchant. But a man of wealth is not likely to commit himself for a *bagatelle*. The real genius of accumulation does not steal oranges. It would not *pay* to do so.

We have just read an account of the arrest of an individual (Mr. Rufus Greene) at Mobile, Secretary to an Insurance office in that town, charged with being defaulter to the amount of *half the capital* of the company. Mr. Greene was an Elder of the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Common Council of the City Government, and occupied the *most distinguished* and most honourable position in an eminent Fraternity of *his State*! No man ever stood higher in public estimation, or enjoyed to a greater extent the confidence of his fellow-men. "We passed it by," says an American paper, "yesterday, because we had not the heart to speak of it." Probably this man would have scorned a small theft, and showed

himself implacable as judge or juror in a case of duck-stealing. Yet these frauds, committed by this paragon of talent, usefulness, and mercantile honour, were as deliberate as the swindling transactions of Captain Routledge, who committed suicide the other day in Newgate. Verily, we live in strange times. Mr. Goldamid may be consoled at the unjust aspersion temporarily cast upon his character when he remembers that a great monarch—the late Louis Philippe—was taxed with a mean attempt to swindle his creditors by a great contemporary journal, eager to anticipate proof and clamorous after condemnation.

WISEMAN'S LECTURE.

A MONSTROUS ASSERTION.

Dr. PUDENTIANA of the Moslem Chair, by courtesy Cardinal Wiseman, has delivered himself of the following notable compliment to the kingdom of the heretic Queen Victoria, in the course of a Papal lecture, which offers its feeble but bigoted conventionality in remarkable contrast to the glorious denunciations of the fearless Father Gavazzi. Wiseman dares to say :—

"It has pleased God to keep a germ still alive in this country, which prevented us from being, like Sodom and Gomorrah, utterly destroyed."

All we can say is this—that should Providence reserve such a fate for any city a second time, in order to manifest his signal wrath against crime, it is more likely to occur from the blossoming of what Wiseman is pleased to call a *germ*, in the shape of monastic or priestly extension in a country, than from the absence of it. We are forcibly

reminded of some lines in a "Satire," from which we have already quoted, which it is certainly fair to give on the other side of the question. They are as follow :—

"Here he took snuff—On Rome I could talk myself blind,
For a sweeter spot where on this earth will you find?
And he touchingly spoke of two cities, *their* fate—
'Ah !' he sigh'd, 'that *was* business, no such luck of late ;
But I fancy sometimes to see Rome grandly burning,
With a lot of queer English folk petrified *turning*.'



JOHN BULL AND THE POPE'S BULL.

HOW THE "MIRROR OF THE TIME" HAS CAUSED SOME FUN.

WITH regard to the supposed Bull, published by the *Morning Herald*, from Queen Victoria to the Pope, appointing twelve Anglican Protestant titular Bishops in the Papal States, we rather imagine that the germ of this story will be found in the MIRROR OF THE TIME of January 15th, in an article entitled "Free-Trade and Reciprocity with the Roman States," which not only suggests this amusing remedy, but actually sketches the various bishoprics of Civita Vecchia, Aquapendente, &c., &c. Since the serious enunciations of some of our contemporaries are so farcical, we cannot be surprised at our humorous proposition being taken as matter of fact, and growing into a formal communication from an eminent dignitary of the Church abroad. But in the present age it is difficult to separate jest from earnest, and truth from fiction ; whilst assertion possesses a laxity which is at once the result of the easy currency given to thought, and of the unchivalric spirit of the age, which latter leads us almost to the bold assertion that "Truth is a

barbarous production, which properly belongs only to the few and is so diluted by civilization and population that it finally lives in imagination alone, drawing upon antiquity for its nuclei and facts."

FEBRUARY, 1851.

FACT, FICTION, AND FIGURES.

THE *Morning Post* informs us that Frenchmen are actually selling flour by retail from vessels moored in the Thames. This is a pretty illustration of the truth of the assertions of Free-traders, who have declared that corn could not be imported at less than 50s. a quarter, considering that English wheat now ranges from 36s. to 39s.* When Cobden seized upon the fallacy of another man, to puff himself and it into notoriety, by the bold and voluble exercise of ingenuity and utterance of common-place, called in modern parlance a "speech," he adopted this mode of settling every difficulty by such bare-faced assertions as the one before us. This quack-hawking of State measures stops at nothing. The *Dulcamara* of Free-trade does not hesitate to suit the pill to the disease and the disease to the pill, and the patient to both or either. An inquiry or a doubt is met by the *pshaw* of contemptuous certainty. "Wheat cannot be imported at 50s." "I am assured by a merchant;" or, "I hold in my hand a paper;" or, "a correspondent from Stettin writes"—such phrases as these clench the matter. Such is the injustice done to fact, fate, and England.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

* The reader must observe the dates of these writings.

PATRONISING AIRS OF COBDEN AND BRIGHT.

It is painfully amusing to observe the manner in which these gentlemen address towns, and corporations, and societies, with the air of visitors of schools or West Indian planters making the round of their own negro seminaries. The Admiral of a Port cannot be grander in his approbation or disapproval of a ship's company's manoeuvres.

"I shall come here again to see how this town progresses," is the dictum; or, "I have my eye upon you;" or, "it is really creditable, and I have much pleasure;" or, "I am positively gratified with your exertions." Why, a King could not give himself more airs than one of these cotton egotists who thus condescends to patronize the deluded people of England.

THE POPE AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

FATHER GAVAZZI denounces the Pope *inter alia* for delivering up to Jew-brokers the resources of nations yet unborn. The whole development of the Pitt policy of greedy borrowing, which has created our debt and funding system, admits of a similar brief and forcible description.

MEN NOT MEASURES.

HOW LORD JOHNNY PROPOSES TO CATCH EELS WITH A CROOKED PIN.

THE English nation is plainly being "made a fool of." The measure of Lord John Russell shows a very small man

struggling with a great dilemma. England is playing a ridiculous part in the face of foreign nations. Far better would it, indeed, have been for her to have yielded tamely and quietly to Papal usurpation than to make so bad a fight as she is making. Not that we are all in danger of becoming Papists at present; but it is plain that those have much to answer for, who, with their puzzled legality and faint daring, entail a fearful struggle upon the present and the ensuing age.

Lord John, after the fashion of the British Parliament, makes a great speech involving a very little fact. We say, at once, that it is what we fully expected from his character, conduct, and position. His position is that of a small fish in a great shoal; his conduct is the perfection of shuffling, and his character is to promise and not perform. From his petulant speech in the City, and from his magnanimously abusive letter to the Bishop of Durham, the public were led to expect—what? Certainly a measure whose excess should be its chief fault; not the lame and impotent conclusion, feebly backed by the Attorney-General, with a dissertation upon what the common law may, possibly, do in a struggle with the canon. In a great emergency lawyers are the worst politicians in the world. In the present instance both law and precedent should yield to the voice of the nation. The Act of Parliament, to deal with this question, should be the embodiment of a grand impulse. That impulse should be one of indignant defence. Had DANIEL WEBSTER answered the imperious sensitiveness of Austria the other day with a protocol on the legal rights of nations with regard to hanging spies, what would America have gained or lost in dignity? Have *we* no DANIEL WEBSTER? A peaking conventionality answers from the depths of

Downing Street, in a timid whisper—"No!" We have a crocodile stranded on our shores, and are endeavouring to wile him away with *bons-bons* and frighten him with penny crackers; but he wants blood, and blood only. We do not wish to emulate the metaphorical exploits of Lord Castlereagh in carrying out our illustrations, or we might say that the crocodile laughs openly at our abortive efforts, hangs out his *pallium* to air in the sun, and sets us at defiance!

Dr. WISEMAN must have felt mightily relieved by the mouse-delivery in the House of Commons the other night. He must be proud of the vicious support of Mr. Roebuck. But we question whether if Judas Iscariot, or the arch enemy himself, could re-appear to offer a helping hand to establish the temporal reign of Rome here, they would not be most welcome, and receive not only a dispensation but a bishopric, no longer *in partibus*, but in a country happily restored to the "inspiring hopes and prospects" of Papacy. For it is all nonsense to talk of the aggression being spiritual. It is purely, or rather impurely, temporal. The former is but a dark cloak of hypocrisy for the latter. The religion of the Catholic ascendancy is its stock-in-trade. It is the powder and puffery—the sop for weak minds. Mr. Roebuck wonders how any man can be such a fool as to believe in it. We wonder how any man can be such a fool as to believe in the belief, except so far as regards fools; and no one will take an astute Priest, Pope, or Cardinal, to be exactly a fool, at least, in a worldly sense. Was Ignatius Loyola a fool? Is Antonelli sublimated in a mystery? Were the promoters of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew asses, except so far as their souls were concerned, however besotted might be their unhappy instruments? No: the Romish religion is a means to an end. It is the base appli-

eration of heaven to earthly purposes. It may be the belief of fools, or the ecstasy of cruel minds; but it is the machinery with which the Devil, usurping Scripture, instigates deeds of blood and lust, crushes liberty and the intellect, and sets in motion every bad passion in human nature, to enliven the body and emasculate the mind. We are not speaking against any faith. We are abusing a temporality dealing with faith as its instrument. Father GAVAZZI, himself a Roman Catholic, thinks as we do.

It is to meet such a monster as this, backed by foreign absolutism in the shape of Austria, Naples, and Spain, that we should have framed a measure. France, it is true, at present merely sides generally against us, because we are English; and she professes an infidelity which styles itself Catholic. She is particularly too much engaged with herself. It is to meet this that Parliament has been convened to weary sense and the nation with historical involution and mild precedent, with fanatical liberality, and every shade and hue of opinion, that form the utter confusion from which Lord John Russell and his assistants have just moulded a shuffling imbecility. We do not wonder that Queen VICTORIA was disgusted with this weak guarding of her dignity and the honour of England.

The chief mischief of it is, that, however great the majority against the Papal aggression may be throughout England, there is such a difference amongst those who are inclined to repel it, that the concentration of the minority is possessed of a threefold power. The unity of the Papists threatens to break up the mighty British Empire, like a bundle of sticks. Snap! There goes Sir Robert Inglis and the High Church, the rottenest twig of all! Cr—r—ack! There the bitter contempt of Roebuck and his ill-conditioned

impish malice is crushed between the insidious thumb and finger of the Cardinal! There lie bent the liberal branches of the bastard philanthropist in the eager grasp of a Papal Machiavelli; there are bruised and broken the green withies of Dissent, unable to resist the onward tread of the insidious monk, whose pallium of falsehood hides, like the sweeping cloak of the Knight Templar, the armed heel of tyranny and oppression. Place and party loose the strongest cords of conviction and conscience. Fashion and notoriety furnish their paralyzing influence. In fact, the ground is quickly strewn with the fragments, which, in a moral, if not a physical, sense, may perchance only be gathered together to light the fires of Smithfield again in the most enlightened and dishonest age the world has ever known—an age in which the original die of honour is lost from the earth, and its remembrance only supplied by the spurious mould, on which a current price is stamped for every purchaser.

Amid all the changes that are rung, amongst all the shackled, modified opinions that disgrace a British Parliament met to deliberate, its place the van of nations, "to be or not to be"—for freedom or tyranny, insult or glory, honour or discredit, the lights of science and education or a return to the dark ages—the grossest absurdity of all is to be told, that the incarnation of Papal bigotry means nothing. Why, they themselves insolently tell us all they mean. The blundering of Irishmen defeats the cringing astuteness of Italian arch-plotters. St. Patrick furnishes the rattle, St. Pudentiana the snake. In vain Wiseman fawns to insult, and licks the hand to spit forth venom; in vain Ullathorne splits a hair with a dagger's point, in the twilight of reason and the night of Jesuitical sophistry. The thing is plain after all. Some blundering fervour continually betrays

what the few would fain conceal. Must we then equivocate in retreat as they lie in advancing? Are we to be taught blindly by the liberal asses of the day, that intolerance consists in the resistance of intolerant aggression?

We ourselves confess that we do not love the abuses of the Church of England. But we are content, at the approach of so great a danger, to merge the lesser in the greater evil. Where we used to condemn we are now silent. We rein in our favourite hobby and restrain our dislike and insubordination. Nay—we exclaim to the Established Church—“With all thy faults, we love thee still!” Mark! our love is only in the comparative degree. We would rather pay nine-tenths of our depreciated estate in tithes than brook one Cardinal, or see England approach, in any way whatever, towards the filthy, emasculated state to which Popery has reduced modern Italy—without the halo of classical glory to dignify squalor or illuminate ruin; without art and singing to soften decay; a blue sky to charm the sentimental traveller, or picturesque brigands to astonish Brentford, in place of Forlini-Popoli—no eloquence but that of Bright and Cobden; no heroism but that of John O’Connell or Feargus O’Connor; no consistency but that of the *Times*; and no grandeur but that of Lord John Russell. They, the Italians, have still their Gavazzi, their Pepe, their Mazzini, their Rossini, their Grisi, and their Garibaldi: we have not even the loveliness of sensualism, or a single ray of faded splendour to shine around the decay of England. The rough virtues of Britons do not admit the elegance of vice. No sonnet of a Filicaja can throw a charm around their prostration, or adorn the catastrophe of a nation which will no longer have the power to breed, in its monkish, vitiated, but still mercantile, atmosphere, either a Cromwell, a Nelson, or

even a Dibdin. Our purpose and our manliness are alike failing.

In our opinion, no man spoke truly out in the House of Lords but the Earl of Winchilsea; and we agree with him, that the present House of Commons is not possessed of the confidence of the British nation. Mr. Roebuck talks of fools, and invites the world to write him down an ass in all but the epidermis which allows that ass to toy good naturedly with thistles; but who believes that the Roman Catholic peers and gentlemen of England would ever, in the event of a civil war, be neutral, or take arms against the Pope? There is no mild form of Popery extant—the body of a man cannot be Protestant and his soul Papist. We hear that the Pope is quite comfortable as to any possible result of his advisers' policy in England. Could he anticipate, even by a forty Minto power of mistaken acquiescence, such a bland measure as that of Lord John Russell?

FEBRUARY 12TH, 1851.

JONATHAN WILL SEE ABOUT IT.

THE PROPOSED BRITISH RAILWAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA.

SEVERAL American papers have been forwarded to us containing notices of "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved"—a work in which a grand scheme of relief to England has been laid before the public, combined with various plans for the reformation of the Church, the diminution of taxes, and the regeneration of the country. This more than "suggestive book," as it was termed by the

Globe, whose chief feature is founded on the pamphlets of Major Carmichael-Smyth, which ought at once to have arrested the attention of our "patriotic" (!) statesmen and capitalists, has excited the fears and jealousies of our keen rivals in the United States. Alas! they little estimate the narrow-minded policy, the small colonial craft, the petty bigotry, and jobbing incapacity, which will prevent England from seizing upon every real advantage that is left to her, or they would not alarm themselves. They do not know that Greece, or Sardinia, are of more importance to us than Canada, or Nova Scotia. They are not aware that a Bishop in New Zealand is our salvation, and an "Exhibition" the gilded egg of our goose, or they would not be on the *qui vive* to anticipate us. However, they do see the vast importance of the propositions which are here neglected, or treated with contempt, by the superficial irony of an *Athenæum* hack-writer. An account of this proposed grand undertaking is given in the *American Traveller*, quoted from the *National Intelligencer* and the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. These papers do not seem to find anything very impossible in the scheme, should it once be undertaken. We give below two notices, in the *Statesman* and the *Daily Evening Transcript*, which show the estimation in which the ideas are held, which are contained in this volume:—

PACIFIC RAILROAD PROJECTS.

"In the United States' House of Representatives, on Thursday, a motion to suspend the rules in order to introduce a resolution granting the use of the House to Asa Whitney, to explain his project for a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, resulted in the suspension of the rules, and the adoption of a resolution granting to Mr. Whitney the use of the House for next Saturday evening.

"An octavo volume of 556 pages has been just published in London,

entitled 'Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved: By F. A. Wilson and Alfred B. Richards,' the object of which is the advocacy of a scheme for building a railroad from Halifax, across Canada, to the Pacific. It is developed at length and with great force of argument. This route (say the writers) is fifteen hundred miles shorter than that proposed by Mr. Whitney. The work, they estimate, will cost £5,000 per mile, or £14,000,000 for the whole. They would have it built by removing, at first the convicts, and then the paupers, of Great Britain, and employing them in the work, the entire cost of which will be less than half the present annual expense of pauperism in the United Kingdom. At the same time Canada should be incorporated with the Kingdom—not as a colony, but as an integral part, the same as Ireland and Scotland.

"It is proposed that twenty thousand convicts should be placed at once upon the road to work it, and that the paupers of the United Kingdom be colonized upon the line, and there sustain themselves by their own labour. It is estimated that five millions of the British population can be spared from home, and that this is the very material to build the proposed road. The adoption of this plan, it is claimed, will regenerate Great Britain, cure all her maladies, relieve her of her burdens, and give her the command of the commerce of the world."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*.

"A book of 550 pages has been published in London, with plates and a map of North America down to the 40th degree of north latitude, detailing the plan of a railroad across Nova Scotia and the Canadas, from Halifax to the Pacific. The idea is magnificent. The route from Halifax to Quebec is already surveyed. The distance from England to China by this proposed road is shown to be *fifteen hundred miles* shorter than the nearest route across the United States. The cost of the road is estimated at £14,000,000, averaging £5,000 a mile. To build it 20,000 convicts are to be set at work at once; paupers are to be sent over, and Canada is to be raised to great dignity in the United Kingdom. Five millions of people can be spared from England, Ireland, and Scotland, to settle along the route and populate it to the Pacific. The scheme is to relieve Great Britain of her pauper burdens, regenerate the old Monarchy, and establish her firmly on the American continent. *Jonathan will see about it!*"—*Boston Statesman*.

In this country, with a few exceptions, "Britain Redeemed and Canada Preserved" has met with the most bitter opposition. The plan itself has been ridiculed, because it interferes with the paltry interests of those who are con-

cerned in all the fatal piddling details of an emigration, which, at present, drains the country of her best resources, without even the hope of return or profit. Our Government contents itself with merely getting rid of population—no matter how. The bottom of the sea, a rival country, or the Antipodes—it is all one to them. “Britain Redeemed” has not scrupled to lash the impotence of the age and the schisms of a bloated Church, whilst it prognosticates the now-impending ruin, and entreats, perhaps ironically, a voluntary purification at the hands of the Church herself. It has spoken out the truth manfully, therefore it has made enemies. The grossest, most vulgar abuse was heaped upon it by such a publication as the *Colonial Review*—probably in the hands of Colonial imbecility directing the sordid reviewer. One of its authors was accused, in the above publication, of deriving his idea from the prisoners indicted at the Old Bailey for duck-stealing, although, it is insinuated, the luckless man had himself no briefs—a mere looker-on upon chicanery, not a professor. He never wore wig and gown in that Court, even upon a single occasion. The remark, therefore, as a malicious lie, was worthy of the worst days of the *Satirist*. The *Athenæum* did not hesitate to attack the work with direct falsehood. The *Economist* out-stepped the usual limits of reviewing to descant upon the impossibility of a sale, and to lecture Mr. Longman on suffering the rash authors to rush on their fate—although it is obvious that the *Economist* could know no more about the sale than its authors were likely to be aware of the valuable “property” enjoyed in the *Economist*. Such was the feeling exhibited by Englishmen with regard to a work which certainly had no apparent motive but the prosperity and glory of England. The opinions of a rival nation are, in such a case, worth some-

thing. All we can say or predicate is this, that when her noble possessions in North America have been suffered to glide away from the grasp of Great Britain by a curious imbecility, or are wrested from her by her own vicious and corrupt administrators and advisers, then, and not until then, will the magnitude of the game she might have played in the world's annals be appreciated. Perhaps the dull reaction and stagnation which will ensue at the close of the "World's Fair," will leave her time to see that the lesson of the American war was entirely thrown away upon legislators not less obstinate but more degenerate than those who spurned the negotiation of Franklin, disregarded the death of Chatham, and, finally, crowned injustice with stupidity, cruelty, and defeat.

OUR NORTH AMERICAN PROSPECTS AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

WE are glad to observe that the question of the British North American Railway has been brought before the House of Lords, and that Mr. HOWE, whose mission from Nova Scotia we have so often noticed, is on the point of seeing his object in coming to this country accomplished. Both Earl Grey and Lord Stanley have spoken upon a subject much more interesting to the nation, if its benefit be considered, than Papal aggression; and we trust now that the ball will be kept up; that Colonial jobbing will be strangled by this infant Hercules of design, and that the whole of that gigantic plan, which we have so long advocated, will in due time be carried out—viz., the incorporation of our North American Colonies with Great Britain, and the formation of a line

of railway to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, to be in English hands alone, and not in the power of the United States whenever they are pleased to quarrel with us, which would certainly be the case with regard to the Isthmus of Panama Canal.

Such a plan as this alone can preserve the kingdom of Great Britain from the rapid decline, which has been hastened by our free-trade impolicy, the repeal of our navigation laws, foreign trickery and aggression, our useless hobbies, our expensive follies, and our philanthropical labours for the benefit of others, under the pressure of our own iniquitous system of debt and taxation at home. As matters are now going on, unless something be speedily done, it will shortly be a question, not whether our North American Provinces shall remain our Colonies, but whether England herself shall not become a province of America. What, when Mr. Cobden shall have succeeded in practically demonstrating the fact that we can do without our Colonies, will be the 25,000,000 of men cribbed and confined in these islands compared to the vast duplication and reduplication of the human family in America? The population of Great Britain, curtailed of her colonial possessions, must dwindle to decay, as it always does in a worn-out country. Foreign invasion, whether peaceful or hostile, threatens to denationalize her. She will follow the fate of Ireland, whose nationality is becoming a mere bloodless shadow from poverty, misery, and emigration.

We can compare England at present to nothing more aptly than to a feudal nobleman of vast possessions, gallant deeds, and great liabilities. He has apparently more debts than he can pay. His income is swallowed up. He is the prey of harpies. All is in confusion, and in the midst of

this he prepares a great banquet, and invites all his neighbours, who hasten with various emotions to regale themselves at his expense—some to plunder, some to sneer, some to admire, some to learn and improve themselves in copying his magnificence. In the midst of this, his bankruptcy is proclaimed. Deafened, stupified, deluded, and abused, he will not listen to a few of his humblest friends and a deputation from a great estate he has somewhere, which he has never visited, and of which he knows literally nothing, except such facts as may be supplied by occasional and frequently mendacious reports. These friends come and say:—"Behold, you are lord still of woods, and mines, and lakes, and granaries, which will not only redeem you, but make you greater than ever. Make haste; for they are menaced by your enemies. Take what is your own; pay your debts and prosper." But no; he listens only to the wrangling of a few parsons over his table, to the squabbles of his servants, and to the insidious advances of his foes. He rushes into a quarrel between two of the meanest persons of his acquaintance—poverty-stricken wretches, whom he had rescued from the mire during his prosperity—and he is cursed for his pains; he takes a black servant out of the stocks, whilst his pocket is picked as he teaches him religion and forces pills of morality down his throat. A number of vulgar fellows, intent only upon their own notoriety, bore him with schemes for giving away and depreciating what he has left, until he believes them for their very impudence and tenacity. They fill their own pockets, like rogues at a fire, and introduce strangers to increase the confusion and cloak their own wickedness. They hide his pistols and bury his sword, and finally tie his hands and blindfold him. Then all the gates are thrown open.

Poor John Bull—(such is his familiar title)—it is all over with him ! His grand means of redemption are only taught him in the hour of his despised imbecility through histories written by his foes, some of whom say that he was a fine fellow, although such a fool. Too late he learns what he might have been ; goes through the Insolvent Court of Conscience, and is pilloried by remorse ; whilst he sees that birthright, which was his, fall into the hands of others, and endures all the contempt, insult, and outrage which is always inflicted upon the great when they are fallen, and which is more than minor spirits have a capacity for feeling, even were it bestowed upon them.

We have drawn a comparison at some length, and its features are not always perfect in their application. But it is so true that none can deny its force and correctness, although they may ridicule the weak points of a parable whose virtue is in the truth of its general bearing.

We are very glad to observe, in the speech of Lord Stanley, which we think the most important, although his party is not *at present* in power, that he lays great stress upon our *maritime* transatlantic possessions. He thinks these of paramount importance, even putting Canada out of the question. True ; but we would remind his lordship that the one must go with the other, and that there are plans and destinies far beyond even the great importance of a mere part of the scheme, which the eye of a statesman should see in its full development. Lord Dundonald, carried away by his naval enthusiasm, has declared that these maritime provinces are of the highest importance, and that, if we retain these, the rest is of no consequence. But of what avail are ports and fleets without commerce ? Where is to be safety for England's millions against famine should the Cossack

desolate Europe, or a Socialist frenzy set the nations by the ears? One of these two must happen. Popery, Absolutism, and Nicholas, are arrayed against the spirit of freedom; against the bleeding frames of Italy and Hungary ready to start from the ground; against purposeless Prussia; against convulsed and dismembered Germany; against England—perhaps against France!

In the meanwhile, America, with the growth of a young giant, o'erleaps the age to come to snatch its crown of glory, in defiance of the grey old Metternichian spirit of Austria, that would fain check the impetuosity it fears. It needs no prophet to see that a mighty struggle is at hand. The human heart sets at nought the regenerating power of Science in its ambition and wickedness. Neither the crimes of nations nor the vices of individuals wither before the approaching footsteps of Art; but rather blossom in her track, whilst our improved destructive knowledge far exceeds the discoveries which ameliorate our condition. It is true that the orators, writers, and politicians of the day are very complimentary to the present generation; but we confess that we ourselves do not see the improvement. We rather detect the shallow artifices of flattering imbecility in those who assure us in one breath that the age of poetry is gone, and in another that universal brotherhood is at hand. These are men who prefer one copy of the *Times* to a Thucydides, and would relinquish the conquests of England—dictators of decline and autocrats of mock freedom, liberal anomalies and selfish regenerators, cotton-velvet slave-owners and hollow enthusiasts—who dare to preach the annihilation of experience, the abnegation of the gifts of time, the repudiation of all that we have inherited from the wisdom of our forefathers, and to substitute in place of these a dream of diluted opium in the hot

atmosphere of a cotton factory, in which human machines work with tea-total resignation for the benefit of those who make long speeches.

Mr. Cobden says that human energy declines in America. We can tell him that the northern Temperate Zone belts the earth, and that in it mankind, as a general rule, never degenerates—that this is in the possession of Great Britain at present—that he, Mr. Cobden, may think as a Turk, if he please, but that we conceive patriotism to be that virtue which teaches a nation, within itself, by itself, and of itself, to set an example to mankind. North America must be Anglo-Saxon. Is it not the duty of an Englishman to wish and to act in such a manner that she should be as far as possible English? The jealousy of nations may be reprehensible; but it acts like the emulation of individuals—nay, far better; for it is a law of nature less liable to perversion, as a tide possesses greater regularity than a mountain spring or a rivulet. Yet how necessary the antagonistic power! All that we know of the universe is guided by it. Nay, we are taught almost to believe in it morally. Imagine the world one great Babel workshop of brotherhood. Can such infinite misery be pictured? Can such a lively stagnation, such a stale variety of woe, be realized by the mind? Not like Wordsworth's tea-party, but like Cobden's *soirée*, would the human family be—all working and all damned!

A truce to the consideration of these absurdities.

Lord Dundonald, then, would retain our maritime colonies alone. Our policy is different. The fatal ignorance—the cruel blundering, which ceded our broad possessions, by one stroke of a Colonial Office new goose-quill, to the extent of millions of broad acres, in the fixing the Boundary Line at the termination of the American war, may argue in

this manner. They may still say:—"What are these forests, these bogs, these deserts to us?" But what a loss was there! Fortune, however—not they—still just preserved to us all that is necessary. A little more, and our projected line of railroad would have been impossible.

We trust that the success which has hitherto attended Mr. Howe, and the consideration which has very properly been accorded to his opinions and vouchsafed to his communications, will teach our colonies not to let England sleep, and to appeal to her people, should her Ministers be found deaf or impracticable. Had Franklin thought of this, instead of suffering himself, like a political Johnson, to wait in the antechamber of kings until disgust bid him shake the dust from off his feet and depart, America might even now belong to us entirely—*as the best part of her still does*. Will it continue to do so? That is the question.

We trust that this matter will not now be consigned to the limbo of a lengthy deliberation and so be suffered to get stale, or, on the other hand, be eaten up alive by voracious speech-makers. If Cobden oppose it, we hope that some popular speaker will go down to Manchester, harangue his deluded constituents, and drive him from his own dunghill. We have heard such a suggestion. This will be a short session for sound measures. Had Parliament been convened at once to repel the Papal insult, the nation would have been spared much of its ferment; the struggle would not have been put off to the commencement of the "Great Exhibition," which is so dangerous a moment for the liberties and peace of England, and the House would have had some time and opportunity to consider solid measures and legislate for the positive as well as the negative benefit of the country.

FEBRUARY 19TH, 1851.

THE "NARRATIVE" OF CAPTAIN WARNER.

"By such means, war will ultimately be done away with."—*Duke of Richmond.*

"It would render all the ships of the line useless, and dispense with the greater part of us."—*Marquis of Anglesey.*

"I must admit that nothing can be more complete and formidable."—*General Lord Combermere.*

"Nothing can withstand them."—*General Lord Hardinge.*

"All ships of the line are useless against such a mode of defence they are only like so many floating haystacks."—*Captain Lord Hardwicke.*

"Providence, perhaps, mercifully designs, by its very horrors, to lessen the frequency and miseries of war."—*Captain Lord Talbot, R.N.*

"One eighteen-pound shell would sink any ship of the line. Portsmouth would be destroyed, or any other port, without knowing where those terrific powers came from."—*Admirals Sir R. Keats and Sir T. Hardy.*

"Nothing afloat can withstand their extraordinary power."—*Admiral Sir G. Cockburn.*

"A powerful auxiliary both to army and navy."—*General Sir Harry Smith.*

"If I could do as much, I would have three millions."—*Admiral Sir Charles Napier.*

"Warner may yet be regarded as a benefactor to mankind."—*Commander J. Harvey.*

THE "Narrative" of Captain Warner, which has been placed in our hands, is certainly as extraordinary as any invention he can produce to astonish civilized humanity, whatever that invention may be. Knowing the world as we do, and fully aware as we are, of the difficulties against which a man of genius and generosity has to contend, still we were unprepared for such a tissue of meanness, shuffling, falsehood, and malignity, as is unveiled in these pages, which, we are sorry and ashamed to say, we consider to bear the stamp of truth.

For we would certainly rather believe, were it possible, that Captain Warner, who is an entire stranger to us save through the reports of the Insolvent Court and the observations of the public press, is the victim of delusion or the professor of chicanery, than credit a history which casts so indelible a stain upon the character of so many distinguished individuals and so many persons holding responsible situations in our country. But our wishes in this case are not fathers to our thoughts. Captain Warner has, indeed, had a bitter experience of official inhumanity and professional selfishness. He has known

“ the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.”

Nay, he has known more than this. He has experienced the wolfish jealousy of those who saw themselves flung in a probable shade by his renown, who feared that his discoveries would destroy their importance, who trembled with rage and hatred at beholding success vainly endeavouring to crown him; whilst they basely laid snares for his feet, threw dust in his eyes, pushed, kicked, and beat him like a mob surrounding a culprit. We should not be satisfied with ourselves, as journalists, were we to let pass the occasion of calling upon the country to rescue this man from the slough of jobbing despond, from the present triumph of jealous falsehood, from the apathy of ignorance and that lying judgment of the vulgar which so readily follows after sordid abuse and ridicule, when these are the tools of powerful jealousy and unscrupulous oppression. We call upon the public to test the truth of Captain Warner’s “Narrative.”

We call upon England to insist upon the fact being made patent, as to whether he be a humbug or not.

We believe that he is *not*. We believe that he is the inventor of such deadly secrets, as, if employed by us alone, would make us superior in the field or on the ocean to any antagonist; but which secrets being made generally known, would tend rather to abolish war than to destroy the human race. We think that Captain WARNER is fully justified, by everything save the lingering emotions of a patriotic heart and the ennobling suffering which endures to the end, in offering the benefit of his discoveries to a foreign power. He has suffered much here. He has seen the promises of a monarch falsified by the administrations which succeeded his reign. He has felt the sternest application of the law, which condemns rogues and prodigals, without having been either prodigal or rogue. He has been laughed at and burlesqued, until his name has become a household word for ridicule; as if he had been the Ferdinand Mendez Pinto of inventors. He is now neglected, save by the paragraphs of a morning journal, which sums up his life to compare him to Dousterswivel, and drags in the name of his generous patron, Earl Talbot, to make two parties to a game of folly and deception. Is all this nothing, ye Hudsons of the day! who make money the sole God of your adoration? Is it nothing, ye men of quick feelings and sensitive honour? Is it nothing, ye fathers of eleven children, who have thrown away the substance after the shadow, confident in your own powers and a nation's gratitude? We say that were Captain WARNER to betake himself to Paris or St. Petersburg, to the Pope of Rome or Vienna, to Jonathan or Timbuctoo, and sell his secret to the first bidder, we could not blame him.

Imagine a man dying in obscurity, poverty, and disgrace, unable to emerge from it, knowing his power, leaving his children unprovided for, with the memory of such a "Narrative" thundering in his ears. Nay ; a man so treated might, if he followed the dictates, not of a traitor, but nature, breathe back his bitterest curse on the shores of Albion, as he left her, and spurn the boat which landed him on a foreign shore to seek the name, the refuge, and the fortune denied him here.

Sell the secret ? We would sell it to the Devil ! But to the Russians and French ? No ! No !—not quite that yet. For we feel as an Englishman, and would pity, not revenge ourselves upon, our country for her misfortunes in being the sport of those who have extinguished us and deluded her.

Let us turn to the "Narrative" itself, and we shall see that these last are the real sentiments of the man whose cause we advocate. In page 1 of the Preface, he says :—

"But why should I expect to be free from the troubles and annoyances which have generally befallen most inventors ? Fulton narrates of himself, that when he first unfolded to his friends his project for applying steam to maritime locomotion, they either remonstrated with him as a dreamer about to expose himself to derision, or seriously meditated placing him under bodily restraint. And when he commenced building his first steam-boat, as he passed to and fro from the superintendence of his work-people, his friends shook their heads with pitiful looks, or significantly pointed to their foreheads, while others openly mocked him. The day at last arrived whereon Fulton's first experiment was to be exhibited. An eager crowd assembled, and that excitement prevailed which so commonly pervades a mass of spectators of any novelty. Nervousness is infectious, and probably the excitement of the lookers-on might have agitated Fulton and his men ; at any rate, a stoppage occurred shortly after his vessel had started. How was this accident, which turned out to be temporary and trivial, received by the spectators ? With expressions of regret for an enterprising man's disappointment, and the probable loss to the public of a valuable invention ? Far otherwise : it was received with shouts of triumphant derision, and

loud vauntings of self-complacent sagacity :—"I always knew it would be so ; ' It is all a humbug ; ' ' Fulton's an impostor, a fool, a dreamer,' &c. After this, perhaps, I ought not to expect to be free from similar terms of derision or rebuke."

In this comparison consists the true language of philosophy. Let us see what he says a little further on about the reasons why he has acquired the name of an impostor, instead of being recognised as a modern Archimedes and the safeguard of his country :—

"The question then arises, why have those inventions and discoveries remained dormant for so long a time? To disabuse the public mind on this point, and as an act of justice to myself, I have resolved on laying before the world the following plain statement of facts, showing the movements which have been made with the Government, and the petty annoyances I have been subjected to from various official persons connected with the army and navy, whose jealousies have been created, and who, fearing their occupation might be gone, have endeavoured to thwart me in every way possible. Thus would those persons sacrifice the welfare of the country to advance their own selfish views, for individual benefit or family connections. Had my loyalty to the land of my birth been no stronger than what these public servants have evinced, some foreign power would ere this have possessed itself of my secrets, and the mastery and supremacy of England have given way to its more fortunate rival."

Let us now remark that the title of the "Long Range," which has given every ignorant, scurrilous fool the handle for a jest, was bestowed by the Commissioners, Admirals Keats and Hardy, in their most favourable report to William the Fourth on all Captain Warner's inventions, some eighteen years ago. Let us quote a passage or two from this document :—

"The invention, which we designated the Long Range, Captain Warner calls only an auxiliary to his other inventions: but we are of opinion it is one of the most formidable and terrific discoveries the human mind could imagine; as the whole of our fortified places along

the whole line of coast could be most easily destroyed. It is impossible to guard against this mode of warfare, as it can rain a most terrific fire for miles. No army could stand before it. We shall confine ourselves, however, to sea-going purposes. Under the cover of darkness Portsmouth could be destroyed, or any harbour or port in the kingdom, without knowing where those terrific powers came from; as there is no flash or any report in leaving the ship. But the Invisible Shell has put an extinguisher on all naval tactics; whatever country possesses it, no other country could invade their shores.

* * * * *

"It appears that the explosive power originated with Captain Warner's grandfather, who was forty years endeavouring to bring it to perfection. After his death his father laboured for thirty years, and met with many accidents; but failed in bringing it sufficiently under his control. Ten years after his death, Captain Warner so completely brought it under control that he has made it the safest piece of ordnance ever brought into action.

"We perfectly agree with your Majesty's suggestion that this Report should not be laid before the Boards of Admiralty, or Ordnance, as it would cause great professional prejudice, and would soon be made known to the world. The remuneration which your Majesty agreed to give Captain Warner, when he had fully satisfied us of the great powers his inventions possess, and their practicability for naval purposes, was two hundred thousand pounds, and three thousand pounds a-year for his life. He has perfectly satisfied our minds as to their great value to this or to any other country, and we hope no time will be lost in giving Captain Warner the money agreed upon, as it must have cost him an immense sum to have brought these inventions to perfection; but this will rest with your Majesty and the Prime Minister. Captain Warner's patriotism and forbearance has been beyond all praise.

"RICHARD G. KEATS.

"THOMAS HARDY."

We cannot follow Captain WARNER in his description of all the paltry subterfuges of the Admiralty, and the reckless misbehaviour of others of high station. It is sickening to read these papers, whose every letter and line tell his story well, painting such a series of artifices and such a history of patient perseverance and cruel disappointment, as we never before saw equalled. The ignorant soldier who killed Archi-

medes had ignorance for his excuse; whilst the Roman Consul Marcellus showed a noble respect for such an enemy, both alive and dead. England destroys her Archimedes, not with rude hands, but with the choking grasp of crafty officials only intent upon selfish plunder. In the year 1840, England and the world rung with Captain WARNER's exploits. Foreign powers made overtures to him. The most wonderful and successful experiments were made. Is it not extraordinary that his powers should still be doubted, and that he should suffer from the sharp fangs of poverty, and writhe under contempt? We reply, No! He could not be crushed in a moment, but was paltered with in the most insidious manner, withered by long delay, made stale by infinite promises never to be performed, worn out and degraded by mock appointments, and finally lost sight of by impoverishment and imprisonment. Can such things be? Yes, we repeat, in this country they are rife, although such an extraordinary case as this is perhaps rare as its occasion. But there are parallel instances of similar, if not equal duplicity. Since the days of Prometheus the world has ever behaved thus.

It cannot, nevertheless, easily be imagined how, in the teeth of publicity, Captain WARNER has been *suppressed*, without considering that the power and the will to suppress him lay together. The thousand and one delays, false contrivances and dirty means, which have been used to keep him back and delude the nation, must be set against the fact, that with the exception of a generous few, it was nobody's business to assist him and see him righted. But there were the public experiments. Yes, and every fool tried to account for them. The public is a baby. It saw a curious sight and went home babbling of it; but the memory

merely remained, like that of having seen a firework at Vauxhall. The very wonder of the thing created doubt, and the doubt a drivelling disbelief easily turned to account by those determined to do so.

Since Captain WARNER destroyed the *John of Gaunt*, a vessel of 300 tons, in two minutes and a half, in the sight of thousands, and since the Government—by the mouth of the specious and shallow minister, who has been beslavered with a praise, which all posterity and a great portion of the present age must and will think ridiculous—refused, with Jewish cunning and stinginess, the modest sum which Captain WARNER properly demanded, what money has not been expended if not flung away in Woolwich marshes, or on board the *Excellent* in the slow improvements which inferior minds have from time to time invented, all in the regular routine, *so as not to disturb any system*, or annoy one present pensioner upon the bounty of Britannia? Captain WARNER has been condemned for his destructive powers, supposing that they *are* real; but the nation goes on still inventing means of death little by little. The difference is really the following. Two rival nations thus improving progressively might destroy each other, ere victory was proclaimed; but one with such a secret might dictate peace to the world, and thus would war be avoided and a state of things ensue which would prove more substantial at any rate than a peacemonger's millennium.

We wish we had space to write more and time to write it better! This "Narrative" will go down to the end of the world as a record of the freaks which nations are sometimes made to play by the hands of selfish individuals.

We, as unbiassed and accidental observers, are convinced that a man has been neglected, oppressed, and despised, who

possesses more wonderful scientific secrets in the art of destructive warfare than were ever known, or, at least, recorded in the world's annals. Such a man has had to struggle in the clutches of daily necessity, and publicly to exhibit the insolvent sweat of a brow which has for years teemed with, and given successful birth to, projects so gigantic as to appear almost fabulous, in a Court far better adapted for the correction of an Oxonian or the dissection of a swindler. That man, thus pilloried, is then driven forth into obscurity, after spending his own fortune, foregoing brilliant opportunities, and receiving the promises of a monarch, broken by death and unacknowledged by his successors. His only friend is accused of a foolish patronage. Let us conclude with his allusion to Earl Talbot, after a well-merited eulogium of gratitude to that nobleman, and his just declaration as to the future:—

“Originally to patriotism alone, but since, perhaps, to friendship as well as patriotism, am I, as well as my country, indebted for Earl Talbot's advocacy of this question; and I feel assured that the day is not far distant when his Lordship's views will be acknowledged. Not that I expect justice myself from the Government; but as *I now consider myself a free agent, with full liberty to go where I please with my inventions, and to sell them to any foreign nation I may think proper*, I may do yet what will convince the world that the British Government have been wrong, whilst Earl Talbot and all those who have advocated my cause during twenty years of patient anxiety have been right, in the part they have taken.”

We shall offer, in our next, a suggestion or two for the benefit of Captain WARNER, which, we trust, may command attention.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE COMING EXHIBITION.

CERTAINLY the approach of the "Exhibition" produces anything but a general activity in trade. Everything is hanging back, in expectation then to realise a little California. People will not let their lodgings, because they are afraid to depreciate their market—and besides they may as well await the great event. The very pantomimes this year did not present those usual advertisements which are paid for by certain shop-keepers and other active people in consideration of the notoriety thus acquired. These latter intended, they said, to wait for the Exhibition. But what is this in comparison with the stagnation that will subsequently ensue? How many people will take houses and buy furniture for which they cannot pay, and spend money, and be ruined? Let the Insolvent Courts of 1852 answer these questions? The influx of seedy foreigners is already very great. We confess that we look upon this with great repugnance. What with sallow "Oratorians," and bearded Jews and Gentiles, the streets of London already present a very unwholesome appearance. For ourselves, we must confess that we do not like this notion of "mixing the breed." The effects in future years, if nothing else go wrong, will be pretty much the same as if London had been occupied by a foreign army for a year, and given up three months to pillage. But Mr. Cobden says that it is all right. We emphatically say, in Oriental language, "On his head be it!"

Morally and physically, we condemn the whole thing. A triennial exhibition of internal industry to take place first at London, then at Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, ay, and start not, *Dublin*; such would have been the popular

device of a true legislator or suggestive patriot. We are very illiberal, doubtless. The swindler accuses his intended victim of want of pluck and spirit. If this be your liberality, we are proud to be thought otherwise. We could give a receipt for the destruction of England in Mrs. Glasse's style. "Take your country, after first choosing one that is well taxed and with a heavy national debt, then disarm it. Baste with philanthropy. Beat well with agricultural distress. Lard with free-trade. Add spice of all nations *quantum suff*. Then simmer over the fire of imbecility, and stir with the spoon of contempt. Season with papacy, decorate with newspaper ornaments, and serve up in a crystal plateau with glass filagree work." You have, then, a perfect mess, à la Cobden; and the proof of your success will be that all mankind will partake of it. As the quantity of requisite material is very great, it is a dish that the world may never see again.

FEBRUARY 19TH, 1851.

TULIT ALTER HONORES.

DID PRINCE ALBERT FIRST SUGGEST THE "GREAT
EXHIBITION?"

IN a letter to a morning paper about patent model buffers for railways, or some improvement or other to obviate the Eastern Counties' habit of running off the line into eternity, or leaving your front teeth sticking in the forehead of your *vis-à-vis*, as a minor catastrophe, there exists the statement "that Prince Albert was the originator of the 'World's Meeting.'" Now, feeling as we do the fullest and most painful conviction that one twelvemonth hence His Royal

Highness Prince Albert will be very thankful to any one who has contradicted that statement, and wishing to be first in the field to secure his gratitude, we beg leave to whisper a doubt—mind, only a delicate doubt; a blushing, bowing, courtier-like, conventional, sneaking, hesitation—as to this being the fact. If Prince Albert says himself that he was, mind, we have retracted beforehand. We have the reverence of *Falstaff* for the young lion german(e); and we toss up our doubt, to catch it in the spoon of acquiescence, or on the fork of denial, as the case may turn out to be.

But who *did* originate the Great Exhibition? Was it Cole, or Dilke, Brown, without a final *e*, Snob, Prince, or Peasant? We have heard that Mr. FRANCIS WHISHAW proposed a "Great Exhibition" so far back as 1844. But this was simply a yearly National Exhibition. Had its intention been otherwise, we would not advocate the cause of its originator. This gentleman—formerly *secretary* to the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, but now fully repudiated by them—even went so far as to offer a premium for plans of a "Great Exhibition" building. Why is Mr. WHISHAW not now recognised? Is it because the flatterers of the Prince think he might interfere with the Prince's renown or their own selfish views? One thing we are certain of, which is this:—the Prince is too much of a gentleman and a man of merit to wish that this individual should be sacrificed on the altar of his fame. We shall recur more fully to this subject, and enter a little upon the merits and present position of Mr. WHISHAW. Will Mr. Paxton also say whether or not M. Horeau first suggested a building of glass and iron?

A PRIZE ESSAY IN TWO WORDS.

A PRIZE of One Hundred Guineas has been offered by the Reverend Dr. Emerton, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, for the best essay on the following subject:—"In what respect is the union of all nations at the Great Exhibition calculated to further the moral and religious welfare of mankind, and thus conduce to the glory of God? And in what respect may we, as a nation and as individuals, most effectually promote this object?"

We answer both questions—"IN NONE!"



QUESTIONS FOR "NOTES AND QUERIES."

WE should like to know who or what was represented by the statue about to be removed from Leicester Square to make way for Wyld's globe and the satellite "Greenhouse." Was it Dick Turpin, or Priapus, or the genius of the mouldy cab-stand in that locality? Why are the cabs in Leicester Square the worst in London? In the *Muffe's Oracle* for 1661 it is said that "the merrie monarch didde there often make a 'Great Exhibition' of himself." Is this a historic type? What will posterity mean by saying that her rulers played "old gooseberry" with England, supposing that it ever should say so? Have the oyster grottoes "only once a-year" any connexion with the expedition of Caligula? Was the Paxton who did not come in with William the Conquerer entitled to a cauliflower in his bearings; and if not, why not?

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

“ON, STANLEY, ON!”

MUST Lord John Russell be returned upon the country like a bad shilling, to be nailed upon the counter of the Great Exhibition? We trust that no such necessity will be found to exist, in spite of the broken state of parties, the ambition of one man, the diffidence of another, or the really great perils which will surround him who takes the deserted helm of the staggering vessel. The present Ministry has exuded—gone out like a candle, the only difference being that the extinction is unattended with even a flare up in the socket. Let us not look to the manner, the motive, or the expectation. It may be Lord John Russell wished to take the oppositionists by surprise; it may be that he wanted to get rid of one or two such men as the Chancellor of the Exchequer; it may be that he found himself utterly at a loss, or that he hoped his Royal Mistress would be at a loss without him. Perhaps he had no other alternative. We are inclined to think that he had not. It is, in our opinion, the very panic of rottenness. In regarding the whole affair, we are led to exclaim—“Imbecility ushered them to the door, and contempt follows them. Shuffling was their characteristic—wriggling their pre-eminence. Like many other bad things they made some futile pretence of promise in the end. The last act was a little justice done to our North American Provinces, and some faint show of attention to a Colonial Envoy. Their abandonment of the clergy reserves in Canada, and their civility to Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, were a flower or two sprinkled on the tomb of their Exodus.” Such acts of virtue on the part of such a Ministry, were actual symptoms of approaching dissolution.

For ourselves, we hope that Lord Stanley will take office and that Parliament will be dissolved. We are certain that there exists in the country a strong revival of Protectionist feeling. Even the manufacturers begin to experience the necessity of it. The country shopkeepers are falling with farmers. The mercantile navy is in a state of mutiny. All the crochets and the falsehoods in the world cannot render us blind to distress, and so rapid is the advance of ruin that it carries a warning and a rattle in the very abruptness of its approach. It is indeed a crisis, and he is a bold man who will face it. On the one side is the confusion of the mighty gala to which we stand pledged; on the other is a religious conflict. No juggling sleight of hand will meet the emergency. No soft-spoken Peel will avail; no paltry saving of finance. A Minister must come forward, more like a dictator than a party-leader. Is this possible? All we can say is, that if it be not, the country is ruined, and, therefore, it is well worth the trial. A strong and frank appeal to the sense of the nation might do wonders.

A total alteration in our system of currency—a graduated tax upon property—a low, fixed duty on corn—a grand system of emigration—the abandonment of frantic expense, such as a Caffre war and a negro blockade—the placing the Church on a cheaper footing—and the incorporation of the flower of our colonies, with the immediate reduction of pauperism and the employment of convict labour—such are the measures which England will still recognise; because they are sound and honest and based on broad and true principles. If the country be not yet ripe for Lord Stanley, perhaps the best thing it could submit to would be the short-lived degradation of a “gent” Ministry. Let us have Bright and Cobden, and hurry on the catas-

trophe. A crisis is better than a decline—as small-pox is less to be apprehended than a galloping consumption. We say this with an inclination to be ironical. Imagine such a man as Cobden at the head of affairs—the climax of absurdity and the holiday-train of vulgar ruin! These are no stern sectarians—no men whose principles dignify upstarts and stamp novices with the die of action. Poor, puny, pertinacious, notorious, sour-milk-and-water demagogues, ye would destroy your country, without even the dignity which may attend wrong, or the respectability which may accompany a great theoretical mistake!

We have heard it rumoured that Lord Stanley has actually taken upon himself to form a Cabinet. If he have done so, it must be no “Liberal” amalgamation, no Peelite combination. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, he must put a new aspect on matters, or, after a short career, he will really make way for the desperate devices of the rank Free-traders, and the Government of England will be actually prostituted to political “gentism.” The miserable Papal measure of Lord John Russell has increased the insolence of the Roman priest, who sees fear in concession, and is only capable of estimating a blow in the face for its true value. The misery of half measures has received a timely warning. Lord Stanley has been called the Rupert of debate, let him show himself the Cromwell of action. For Lord John Russell, he has proved himself to be but a fluctuating dwarf between experience and innovation. He has met with the fate of all mock Liberals. With the present parliament we must reiterate that we believe nothing can be done. It is a dead weight upon the country, which has now had some experience of Free-trade; and, if we mistake not, even an extension of the franchise will only give a more general

voice to the necessity of a return to those principles which once made the country great and prosperous. We shall give farther scope, next week, to our ideas of the resources which Great Britain possesses for the happy maintenance of all who are born upon her soil. She has land for her millions within fourteen days of Liverpool; steamers to convey them; and a loan might be so arranged as to repay itself from the sweat of their brow in a short space of time. This would be a greater triumph than a forcing-frame of industry, and a more healthy out-of-door process altogether. When this is done, and our workhouses and prisons are closed, it will be time to cry Free-trade with the world, and we shall not then fear the cosmopolitan race; no, not on any ground that may be marked out for it from Borneo to California.

FEBRUARY 26TH, 1851.

HOW THE GREAT EXHIBITION BECAME INTERNATIONAL.

It may be interesting to trace the progress of this national calamity. We know how great things originate from small. The story of the nail that was wanting to the horse-shoe, and consequent destruction of an empire, must be familiar to such of our readers as are old enough to have been young in the good old days of nursery rhymes and sayings. Here it will be as well to remind our readers that we only condemn the "Great Exhibition" because it is international. We are not opposed to science and art. We condemn King Bomba and the Pope because they are—in addition to their execrable tyranny. We do not, it is true, consider that the advancement of science generates happiness by an egg-

hatching process, or that it purifies the human heart by any new invention under the sun. We believe that even steam and printing have their drawbacks. But we are inclined to look, on the whole, with wonder and admiration on every development of human skill and cunning, whether displayed in mechanism or discovery, in science, chemistry, or the arts. Therefore, we repudiate the notion of being *anti-progressionists*, except when the age runs frantically away from the experience of all antiquity, from the wisdom of our forefathers, from honesty, faith, and honour. Then, indeed, we may indulge in a sigh for "stage-coaches," mercantile probity, British bravery, and all that which the *Times* loves to ridicule under the sweeping denomination of "Protection." Still, the great point with us is this:—We should have been proud of a British National Exhibition of Arts and Industry. No injury could have accrued from this; and we cannot deny that much good might have been done. Excuse us for using the word "British." It has been ridiculed by a daily journal—the same, we think, which stated that all Barclay and Perkins' draymen were women-floggers towards their own wives! However, we are British in our sympathies, and we cannot help it. We lean towards G. F. Young rather than Cobden, from impulse and sentiment, as well as reasoning and much-abused "statistics," which last phrase means, in Free-trade language, a lie put in the disguise of exports, imports, and figures.

Let us now come to the question. How was the *internationality* of this Exhibition, which is to do so much good or so much harm—which at any rate is to do *something*—how was it concocted? In what eclipse of reason or the sun did this notion seize upon the fanciful ingenuity of men; and, having taken hold of that, how was it forced

upon John Bull, *nolens volens*? What was the secret? At a meeting of the Society of Arts, in 1845, if we mistake not, Mr. FRANCIS WHISHAW proposed to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, on the steps of the building in the Adelphi, the *nucleus* of the plan for an Exhibition. In 1850, Prince Albert is the originator of that scheme, with the notable addition of the admission of the world to England's *banquet*. At a meeting held in 1849, the question was incidentally put in the Adelphi—"Shall we admit foreign goods, or not?" The vote of two or three obscure individuals decided it.

"Thus are kingdoms lost or won."

Shortly after, *the* deputation waited on Prince Albert in the Highlands of Scotland, and the Prince, a general lover of science, but who does not probably dig deep beneath the surface of political agency, was delighted therewith. It suited the active individuals, who now found themselves invested with the importance for which they laboured, to honour the Prince, and the Prince was accordingly honoured. So, instead of a Baker-street Bazaar affair, or a building that should contain London, Paisley, Manchester, Birmingham, and the Colonies, we are saddled with a Greenhouse for all the world—in the midst of a sea of troubles, which, sooth to say, no politician of the day likes to encounter, save Bright and Cobden, and they would scale Heaven—dwarfs as they are in place of Titans. Even Ambition shrinks from the helm. All this was done without deliberation; without the high sanction of Parliament; without counsel, save that of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—"all honourable men," but rather pushing withal—without one fair auspice for its success save the flattering smiles of the flattered Consort of her Majesty's serene throne.

But who is this Mr. FRANCIS WHISHAW? We have before directed the attention of our readers to *him*. He *was* the Secretary to the Society of Arts in the Adelphi; and, we believe, the individual to whom that Institution owes its present actual existence. The Society was in a deplorable state, when, some eight years ago, he was called to its aid, and, by indefatigable exertions and industry, set it on its legs again. He first made science fashionable as connected with it; and spent money, exceeding his limited salary, in giving those *soirées* and entertainments which, at last, resulted in the triumphant introduction of Prince Albert to take a personal interest in its proceedings. He it was who, struck with the National Exhibition at Paris, first suggested an English Exhibition, on the same excellent principle, which has since grown into this untoward and gigantic enterprize, called by so many high-sounding titles; but, by none, we think, more appropriate than that by which we originally christened it—"John Bull's Green-house." How, then, does he cease to have anything to do with it? By a natural course of events. Another generation has arisen in the place of those who were the acting members of the Society a short time back. Scarcely one of the old council, we believe, remains. Merely scientific men are not the thing for a Great Exhibition. Men of worldly tact and cunning were wanting, and such have got the whole affair into their hands. The disinterested gentlemen, who repudiate salaries, and repose securely upon the rosebeds of a vague patronage and the future gratitude of their country, have now got the entire management, and have everything at their disposal. It was these gentlemen who decided as to the introduction of foreign goods, as a trifling affair, to be settled "ay" or "no," at a bare meeting in the Adelphi.

All we can say is, that they are a very clever set of fellows ; and it is to be hoped that, whatever be the effect upon the nation, their fortunes and prospects will receive no injury. They are all very high-minded and enthusiastic, and would have everything *gratis*, and we hope that they will take care of themselves—that is all. It is difficult to be engaged in such a large and complicated matter, and to have so much at their disposal, in one shape or another, without losing something. Do, worthy individuals, be a little careful of your own interests ; and do not, when your splendid care be over, wake up to find yourselves impoverished, and beg about the streets with little model glass-houses, like neglected sailors, who once fought for the glory of England. Pray do not ruin yourselves, kind Committee-men. But, you will not, for our sakes—will you ?



RAJAH BROOKE AND HIS PROCEEDINGS.

AMONGST other things, we are glad to hear that the proceedings of this enterprising individual are about to undergo a Parliamentary investigation. Certainly, upon the face of it, the Borneo massacre demands a searching inquiry. We are not mere sentimentalists in our desire ; but we consider that the authority of the British flag should not be conceded to any private person—acting, after all, for himself—either lightly or without the strongest reasons. Many circumstances have taught us that Englishmen, when removed from the scrutiny which follows their actions at home, and exposed to the exciting influences of tropical climates, are apt sometimes to be guilty of strange acts of ruthless-

ness and cruelty. We trust that such was not the case in the present instance; but we cannot forget the details, which struck us with horror at the time. Are those whom we slaughter pirates, or merely defenders of their own seas and territories from European aggression? The question before Providence is, perhaps, "What business had we there at all?" The question before man resolves itself into a narrower compass—"Was the deed of extermination a necessary one, at the time it was executed?" We shall revert, presently, to the circumstances of the slaughter. In the meantime, we must observe that we think it was not a judicious proceeding to send out the same officer in conjunction with Brooke a second time. If it were worth while at all to protect the British adventurer in his newly-acquired domain, it would have been better to send out some one who, being unacquainted with him and unconnected with former proceedings, would have acted more efficiently as a check. The behaviour of Brooke has since appeared tyrannical and incorrect towards British officers, if report be true. But on this we will not enter at present. Let us bring to our readers' recollection the Sakarran massacre. The recapitulation of these events may not prove uninteresting. A formidable English armament, with guns, howitzers, and rockets, proceeded, under the direction, we presume, of Sir James Brooke, in co-operation with a levy of a portion of the natives of the island, to attack another portion, called "Pirates." They went in search of them up creeks and rivers, with a flotilla, and, in one engagement, 1,200 were killed, with no loss on our side. There was great vain-glory in the first description of the fight, which reached England—no, massacre, let it be called; for, justifiable or not, fight it cannot be termed. It does not appear that the enemy were possessed of fire-arms—honourable mention

being made of spears and shields! We, on the other hand, boasted all the refinement of destructive warfare, as practised in the marshes of Woolwich. Let us draw particular attention to the use of rockets. We had allies amongst the natives. Possibly, we found them at war with each other; but, at any rate, it may be observed, that the encouragement of civil warfare, amid barbarous tribes, is one of the first principles of extermination, when the white man, in the character of "Thalaba the Destroyer," appears upon the fated shores. We, it is true, were only 150 in number, but the number of our allies is not stated. Supposing the latter, which is fair, to have equalled their opponents, then the 150 white men, with an armed brig, a steamer with 32-pounder traversing guns, with launches, gigs, cutters, &c., all with guns and rockets, were supplementary in point of fairness.

The account of the conflict was given with the satisfaction, if not the graphic force of the Greek tragedian describing the rout of the Persian fleet from the heights of Salamis. Æschylus pictured the brazen-beaked galleys cleaving the floating dead bodies of the slain as if they had been tunnies:—

Τοὶ δ' ὥστε θύνουσι ἢ τιν' ἰχθύων βόλον
ἀγᾶισι κωπῶν, θράυσμασιν τ' ἔρειπίων
ἔπαιον, ἐρράχιζον

We ran down purposely a boat swarming with barbaric life with a steamer! "The scene which took place," said an eye-witness, "as her crew came in contact with the paddle-wheels (*videlicet*—of the *Nemesis*) beggars all description." We should think that it did. Then, besides, another floating hive of wretches is entered by a six-pounder Congreve rocket. Several of those present capable of giving an opinion stated that "they never in any boat action saw firing so rapid and

so destructive." After this scene, which the writer of the despatches termed "exciting," he stated that the native auxiliaries finished the work in the jungles. "But," said those who advocated the massacre, "had success attended the 'pirates,' the fate of the British was certain." Thus the heroes round the sanded arena where rats are being destroyed by competent dogs might be devoured by the rats, should the rats have the best of it. Rats are noxious vermin. So are pirates. But the question is—Were these pirates? And if pirates, were they not driven to such a life by the persecution of the British? Were they not rather merely one tribe hostile to another, in the country which attracted the adventurous spirit of Brooke? Did he not simply aid and abet one side against the other? Such are the points which will present themselves for investigation. There may be a hundred other matters and minor questions, for all we know to the contrary.

It appears that the expedition went on to destroy a "pirate" town, called Paku. The "pirate" band of 150—no, we mean of 3,000 or 4,000 men—had gone out, not expecting to be attacked by the hostile tribes, because it was the Feast of the Ramadan. But we did not respect that.

Now, if this expedition were illegal as well as cruel—we mean by illegal, contrary to the laws of man and nations, nature and nature's God—if it were not sanctioned by the decrees of awful necessity, and called for in its fullest extent, in order to protect the lives and property of others from desperate aggression, and not from mere retaliation and self-defence, and, lastly, if nations or individuals be subject to an earthly retribution, then the blood shed like water, and the cries of these miserable wretches, ascended as the sun dawned upon Borneo with a terrible appeal to heaven. Vain are

our days of thanksgiving, *our* Ramadans, and fasts, for a deliverance from the artillery of Pestilence and Plague, if we sanction in the far quarters of the globe, deeds that brand a nation with the name of Cain. But let us not anticipate the inquiry.

We cannot, however, abstain from expressing our disgust at the massacre, necessary or unnecessary, being celebrated by a dinner!—an entertainment to Sir James Brooke. At this he refuted, by a bare and angry statement, that which was stated by a Singapore paper—viz., that the slaughtered men were not pirates. He called the writer in the paper “a greedy informer!” Greedy of what? we ask. Was it the truth? Was the Singapore writer a dealer in antimony, or diamonds? We remember that neither Sir James Brooke’s statements nor his logic were convincing to us at the time. “Is a pirate less a pirate,” he said, alluding to their peaceful avocation, “because he sells crumpets?” He then stated that an old man, said to be “barbarously massacred,” was a young man, “who fought to the last,” and was returning from a hunting expedition at Sassung. Were his youth and his hunting reasons for killing him? Sir James Brooke spoke of Cuba as a precedent for severities. That was an unlucky allusion. Shall we imitate the cruelties of the Spaniard? He then wound up with a great deal about “honour, religion, and humanity,” and spoke even of the “humanity” of the expedition we have described. What! Sir James, humanity in paddle-wheels, grape-shot, canister or Congreve-rockets, or in the heart of the man who can speak with pride and satisfaction of those atrocities? There was one thing in the account of this business which particularly revolted us. One fair-haired child was kept alive to be handed over to the mis-

sionaries—a little waif of morbid charity, a lamb of atonement for a sea of blood, a sop to the Cerberus of Retribution. There is something awful in the hypocritical mercy which saved one child amid so many—the heir of the slaughter of a whole race to be educated by the priests of the destroyers.

In conclusion, we say that, looking back upon these things, and having heard some other allusions to Borneo, we are glad that Parliament is about to afford to Sir James Brooke a full opportunity to vindicate his mercy, his justice, and his character.

FATHER GAVAZZI.

ORATION VII.

THE Father has this time made a noble onslaught upon monasteries and nunneries—that male and female incarceration which makes it unnatural to be virtuous, and criminal to exist, except in a state of mental and physical blight. Whether Jephthah's daughter were condemned to the seclusion of maidenly retirement, or actually butchered by her exemplary parent, we know not; but we consider that the difference amounts to about the same thing as that which exists between transportation and hanging. Some, if they knew all about it, would prefer the latter. The Father somewhat pungently alluded to the case of Jane Wilbred, and our new enactment for the protection of workhouse apprentices. "But what," he said, "are the bodily tortures inflicted by the Advocate Sloane, compared with the excruciating pangs of a refined and sensitive being, doomed to a

long agony of blasted feelings and inward desolation?" We print, in another part, an account of a nun, taken from some foreign paper, which describes her making her nightly exit from her hideous imprisonment to walk with her lover—*through a sewer!* We should not, probably, give this little *historiette*, did it not exemplify the horrid constraint which makes the foulest means of escape a blessing, even though that escape be but momentary.

We are told that Father Gavazzi causes more apprehension at Rome than all the Protestant Bishops, or, indeed, the whole English Government. Well he may! He appears like the antitype of John the Baptist, preaching regeneration in the moral wilderness of modern civilization. His earnestness stands out in bold relief against surrounding falseness and frivolity. They call him a *renegade*, because he holds fast by the garment of Christ, from whom *they* have apostatized—not he. Let Father Gavazzi beware of the steel and cord, and the poisoned cup. We warn him, that thousands would consider it a deed worthy of their Church, if not of Heaven, to destroy him. The Father is well aware of all the abominations of monastic life. His memory is wonderful; his knowledge of history great. He is, what is vulgarly termed, well up on the subject.

The Papal party are right in their apprehensions. The denunciations of Father Gavazzi are worth all the disputations, arguments, and ecclesiastical bitterness in the world. They are fearfully genuine. They alone can counteract the insidious progress of the disease in this country, fostered by the sickly fantasies of our women, the tame, but mischievous imbecility of pragmatic minds, the lying liberality of selfishness, and the supine greediness of our own Church. For English women who become Papists, we have no patience

with them. They should be whipped with rosaries. They go over to Rome like sick monkeys, or, as in a past age, they kept ugly china and black servants, and patronized singers, who, at any rate, in one respect, were fitted to become monks. But there are men here who are no better—English lords and gentlemen, (was there no tame confessor formerly in their families, purring about the closets and corridors?) who have stooped to the lowest prostration of the human intellect and their own dignity—*men* who would shame any old Catholic *religieuse* who believes in the blessed toe-nail of St. Peter, or would adore a louse from the hairy shirt of St. Anthony.

England should reject these emasculated beings from her bosom, and send them to be flunkies to the Papal filth at Rome, which Frenchmen cram down the throats of an indignant people. Others there are, traitors and hypocrites, as well as mere fools, for whom contempt finds no words. These beings force their nauseous presence and lying doctrines upon us, and we are told that it is *liberal* to succumb. To be liberal is to endure tyranny! He who lets the Pope ride rough-shod over England and insult our Queen is liberal. America is—we say it with manly sorrow—the only liberal country now extant in the world. Let the Pope create his Cardinals there, with territorial titles, if he dare. But we should think his advisers were too politic for this.

FEBRUARY 26TH, 1851.

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